



BABY DAVIS.

"A really Wonderful Food"

5, Hill Side Villas,
Caldicot,
Nr. Newport, Mon.
March 7th, 1919.

Dear Sirs,

I am forwarding photos of my little boy, aged 3 years. At 3 months I commenced giving him "Virol." This is the result. I found it a really wonderful food. He is just recovering from influenza, and again it proves his best food.

I strongly advise all mothers to try it.

Yours truly,
J. DAVIS.

Virol is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol Babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, Ltd.,
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See that the name is on every box you buy. It is your guarantee of safety and match satisfaction. Over 60 years of manufacturing experience is back of it.

There's a match for every purpose in the nearly 40 different Eddy brands. Ask for Eddy's "Silent Five". It's the best of all.

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If You Knew Me

If you knew me, and I knew you,
You'd never ask me to come thro',
You'd know there'd surely come a day
When I would get around to pay;
Tho' paper may be rather short,
With me, at least, you'd be a sport,
And trust me for a month or two,
If you knew me, and I knew you.

You'd keep my name upon your file,
You'd look at it, and then you'd smile
Because you'd know I'd never fail,
To send you in that bit of kale;
You'd say, "It is an oversight,
I know that guy will treat me right,
I'll send the paper on and see,
For I know him and he knows me."

But since we two have never met,
I may, perhaps, as well forget
That little note and little rhyme,
That warns me to pay up on time;
And so I'll pay, and play the game
Another year, but just the same,
You'd trust me for a month or two,
If you knew me and I knew you.

R. G. C.

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GENTLEMEN—Enclosed find \$..... for.....
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Have You Tried
Lifebuoy Shaving Stick?

The Spirit of the West

By Alfred D. Runyon
Cont'd. from page 8

day for the unveiling. The Pioneers had been so busy with their own end of the program that they had paid little attention to the monument. The old-timers gathered from far and near; men of high position in the world suddenly came forward in the role of Old-Timer, to shake hands with Bill and John and Ike and Sam, who were still eking out a precarious existence on quarter sections somewhere. What talks of the good, brave, old days, when that star was doing its historic wend! What reminiscences were suddenly brought to light by this or that character of the early period!

The parade was a wonder. Captain Sampson, sweating like a Chinese mandarin suddenly called before the Dowager Queen, said so himself. The captain's leather clothing had either shrunk with the lapse of time, or he had grown somewhat, because he looked as though he had been squirted into it with a syringe, but he bore the discomfort of a sweltering day without murmuring.

The streets of the city were lined with thousands of people as this strange cavalcade of another day tramped over the asphalt to the wailing of band music. The canons of steel and stone which line the old trails, where bloodthirsty savages lay in waiting for the very men who once more traversed them in the trappings of that other day, reverberated to the yells of patriotic enthusiasm, and the hearts of the Pioneers swelled within their bosoms as they recalled the yells of another occasion and another meaning.

Oh, it was a great day! The barbecue was held at high noon, and it was also splendid. The Pioneers built themselves little fires, just as they had done when crossing the plains. Their wives mingled with them and busied themselves cooking the "flap-jacks" and exchanging remarks with one another that carried a meaning back to the days when they did this thing of necessity.

Captain Sampson and the others were so filled with glory and flapjacks that they almost forgot the monument unveiling, until Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine bustled upon the scene and warned them of the lapse of time. So the fires were abandoned and the whole party trooped back to the city and gathered about the monument site, where a band was busily playing and workmen were engaged in knocking off cleats and boxing. The figure atop the monument was sheeted with flags in an imposing manner, and gave no suspicion of the danger which lurked therein.

With careful detail Mr. Josephine had the Pioneers and their families grouped close to the monument on an improvised grand stand. The mayor and other dignitaries, including Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine, members of the Municipal Art League, Captain Sampson, and a number of other Pioneers, gathered solemnly upon a platform at the base of the monument, while another little stand supported the goodly proportions of Mrs. Henry Jasper Josephine, arrayed after the manner of a goddess of something-or-other, to whom had been assigned the honor of jerking the string which would drop the sheeting from the statue.

The band played, the people seated themselves in expectancy and perspiration, and Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine arose and commenced to talk. You may be sure that there was a good deal in his discourse about the star of empire; a good deal about the trail blazers; and something about the heroic Pioneer, with a few deserved compliments for the ladies.

"The unveiling of this statue marks an epoch in our program of progress," he said. "In the commercial highway of this nation, Chico stands literally and figuratively as a bright and shining light. Every recurring decade is distinctly marked with phenomenal progress, and every period has emphasized the fact that this climate is no place for people with mental malaria or mental insomnia."

"That's certainly swell business, but how about us Pioneers and that monument?" murmured Captain Sampson.

"It is fitting," the speaker argued, "that we turn from our pursuit of the essentials of every-day life for a moment, to pay a tribute to the men who made this country possible. Here in the shadow of yon great range of snow-capped hills, baking in the golden glow of the western sun, we have reared us a monument to the men who blazed the Western trails, and as the embodiment of the spirit of the boundless

West, we have chosen a figure of its most noted inhabitant—"

"Hooray!" roared old man Meeks. "Kit Carson, or Jim Bridger, as sure as you're a foot high."

"Bill Hickok," remarked Pat Moran, cynically.

"We feel that we have chosen well," continued Mr. Josephine. "Our sculptor had only a photograph to guide his hand but we believe he has faithfully reproduced the features of an individual who was known the length and breadth of this Western land, and who was certainly typical. Here and now we dedicate this statue to 'The Spirit of the West!'"

The band played, and Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine turned to his wife.

With great care Mrs. Josephine yanked at the string. The sheeting of flags slowly slid downward. The full glory of the sun gleamed upon a mighty figure of a naked Indian, mounted on a careening mustang; the Indian, in the full panoply of war, was shielding his eyes with one hand, as though gazing into the distance. The other hand clutched a bow and a number of arrows.

There should have been a roar of applause, as the papers say. Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine looked expectantly for it, prepared to bow. On the outskirts of the crowd came a ripple of hand clapping from some people who did not understand. From the Pioneers banked along the frail stand came a gasp of indignation and horror, then a momentary silence, broken by a wail from old Mrs. Peters:

"It's Screaming Wolf!" she shrieked. "He looks just like he was getting ready to scalp somebody!"

Her dimmed sight paid a compliment to the handiwork of the great sculptor, McIntosh, that he might have appreciated.

"That's what it is! Goodlemighty, it's Screaming Wolf!" yelled old man Meeks.

Then the roar, different from what Mr. Josephine was expecting, came from the Pioneers. The bow of the president of the Municipal Art League was arrested halfway, so that he was doubled up like a jack-knife. He happened to catch the eye of old Captain Sampson crowding past the mayor toward him. He caught the wild treble yell that came from the male portion of the Pioneers, and which spoke more distinctly of the old plains days than anything that had yet occurred on this momentous occasion.

Something in the eye of Captain Sampson; something in the outstretched hand of the former member of Cornman's command, feeling blindly for Mr. Josephine's collar; and something in the shrill yell of the Pioneers told Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine that trouble was imminent and he departed from the platform precipitately and amid much confusion.

Somehow Mr. Josephine felt himself lifted through the crowd, and somehow he realized that the street lay open before him. Somehow he also felt that behind him came a raging tornado in human form, conveyed by several aged cyclones, as Captain Sampson, of Cornman's command, hampered by his leather attire, snorted and panted in his wake, like a battle ship trying to make headway in shallow water, closely followed by Messrs. Meeks, Moran, and half a dozen others.

Trailing them in single file, in sets of twos and fours, and in squads and platoons, came the rest of the Pioneers, who were not quite so agile as the captain and the others. Old ladies, with their skirts raised gingerly to their shoetops, hurried along with the rest, but more to escape the dread presence of the image of the Wolf than anything else.

Far out ahead, Mr. Josephine heard the tumult behind him and redoubled his speed, while his wife sat at the feet of Screaming Wolf and wept dismally. The populace, recovering from its amazement, followed the strange procession, and the more sporting members made Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine a slight favorite in the betting.

But a devotee of Art is not, as a general proposition, much of a runner. Neither is a '58 Pioneer for that matter, but Captain Sampson and his friends had the advantage of a righteous cause, vast anger, and bulldog determination. As he moved along heavily the captain burred amazing language, but he occasionally lapsed into efforts at persuasion.

"My friend," he roared at the fleeting Mr. Josephine, "wait a minute while I tell you about 'The Spirit of the West.' Pause, and let me express to you my sentiment about that kindly thought of yours.

Stand still, and let me take you by the hand and say what I think."

"Hey, you!" bawled the hurrying Mr. Moran, whose years seemed to fall from his shoulders like a mantle, and who was hitting up a most amazing clip. "Hey, you, wait a second, and lemme make you a present! On behalf of the Pioneers' Association I would admire to express myself in your hearing."

"Stranger, don't be frightened," called the piping voice of old man Meeks. "Here comes 'The Spirit of the West,' a-wishing for to breathe upon you."

Mr. Josephine covered the first hundred yards of his course in something like nothing, flat, but thereafter his speed decreased materially, and finally he had to give up. As Captain Sampson came thundering down upon him, Mr. Josephine dropped to his knees in a prayerful attitude, and there he remained while the captain stood by, about a span removed from a stroke of apoplexy. The rest came up in vast excitement.

"What's to be did?" demanded old man Meeks.

"Hang him!" suggested Moran, briefly.

"No, it's agin the law now," said Captain Sampson. "It ought to be did, but the police don't allow it no more. Bring him back to that statoo."

With Meeks and Moran on either side, and a rapidly increasing crowd in the rear, Mr. Josephine was escorted back to where his wife still sat weeping in the shade of the bronze warrior, the president of the Municipal Art League constantly entreating:

"Don't hang me, gentlemen."

A rope went over the gleaming shoulders of the Indian, and with willing hands pulling, he came from his lofty perch, horse and all, with a thunderous crash. And then towed along by hundreds, and with Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine bringing up the rear in charge of Captain Sampson, of Cornman's command, the statue was taken to the banks of the classic Chico River.

There the services were simple. Screaming Wolf dropped into the bed of the stream with a splash which displayed most of the water, and then the Pioneers turned to Mr. Josephine.

"What's to be did?" demanded Captain Sampson.

"Lynch him," insisted Moran.

"Lynch him nothing!" put in old lady Peters, who had somehow managed to keep right up with the procession wherever it moved. "What's the matter with that river?"

"Nothing," replied Captain Sampson, and as Mrs. Henry Jasper Josephine screamed a wild appeal to the world in general, her spouse shot through the air and landed ker-splash in the bosom of the Chico.

Then, as the crowd slowly dispersed, and Mrs. Josephine stood on the bank, her hands raised imploringly, the pallid face of Mr. Josephine appeared above the water, and he stood there, apparently on solid footing. He had crawled to safety on "The Spirit of the West."

Sunday School Convention

By Francis Dickie

Cont'd from page 30

In photograph three is seen a street Sunday School, which are very popular with the Japanese. Miss Tweedie, a leading evangelist worker in Japan is shown.

The results of the convention cannot be doubted. When it was given out that \$96,400 a year would be needed yearly for the next four years, no less than \$40,000 of this was instantly subscribed by delegates and others in attendance in Japan. The inspiration gained from the meetings will be carried back by the delegates to thirty countries, and the missions in the far East will no doubt be aided by the evangelistic side of the programme. The great convention may also go far to make up for the breach in the Japanese-American relations.

The resolutions adopted by the world's eighth Sunday School convention are given below:

"We, the delegates of the World's Eighth Sunday School Convention in conference assembled at Tokio, representing thirty countries and more than thirty million officers, teachers, and scholars, affirm the following propositions, embodying the principles of world brother-

hood, with special reference to international relationships.

"1. We affirm our unshaken belief in the solidarity of the human race, and further affirm our conviction that any conception of racial or national integrity, that ignores this basic fact, imperils the security of the world.

"2. We record our appreciation of every movement that makes for a deepening sense of mutual indebtedness and obligation among the nations, and likewise deplore every action that makes for misunderstanding, discord, and dissension.

"3. We attest our confidence in the practicability of a world brotherhood, and hold that fealty to the principle of the common good is more cohesive than mere similarity in customs, habits, and manners.

"4. We maintain that any national or international policy that seems to discriminate in the treatment of nations and races engenders bitterness and is subversive to the best interests of mankind and inimical to the peace of the world.

"5. We believe that all international problems are solvable and all international difficulties adjustable if dealt with in a spirit of dignified tolerance, noble conciliation, and Christian forbearance and that Christian altruism must take the place of enlightened self interest in the settlement of all international contentions.

"6. We record our conviction that brotherhood must be vitalised so as to have a direct relation to the Kingdom of God. A passion for righteousness is the moral minimum with which international relations can be safeguarded. World brotherhood requires an international consciousness. This can only be acquired through the unlimited expansion of our own personality. The spacious world mind can come only through fellowship with Him who is at once Son of God and Son of Man.

"7. We call the nations to heed the warning given by the present world chaos and to deliberately refrain from taking any provocative national action that would wound national honor, discount national prestige, or be of such a character as to create suspicions, resentment, or revenge.

"8. Finally, we assert our unalterable conviction that nothing in this world is settled until it is settled right. We hold that spiritual sanctions must have a place in life and that moral mandates must increasingly exercise their power in controlling the conduct of mankind. With unflinching trust and high resolve, we pledge our allegiance to these principles and dedicate our lives to their speedy realization throughout all the earth."

TOBOGGANING

By M. L. Campbell

Tobogganing, tobogganing
What joy you bring, what joy you bring
As adown the steep hillside
On our lightning steed we ride,
Rosy cheeks and beaming faces,
Light of heart and light of mind,
Mirth and laughter at our side,
Making music with the wind
On our wild dishevelled tresses.
Earth and air and woodlands ring,
Echoes swift their answers bring,
God is great and good and kind,
In all his works we pleasure find
Tobogganing, tobogganing.

Tobogganing, tobogganing
The Winter King, the Winter King,
Though he be so stern and rude
Cannot rob thee of thy good.
But he rather it enhances
As his tyranny increases,
And he frowns in sullen mood,
For our laughter never ceases.
But with glowing cheeks and glances
We with joy increasing sing
Praises to our Winter King.
Let him do what'er he pleases
All is good and goodness sees us,
Tobogganing, tobogganing.

Tobogganing, tobogganing
The stars within their courses sing,
As we glide beneath their light,
Each one in his place so bright,
Sings to us of love unbounded,
We within this earthly sphere,
Would be stars within the night,
Wiping up the falling tear,
Sings to us of depths unsounded,
And of knowledge lingering
In the Palace of the King.
Oh, night of nights, so calm, so clear,
We feel 'tis good that we are here,
Tobogganing, tobogganing.



LIKE THE BATH—

LIKE the bath itself, the change into fresh and dainty clothing refreshes both body and mind, and has its good effect on the mental as well as the physical health.

For the children's wardrobe or your own, use only the best, that is to say—PRUE COTTONS.



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Issued Monthly
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WINNIPEG, MAN., JANUARY, 1921

Western Canada's
Home Magazine



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Pole,
Vancouver
Island,
B.C.*

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line of the
Canadian
Pacific
Railway*



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When I would get around to pay;
Tho' paper may be rather short,
With me, at least, you'd be a sport,
And trust me for a month or two,
If you knew me, and I knew you.

You'd keep my name upon your file,
You'd look at it, and then you'd smile
Because you'd know I'd never fail,
To send you in that bit of kale;
You'd say, "It is an oversight,
'I know that guy will treat me right,
I'll send the paper on and see,
For I know him and he knows me."

But since we two have never met,
I may, perhaps, as well forget
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The Lure of the Coast

By Robert Jukes

WHEN we say the Coast, we refer, of course, to the Coast, the only coast that enters the mind of the Albertan, the Saskatchewaner or the Manitoban, all men that have been well soaked in the varieties and angles of prairie life.

They yearn, many of them, for the charms of those lands that border the Pacific; a yearning for respite from the deadly cold, from the anxieties and disappointments attendant on pioneer life on Western wastes.

They dream, these good people, of easier times, of less struggle and less loneliness in those golden lands bordering on and beyond the Rockies, by the sun drenched shores of that sensuous Pacific that has tempted so many.

This frenzied craving for change must be in the blood, that craving that never seems to lapse into a lull; that strange restlessness of spirit forever pushing men and women toward that never drying "Will of the Wisp," forever luring them to that distant hilltop, to the far blue line of the horizon, only to find the goal of happiness and content still far away, seeking happiness that thousands have realized too late lay around them at their feet, within their grasp, but neglected, unnoticed, unknown perhaps, brushed

aside and forever lost. As de Balzac finely expresses it, and through those words, in a very free and loose translation, we may possibly convey our meaning:

"Do you see it? There, far away—
"It is happiness," whispers hope, "let us run
"Quick, ever faster, but to find it—
"Over there, over there!"

The demand of change and of heedless movement is grasping the present age in its deadly clasp. Crowds are jostled here, there and everywhere by its silent and relentless action. The annihilation of space and distance by the scientific application of knowledge to mechanical development, is directly encouraging these nomadic instincts among numbers of young men on the plains, who but yesterday were content to concentrate their best energies on the development of their actual situation and surroundings. But now, they listen to the whisper of change, of merciless and feverish rush, of blind twist and turn in the futile scramble for that something, which is always "over there."

We do not for a moment wish it to be inferred that we oppose intelligent and progressive action, or that a continuance

of slothful and dull rusting in a stupid rut, leading to nowhere, should be indulged in, that fatal atrophy of the heart and mind that bans any vision beyond the length of one's nose. Nor do we refer to the example of the furtive mole, lover of darkness and underground ways. We mean the open ground, where men can with free and open hearts and minds revel in the priceless treasures of heaven's breezes and sunbeams, discovering perhaps that fate, having led their steps to camping grounds where happiness may be found, and heeding not the voice of sirens from the western sea, can say with confidence and hope, here we will make a home.

Such reflections are constantly being induced at this season of the year, the sight of an increasing number of those hideous flaring posters exhibited where "men most do congregate," and announcing that some suave persuasive auctioneer with his tragic hammer will scatter to the winds all those precious household goods that have been so painfully gathered together, and which for many, are the essentials that go to form that sacred place called—home.

These western notices, we frankly confess, always cause us to experience singular emotions or mingled pain, curiosity and despair; pain, that the instant touch of a paltry hammer disperses what may have entailed sacrifice and sustained effort to collect; curiosity, in musing over

the psychological problem that the owner of the broken home presents; despair, that this tragedy or comedy, according to one's mood, indicates a lack of stability, and the complete absence of that sense of association, one of the deepest and most mysterious sentiments of humanity. That fierce attachment to the land, to the soil, to the spot where the individual himself and his children have been born, an attachment that in the last analysis constitutes the solid and real foundation of a nation's greatness.

This sentiment can only develop gradually in the course of generations, and with that evolution the power of the state also evolves. That will be for to-morrow. To-day, the landowners of the prairie are influenced by no sentiment, apart from what the intrinsic value of their land may be. A quarter, a half or a section, are merely commodities that pass from hand to hand according to the exigencies of the moment, and excite hardly more comment than do the adventures of a cheese, or a sack of potatoes, in the course of their respective movements.

Contentment on the farm, and attachment to the land, the apparent absence of which is so greatly deplored in the rising generation, whose drift towards urban centres forms a marked feature of the times, will probably develop in the future into, and possibly may rival the intensity of feeling displayed by John Ridd, whose character is so forcibly drawn by Blackmore in his "Lorna Doone."

When that day arrives, this country will then, and then only, be great, in the widest and best sense of the term. The problem of population is an acute one for some people at Ottawa. The immigration from one province to another requires discouragement, as being unsound from an economic point of view. To reflect therefore, that the lure of the Coast is beginning to affect our young men in Saskatchewan is unpleasant. That stakes are being pulled up in some cases is an undoubted fact. Vague legends have reached the plains regarding the softness and charm of the Coast climate; no great storms to be feared, no frozen finger frosts, no dismal 40 below zero marking thermometers to dash one's spirits!

All these much advertised advantages apply, not to youth, not to well set up middle age, but to the old and to the feeble, to the men and women who have travelled far along the road of life, who have passed through many varied experiences that entitle them now to rest and browse among these grotesque little British Columbia farms. Amidst such havens, the old people of the plains may perhaps find peace, with a few moments of happiness thrown in, but that young men should dream of such places is depressing.

Life on the prairies may often be rough, may present many anxious moments, and many a stiff problem for solution, but it is life, it is movement, based on hope; it is not to vegetate like a cabbage. The obstacles are worthy of youth for their conquest, youth with that hot blood coursing through its veins, that renders the cold shiver of a northern blast merely an item in the day's adventures, an item perhaps even not unwelcome, if though for a moment it makes one realize to the full the consciousness of possessing glorious youth!

Let those who have passed that great stage of life, go to those bowers on the shores of Southern California, and be caressed by Pacific breezes, let them run out the last sands of life amid the storm-free woods and coasts of British Columbia, but for youth, the life of a man is on these sun flushed plains, amid the vast silences that seem to sink into one's very soul. These are the places where one can live, where struggle can be met with brave hearts; where achievement and its glory can be tasted only by those who, having fought a good fight, can one day look back and rightfully exclaim, "The victory is ours!"

Then, and then only, may a man perhaps be justified in turning toward the—lure of the Coast.

Very Simple

The graphic accuracy of the hero's remark gives this story, from the Belfast News, high value:

Aunt—So you took your first dancing lesson to-day. Did you find it difficult?

Wee Nephew—No'm, it's easy 'nough. All you have to do is to keep turning round and wiping your feet.

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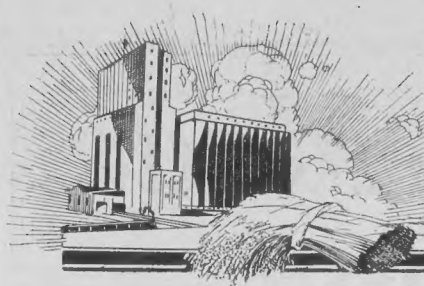
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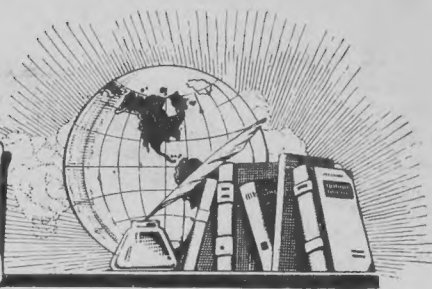
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EDITORIAL



LOOKING AHEAD

Present and Future

Men with understanding and vision predicted conditions as we have them to-day. In the same way those who have made an unbiased study of present conditions are predicting the future. They do not pretend to have wisdom beyond that of the ordinary man. They are merely reasoning from cause to effect.

Among present-day conclusions worth noting are the state of trade, the attitude of those engaged in the production and distribution of commodities, the financial outlook, the political unrest, the religious and educational disquiet.

The Commercial Crisis

There is what might be considered a commercial crisis. It began with the lowering of the price of farm commodities. Then, naturally, the farmers refused to purchase goods from the stores. These in turn refused to order from the factories, and instead made haste to unload their stock by offering their wares at great reductions. The manufacturers were in a quandary and are even now turning this way and that. They cannot sell at too great a loss without meeting disaster, and they must sell as soon as possible to meet the pressure from the financial corporations, who as usual control trade in every stage of the game. So it is not wonderful that there is a babel of voices. On one hand, the farmer cries, "We are being robbed," though by whom or for whom he cannot just say. On the other hand the merchant is lamenting that he bought at a high price and must sell at a loss. The wholesaler joins in by pointing out that his sheds are filled to the roof with unsold wares, purchased when the market was high; and the manufacturer is shouting that he is facing ruin if he sells at a low price what was produced when raw material and labor were at their highest. Then there are all kinds of subterfuge and frenzied appeals. From one quarter comes the advice to buy now, for prices will advance again as soon as the present unrest is passed and from the other quarter there is an unmistakable roar which protests that prices are bound to get still lower until they parallel the prices paid for wheat and farm produce.

The War of Classes

There is equal unrest when we turn to the people concerned in production. The whole tribe of producers is held guilty of profiteering because in some lines, such as pulp manufacture, the greed of the manufacturers has known no limit. So, too, the whole army of labor is condemned because of the violence and unreasonableness of leading spirits, who were a law unto themselves. It is unbearable that one man should live in affluence because he is in a position to profit from the labor of his fellows, and it is equally unbearable that a workman should engage to do an honest day's labor and then by direction stall at his job.

The Financiers

The barons of finance are never asleep, and never were they more wide awake than at the present time. Who can tell how much Canadian money is now out on call loans in New York, where the pinch is keener than it is here? Or has the rate of exchange put a stop to all practices of this kind? Should those who handle finances be condemned for withholding money from business men at this crisis, or should they be commended for their caution? That is a question properly open to discussion.

Political Unrest

There was never in the history of Canada a more striking example of independence than in the breaking of old party lines and the forming of new affiliations. No longer can any of the provinces boast of a legislature in which the members are divided into two groups. Proportional representation is a phrase which proclaims that henceforth there will be government, not by parties, but by association of groups. It is true that the origin of party government was the determination of people to get away from the uncertainty of rule by changing groups, but evidently Canada is reverting, for a time, to the old order of operation.

Religious Disquiet

In religion and education there is rightly a great unrest. If people are to live together in Heaven, why should they not begin to live together on earth? If there is to be no denominationalism in the hereafter, why should we make so much of it here and now? So, too, in the field of education, why should there any longer be an effort to foster individualism run mad? If the great need of society is mutual consideration, should not an aim of schools be to teach pupils what has been termed in one of the magazines, "the art of living together"? If anything is certain it is that emphasis of class distinction has caused us irreparable injury, and if we are ever to get right we must learn to act as true neighbors, considering one another in all things.

The Future

Anyone considering conditions such as those mentioned must see that a prosperous and happy future cannot be assured unless there is a good deal of forbearance and of yielding by all parties. Nor can there be any exceptions.

Farmer, it is true you are now compelled to sell at a sacrifice, but you had your turn for four good years; merchant, you must slaughter some of your goods, but you fared well when the war was on and there are too many of you for the business to be done; manufacturer, you must let out these goods sooner or later at a loss and you had better begin right now. Owner of cold storage plants, you, too, must come down. It is not right that live cattle should sell at from four to five cents and that you should be selling meat at war prices. Labor, you have made more than anybody else out of the war, for you have had double pay for half work. You must mend your ways and that quickly, for as sure as fate the wheels of industry are going to run more slowly and some of you will have to take to more uncongenial tasks. Perhaps you will be compelled to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. Yes, it is coming to this, that before a year is over, the worthy workmen will stand aloof from the incompetent and cry for reward according to merit. The union has not had its day, but its greatest difficulty in the years ahead will be the open shop. Even here, history will repeat itself.

And as for political parties, they might as well know that old names and old traditions no longer carry weight. We shall have party rule again in time, but first, there must be this breaking up into groups. A great English writer said

that the world passes through three stages: (1) The unanimity of the ignorant; (2) the disagreement of the enquiring; (3) the unanimity of the wise. Politically, we are now entering the second stage. The wise man looks forward, not backward.

Religiously, we need not worry over the tendency which is manifested on all sides to sink denominationalism in the thought of a common brotherhood. Theoretical Christianity has always kept people apart. It has placed emphasis on beliefs and doctrines. Practical Christianity compels men to act together. Service unites. This is the meaning of the new movement, and it is the movement needed in the present emergency. When Christianity emphasizes in deed the virtues of honesty, justice and individual freedom, it is true to itself. It requires no organic church union to bring people into one fold, for where there is a common desire to do the right in all matters, the people get together despite courts and synods and assemblies. The best thing about the unions which are being effected among local churches is that they are being brought about voluntarily and without regard to officialdom.

There is no need to be pessimistic. There are hard times ahead, because it is never easy in times of adjustment. But if we are unselfish and if we think each of the other we shall pull through. In some cases individualism will yield to co-operation. In other cases, co-operation will be long delayed. That is immaterial. If we possess the Christian principle of living each man for his neighbor as for himself, all these other things will come about naturally and in good time. True reform must begin in the hearts of men, not in acts of parliament, nor in decisions of councils. For that reason the home, the school and the church must be encouraged to do even nobler and more efficient work. As members or supporters of these institutions we all have a duty, the highest duty we are called upon to perform.

The Opening Year

Percy Bysshe Shelley

*Orphan hours the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep,
Merry hours smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See it smiles as it is sleeping,
Making your untimely weeping.*

*As an earthquake rocks a corpse,
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day.
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud*

*As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swing cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year. Be calm and mild
Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.*

*January grey is here,
Like a sexton by his grave,
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.*

"I was just going to bring help when a great idea came over me"



By
RUPERT
HUGHES

A Ready-Made Husband

Illustrations by C. FOSMIRE

Author of
"The Home Nest"
"Excuse Me," etc.

THE complete disappearance of one of the most popular young men in Warrenton, followed by the partial disappearance of six other young men, created a profound sensation in the town.

Miss Deborah Bland had been courted by all these men. Her porch had been their favorite haunt. The entirely lost Hilary Phipps had been seen alive last in her company.

"I met them strolling along the Ishams' lawn, and I left them there, talking moonshine in the moonlight," said Mark Talbot. But his words were discounted, for it was known that Deborah had rejected young Talbot a score of times. And he was not even one of the young men who had partially disappeared. As for them, they were so vague as to what had befallen them and how, that their cloudy testimony merely obscured obscurity.

The sole clew to the mystery was, therefore, a new complication. For if it led anywhere, it led to the conclusion that Deborah Bland, the most admired young woman in town, was a murderess of whom Lucretia Borgia might have been jealous.

People in Warrenton had known Deborah from babyhood. Her whole life and personality rendered suspicion ridiculous in advance. Her conduct was even more reassuring than her character. She did none of the things a criminal of such scope would surely have done. She did not vanish. She did not skulk or slink. She went about the street with an unusual cheerfulness, regretting the loss of so many nice young men, but consoledly announcing that she was about to marry a still nicer young man from New York.

The bridegroom duly appeared and was voted extraordinarily attractive. After a wedding of serene pomp, the couple departed for the usual honeymoon, leaving the town alone with its deep enigma. Not a hint of a solution had turned up when the bride and groom came back and settled down in the best house they could rent in Warrenton.

Any resentment that may have been felt against Deborah for marrying an outsider was dissipated by the remarkably winning manner of the outsider she had married. He was burdened, indeed, with the rather literary name of Leicester Vander Veer; but then he possessed also an array of ideal qualities which one hunts for in vain outside fiction.

But, just as the village was settled comfortably in the belief that it had seen at last an ideal marriage, it began to realize that Deborah's home life was unhappy. The greediest gossips had hardly begun to publish this theory, when Deborah openly separated from her husband, slammed his door with a report that was heard round the county, and went back to her father's house. She refused to explain anything to anybody.

A divorce was quietly secured and the evidence sealed. The town had not yet regained its equilibrium when the seven-fold calamity that had devastated the ranks of the few marriageable young men in town was duplicated, with increased horror.

Ivy Lynn, admittedly the prettiest girl in Warrenton, had been out of town during all this excitement. Shortly after Deborah had acquired her divorce and the restitution of her maiden name, Ivy came home from boarding school. It pleased her to delight her parents by arriving on an earlier train than they expected. She bounced into the house like an entire surprise party and caught the family at table.

After the first rapturous greetings, she began with the breezy elegance of diction one acquires in a finishing school.

"Well, fond family, what's doing in this little amateur cemetery?"

Father, mother, two brothers and three sisters answered in chorus—each with a different proof that Warrenton was the most industrious manufacturing town in the state. It had manufactured a complete disappearance, six partial disappearances, a perfect young man, an incomprehensible marital fiasco, and a young woman who could keep a secret.

Fresh from a girls' boarding school, Miss Lynn was used to hearing half a dozen people talking at once. She understood all that was flung at her. Her comment was:

"So Hilary Phipps has done a vanish. Well, there's no use tolling any bells for him. He always was a mutt. Nice-looking, but knew it, and that let him out. What I don't get is that partial disappearance stunt. You say that six of the village pets have nearly faded. Why, I saw three of them as I drove home from the place the railroad puts you off. They looked just the same—except that Ferdy Draper was wearing his back hair all over his collar."

"That's just it."

"What's just what?"

"Ferdy's let his hair grow long."

"Come again, please."

"You remember that Ferdy used to be the neatest boy in town?"

"He certainly was the village spick-and-span; but what of it?"

"Well, now he's slovenly, slipshod, slouchy—he's absolutely changed and so are the others. You remember how Gilbert Cameron used to be forever treating?"

"Yes, a glance at Gilbert was always good for an ice-cream soda."

"He hasn't treated a girl for months. He's as tight as a new shoe. And Alan Findlay——"

"Well, never mind about those merry villagers; before you go any further, tell me who and what was that vision of masculine loveliness I passed on the street? I thought at first it was Hilary Phipps, but this living picture has different-colored hair and he walks like a young Greek god taking his constito. He certainly had my young affections frazzled at first sight. I nearly fell off the hack looking him over."

"That must have been Leicester Vander Veer."

"Leicester Vander Veer! Stop it! This was a real man. He was never written by any Laura Jean. He was real. But how did he get into this back yard of the universe?"

"That's the man Deborah Bland married and divorced."

"Do you mean to say that Deborah Bland landed something like that and then took it off the hook and threw it back into the water? She's not Debby, she's daffy!"

"That's what we all think."

"Well, me for he! I'm glad I caught that early train. An hour later and he'd have been married in by somebody else. I'm glad I brought along my golf clubs. I'm going out like a gay young cave-girl and bring him home if I have to club him insensible and drag him to my lair."

"There's a sociable at the United Presbyterian Church to-night. I was going," said a precocious younger sister. "He'll be there, I guess."

"So will little Ivy. He's my oak and here's where I cling."

Ivy Lynn went to that sociable but she never came back. Her younger sister came home—but only partly. The parents wrung their hands in dismay.

To the profound horror of the town, five other young women who had gone to the same reception also failed to return in their entirety.

They had come home indeed, but it was evident to the distracted families and their stupefied neighbors that—in the vivid phrase of the day—they were "not all there."

Whom to suspect? Whom to accuse? Those who had thought of



"I want to be disbanded," he explained. She only stared and stuttered."

Deborah Bland when disaster befell the seven young men thought again of her in the hour of disaster to the seven young women. But Deborah Bland had never been inside the United Presbyterian Church. She had been sick abed at home for several days. It was impossible to suspect her of this crime. Therefore it was unreasonable to have suspected her of the earlier crime.

And now once more the town's panic was interrupted by wedding music. This time it was Mr. Vander Veer who went to the church. He did not take along with him any of the Warrenton belles. He also imported.

Again, any resentment the townspeople might have felt at the slight to the native product was disarmed by the extraordinary charms of the bride. Even in the grief-stricken homes that had daughters lost altogether or fractionally, the second Mrs. Vander Veer was voted as perfect as her husband.

And then this pluperfect couple came to grief. Now it was not the wife that slammed the husband's door. Both bride and groom rushed out of the house together, leaving the door ajar, squeezed through the gate, and dashed in opposite directions to the stations of the two railroads that serve Warrenton.

The house was locked up by the servants and is still tenantless.

By this time, the Warrentonians were reduced to the nerve-shattered state of a village on a volcanic slope after the fifth eruption. The entire community became one large interrogation. The only business transacted seemed to be query; the only commodities exchanged were why, how, where, when, who, which, what?

The questioners invaded even the sick room where Deborah Bland's feverish head languished on its hot pillow. They told her of the disappearance of the Vander Veers. This had brought the total loss to four complete plus twelve partial. At this newest news the hitherto inconsolable Deborah lifted her head and asked:

"Are you sure they both left town?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Then I can speak. Hand me my wrapper, mother, and find my slippers. I'm well. I'm going to get up."

And she got up and spoke.

Deborah Bland had been a prize winner from her kindergarten days. When she had won all the trophies in the town schools, her ambitions impelled her beyond the confines of Warrenton. Her parents were not rich, even according to the homely standards of that town, but they managed to send her year by year to higher and higher schools, till, finally, she gleaned a diploma that announced in Latin to those who could not read it that she was a Mistress of Arts. And still she sailed on till she won a Ph.D. to pin to her name like a scholastic bustle. But what did it amount to? She would not even use it on her cards or permit it to be spoken.

As is the rule among scholars, familiarity with large words bred contempt, and Deborah had no desire to pose as the appallingly bookish woman she was. The low-browed young men avoided her at first, but they came to know her as the gay, the game loving, dance loving, life loving, love loving Debby Bland of old. Then they began to flock about her.

But Deborah's college course, and her experiences in other towns with other types, had taught her more about men than it is comfortable for men to have women know.

When her mother, or some other woman hungry for weddings, reminded her that she could not remain a girl forever, and that she would do well to take her pick of what Warrenton afforded, and have done with shilly-shally, Deborah would answer:

"How can a girl of ambition and education chain herself for life to any of these vegetables? Everyone of them has a few good qualities, but not one of them has many. The whole crowd has just about soul enough for one good soul. Hilary Phipps is handsome, but the outside of his head is all there is to it. Besides, I don't like that shade of hair. Ferdy Draper is neat and well-groomed and has no bad habits, but I don't want to marry a he old maid. Gilbert Cameron is generous and gallant and tender-hearted and artistic, but he drinks and smokes too much and has no balance. There's Julian Eggert, he has financial genius and he'll be a rich man some day, but he's bald already and he thinks only in nickels and dimes.

"Ralph Pelton is a thinker and a student, but he's seedy and scrawny and absent-minded. Walter Arnold is athletic and a fine all-round sport, but he can hardly read and he has no ambitions beyond a high score at tennis and a low score at golf. When he gets rheumatism, he'll be done for. And think of his evenings!

"It's the same way with the other fellows. They all have qualities, but they have so few of them. What I'm looking for is a man who is a complete man, as the saying is, a gentleman, a scholar, and a judge of good beer!"

"That's what women have been looking for since the year One," said Mrs. Talbot, who chanced to be calling. "But they haven't found him yet. If your mother had waited for such a man, you'd never have been born. If you want that kind of a husband, Debby, I guess you'll have to make him yourself."

"I was thinking of that," said Deborah.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing."

This curious dark saying flew round the town. People remembered it when Deborah married Leicester Vander Veer. Everybody admitted that he filled the entire bill.

"He's as nice as all the other young men put together," Mrs. Talbot said to Deborah.

"Yes," was all Deborah answered. But she seemed to wince a little.

And even then she had not been content. The whole town gave Deborah up as impossible to please. Everybody that met her husband said he was simply perfect. But the perfecter he grew in the esteem of Warrenton, the unhappier his wife appeared.

But all this was explained when Deborah spoke. At least all the little mysteries were gathered together into one big, perfectly definite and incomprehensible mystery. And that is all that an explanation ever is.

And this is what she said—By the way, two of the neighbors happened to be there; Mrs. Talbot and Miss Malkin, who was "kind of thick of hearing," and was forever interpolating "Eh?" or "How?"

Well, Deborah said — incidentally, Mrs. Talbot was the mother of Mark Talbot, whom Deborah had rejected so often. Mrs. Talbot had been very bitter against Deborah till she saw how poorly the girl got along with Leicester Vander Veer, and then Mrs. Talbot felt more kindly toward Deborah. Gratitude, probably.

But this is what Deborah said—in part.

"The main trouble with marriage is that it must take place between ready-made people. By the time a man or a woman is old enough to marry,

his or her character and looks are finished. They may yield a little here and there like gloves or shoes, but they won't stand much strain without showing it. So all the boys and girls grow up one by one, each in the way that inherited traits and environment and education and accident determine. Then when they get all solidified and permanently molded, they look about for somebody to marry. And the only people they can marry are finished products, too.

"There was I, a normal woman, a little better educated, a little healthier, a little more zealous than the average, but, after all, pretty much like everybody else. But, like everybody else, I was modified by little whims and crankinesses and prejudices and habits of mind and speech. But those little individualities are immensely important to happiness. You can't enjoy a sunset with a cinder in your eye.

"Like every other girl, I looked for a husband who should fulfill my ideals, and supplement and complement my character. But such a man doesn't exist. You can't go to the tailor and order a husband. A girl has to take a ready-made husband—poor thing.

"Picking out a husband is like going into the Parisian Dress Bazaar on Main Street for a dress. There's a mighty small stock to select from, and the only thing Parisian is the name. And it's the same way when a man goes into M. Frankenstein's Pantatorium for a suit of clothes. He's got to take what he can get. I began to realize this, and it terrified me for the future because I didn't want to be an old maid—no offense to you, Miss Malkin."

Miss Malkin bristled: "It's better to be an old maid than an old fool."

Mrs. Talbot bristled back: "It's possible to be both."

"How?" shrilled Miss Malkin.

"Go on, Debby," said Mrs. Talbot. And Deborah went on:

"The thought of tying myself for life to any one man I'd ever met in Warrenton—or anywhere else—was so horrible, that I couldn't endure it. Bigamy is against the law and octagamy was out of the question."

"So you went to New York for a husband," said Mrs. Talbot grimly. "Well, I can't see as you would have turned out much worse if you'd taken my boy Mark."

"So I found out to my cost," said Deborah (Continued on page 9)



"One day I found myself thinking if I could only bunch all those fellows I'd have a perfect husband."

The Spirit of the West

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



"Mrs Josephine stood on the bank, her hands raised

imploringly"

THE Star of Empire has wended its way so far westward that it has become lost somewhere in the vicinity of the Magellan monument, and is familiar only to the American soldier as he bewails the day he enlisted for Philippine service.

Along the trails traversed by the old star have sprung up mighty cities and irrigation systems, and the people speak now of farmers instead of ranchmen. A real live cowboy would, perhaps, attract much more attention in Tall Rock, Wyoming, than he would on Broadway, New York; and in Tall Rock he would be liable to arrest as a suspicious character, at that.

The writer who would deal in Western stories of the old familiar kind must lay them in Arizona, or some other place too far away to be conveniently investigated by anyone desiring to find out if such conditions really obtain.

The crack of the six-pistol has given way to the music of the mechanical violin, and the war whoop of the Indian has been superseded by the cry of the man selling "papers from all over the United States." The bad men, who used to shoot up the town and put a fresh notch on their gun handles each and every evening, are either in New York writing reminiscences for the papers, or broiling down in the place where you and I don't want to go. The picturesque storekeepers of the early period are now to be found boxed up in mahogany cases in the bowels of enormous buildings, and their conversation has to do with principal and interest.

It is all very discouraging to the young writer who comes so long after the star to find material for Western stories. The search for local color is hindered by the suspicion that the promiscuous seeker after information may represent a credit men's association or a detective agency; and, anyway, Western people are too busy trying to sell the casual visitor a tract of dry or irrigated land, to go digging into the dim and misty past.

So it is that in hunting for material for Western stories it is better to go to the files of imagination than to the West itself—it is better, and much more exciting.

Only the Pioneer is left of all those picturesque characters who thronged the frontier long ago, and he is apt to be disguised as a broker. Once in a while you catch one in his primitive condition—long hair, wide boots, soft shirt, and flowing mustachios and goatee, but the odds are ten to one that he is barnstorming the country with a Wild West show. The real, none-other-just-as-good Pioneer is not extinct, but he is dressed in a white shirt and patent-leather shoes. You may find him at night in small coveys about the big hotels which have sprung up along with the cities; find him talking about the latest social scandal, or "roasting" the administration. The Pioneer is gen-

erally a fiery old man in his conversation, but seldom in his actions. He has buried the action with the years. He has his organization, however, and there, in meeting, he tells his stories and finds a credulous audience, because they know he speaks the truth. The organization may be the "Old Settlers," the "Old Timers," the "Fifty-Niners," or just plain Pioneers. Anyhow, you must have had a residence in the community since the Lord knows-when to become a member. The interest the Pioneer takes in his organization and old associations is remarkable in view of his business diversion, but—well, having slipped up to the tail of this yarn by a somewhat devious route, it is perhaps best to make a sudden grab for the body thereof.

A "city beautiful" spasm seized the large and thriving Western city of Chico. The Municipal Art League broke out and ran amuck. All hands commenced planting violets in vacant lots to the vast surprise and pleasure of the stray burros, which were finding tin cans a somewhat monotonous diet. Parks began to get in the way of pedestrians; boulevards elbowed the car tracks for the right of way.

The epidemic had its inception largely with Easterners, who brought the germs of the disease from Massachusetts, or Rochester, N.Y., but the malady spread among the Westerners in an astonishing fashion. Aided and abetted by the city administration, the Municipal Art League immersed itself in a very carnival of public improvement. The old-timers looked on, making no comment, except what they said to the assessor—and you couldn't print that.

It was Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine, late of the city of Boston and president of the Municipal Art League, who suggested one day that the city build a monument to the Pioneers, the same to be called "The Spirit of the West."

"These sturdy trail blazers" is the way Mr. Josephine referred to the Pioneers. "Those followers of Pike and Carson and—and—er—um—Buffalo Bill and Bat Masterson, who followed on and on when—"

Well, it was the same old star and the same old wend, of course, with a lot of other nice words and phrases that round out a speech very nicely, albeit they convey no particular information as to the real motive of the Pioneer when he started West.

The Pioneer monument idea took nicely. The Pioneers themselves thought well of it.

Old Captain Sampson—of Cornman's command at Deaf George Creek, you know—dropped his bulky frame into an easy chair beside John Galligan, the banker, in the big rotunda of the Green Hotel, and grunted his satisfaction for several minutes.

"First good idea these Art Leaguers have had since they broke out," he remarked.

"Well," said Mr. Galligan, rubbing his chin, "what sort of a monument they going to have?"

"Oh, some sort of an appropriate design showing the Pioneer days, and the hardships we had," said the captain, whose information was rather hazy.

"Hardships we had?" broke in Pat Moran, proprietor of the Green, who rode the Pony Express in the early days when Mr. Galligan dealt faro bank at the Tivoli; wherein Mr. Galligan secured legitimate training for his present occupation of banker. "Then I suppose they'll have a brace faro layout rampant, with me couchant." (Continued on page 9)



"It's screaming wolf!" shrieked old Mrs Peters"



"Trailing them in single file came the rest of the pioneers. Captain Sampson, of Cornman's Command, snorted and panted in his wake"



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

The Spirit of the West

By A. D. Runyon

Cont'd from page 6

if they'll raise enough money to build a decent monument."

This statement was received with enthusiasm, even though everybody knew that the bit of ground referred to was too small for anything but a chicken coop, and was a tax burden to Mr. Meeks.

"I'll give 'em a thousand dollars to start 'em off right," said Mr. Moran.

"And I'll call a meeting of the Pioneers and give 'em our moral support," declared the captain, who was president of the Pioneers' organization.

And so the monument became an assured fact. The Pioneers met and indorsed the plan, besides subscribing largely, and turned the details over to the Art League, Mr. Josephine, president. The city council made an appropriation to help the thing along, and finally the Art League found itself in possession of something like \$50,000 to build the monument. They don't do things by halves out West.

The triangular bit of ground donated by Mr. Meeks was accepted, and it was decided that the monument should also be a drinking fountain. The Pioneers, after a slight flurry of interest, rather lost track of the project, having some confidence in the Art League.

We come now to a slight mistake on the part of Mr. Josephine. Mr. Josephine was a vague but sincere individual, who knew Art from the A to the T, and always spelled the entire word in capitals, besides putting an exclamation point after it. He meant well, but no man is infallible.

"We will keep our plans for this monument secret, and give the dear old trail blazers a pleasurable surprise," said Mr. Josephine to the members of the Municipal Art League. "We've got money enough to employ one of the greatest sculptors in the world, and we will give the Pioneers a monument as enduring as time."

So the matter was placed in the hands of Freedmore McIntosh, the celebrated American sculptor, who makes his home in Belgium. Mr. McIntosh's specialty is the Indian. He knows more on that subject from close, personal study than old Squatting Horse himself. He has designed so many famous pieces of statuary that his name has become a synonym for all that is great in the line of Indian sculpture.

"We want a monument to the Pioneer, depicting his early struggles, and the advancement of the West," is what the Art League, per Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine, president, wrote Mr. McIntosh. "We are going to call this monument 'The Spirit of the West,' and we rely largely upon your judgment. Give us something appropriate, to cost about \$50,000."

Mr. McIntosh accepted the commission, though he doubtless smiled to himself at the vagueness of the proposal.

You will now imagine time having rolled on, as it invariably does. A set of elaborate plans for a monument design eventually reached the Art League, which held an excited meeting, and adopted them with great joy. In a statement issued to the press, Mr. Josephine declared:

"While the plans, in detail, are not to be made public at this time, I will say that they are highly satisfactory, and the monument will depict with marvelous accuracy 'The Spirit of the West.'"

The Pioneers read this with some interest.

"That fellow displays almost human intelligence," remarked Captain Sampson. "Some one told me they've picked out a statue of a Pioneer in early-day costume to top this monument."

"He wants to be a good looking feller to be representative," suggested Meeks. "Like I was when I fust hit this land o' promise. I certainly was some looker in them days, though I admit that now I don't no way class up to some o' these younger chaps."

"Yes, you were a handsome creation when I first saw you," admitted Pat Moran. "You looked like a picture of a Chinese joss."

"Never saw one o' them things, but thankee just the same, Pat," said Meeks, earnestly.

"Don't suppose they'd want me to pose at this late day," he continued. "But I wished I'd a-thought o' it." And the old man bobbed his head, until his hawk nose nearly touched his chest.

The Art League built a high fence around Mr. Meeks' triangular bit of ground. This was evidence that the monument business was going

Mr. Moran had no great reverence for the early days.

Henry Meeks, who retired fifteen years ago from business to catch up with the work of counting his money, and has not finished the task yet, said: "I'll give 'em that triangular bit of ground up by the courthouse for a site, if they'll raise enough money to build a decent monument."

ahead apace. Then great blocks of building stone were unloaded on the ground and work on the base commenced. About this time, public curiosity was so aroused that Mr. Josephine was moved to have speech with the press.

"The whole affair will be about twenty feet high," he said. "A gigantic piece in bronze will surmount the whole. Around the base will be bas-reliefs in bronze, one showing an ox team crossing the plains; another a group of Indians; another a Pioneer's camp; another a city, showing the fruition of the Pioneers' toil, and so on."

What the "so on" meant he did not say.

"Fine!" said Captain Sampson. "That's all right, especially with that Pioneer on top. But what do they want to ring in them damn Injuns for? What's the Injun got to do with a Pioneer monument? Durn their yaller hides, we had enough trouble with them without giving them a place on our monument."

"You remember that murderin' Screaming Wolf sticking a knife in me because I wouldn't give him credit?" demanded Henry Meeks in an aggrieved tone.

"Remember him?" said Captain Sampson, fiercely. "Didn't we chase him from one end of the West to the other—cuss his black heart!"

"I was with Seabrooke when we followed the Wolf eight hundred miles," remarked Pat Moran. "I was with him when we found fourteen ranch houses inside of a hundred miles in ashes, and twenty scalped dead men. You remember Wolf took all the women with him, and most of them was crazy by the time we caught them."

"I was with Cornman," remarked Captain Sampson, briefly.

This is a statement which, in the West, needs no elaboration. It was old Cornman who led a small charge of troops against Screaming Wolf at Deaf George Creek in days ago, the memory of which still causes poor Lo and all his descendants to shudder.

Eventually the monument was completed, but in such careful secrecy had the work been conducted that few outside the Municipal Art League knew just what it was like. Above the fence surrounding the monument site a well-boxed figure reared itself against the golden sunset. It looked imposing, to say the least. Its general appearance suggested an equestrian statue; of its height and girth there was no doubt. A bustling community paused occasionally to speculate vaguely as to the exact design, then went its way without further ado.

You might think that enough curiosity would have been manifested to cause a disclosure of the real nature of the statue by this time, but at that moment the city was engrossed in an election, or something equally exciting, and had no time for digression. Finally the Art League, per Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine, gave it out that all was in readiness for the unveiling of the monument, and then the Pioneers took hold.

Captain Sampson and a few of the other old timers had paid intermittent visits to the monument site, and the report of the captain was quite satisfactory.

"I see the tail of a hoss sticking out," he said. "I reckon they've mounted a Pioneer—maybe a pony express rider. Anyhow, she ought to be all right, outside of them cussed Injuns."

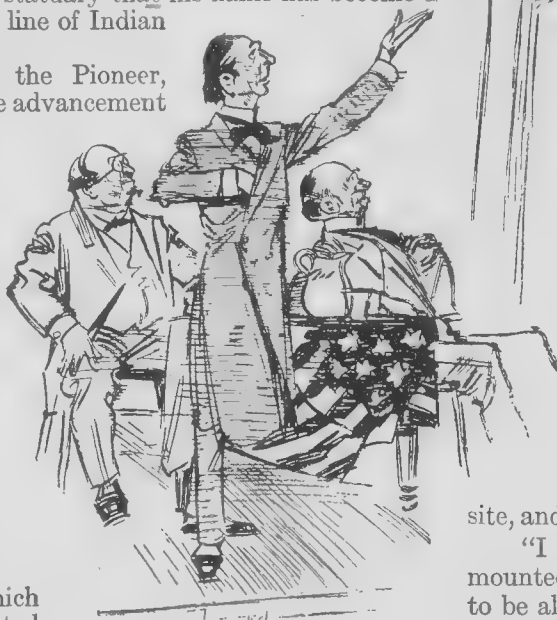
"Let's make a regular day out of this unveiling," suggested Mr. Meeks. "We ain't had no kind of a reunion when the boys could get together and sort o' talk over things since the time we hung Jack Bartlett."

This was a suggestion which met with great approval, and the Pioneers, headed by Captain Sampson, went into the matter on a broad scale. A fine program was laid out, including a Pioneer parade and picnic. The time for the unveiling was set for the afternoon, and all the details of that were left to the Municipal Art League and Mr. Josephine.

Captain Sampson took command of the parade arrangements, and sent away down into New Mexico to get a string of steers which were broken to yoke, so as to depict an ox team crossing the plains. Hidden in the recess of some livery stable in every large Western city there is always an old Concord coach or two, and these were dragged out, furbished up a bit, and reserved as posts of honor for the members of the Pioneers who were too old to march. Captain Sampson got out his old leather suit, from the coonskin cap to the frayed moccasins, and then hunted up a big mule to ride in the parade.

A barbecue was arranged at one of the parks which had attained some beauty through the efforts of the Municipal Art League, and an effort made to get a buffalo for slaughter. Inasmuch as the government carefully conserves the few remaining members of that particular species of the Pioneer, they were unable to get even an aged bull, so they compromised on a cow, which was killed after the manner of modern times, and the meat carefully dried.

Very well. We have now reached the (Continued on page 48)



"The unveiling of this statue marks an epoch in our program of progress," said Mr. Josephine.

A Ready-Made Husband

By Rupert Hughes
Cont'd from page 5

humbly. "But I'm not telling what I ought to have done, I'm trying to tell what I did do. I was too poor to travel the world over and hunt my ideal, and from what I saw of men in other cities, they averaged just about up to the Warrenton standard. So I made up my mind to stay single and be done with it."

"A sensible idea," snapped Miss Malkin, "if you'd had the gumption to stick to it."

"But I hadn't," sighed Deborah. "I liked all the fellows in town in some ways, and disliked them all in others. Every girl must feel that way. One day I found myself thinking, 'If only I could take Ralph Pelton's brain and Walt Arnold's brawn and Jule Eggert's business cunning and Gil Cameron's artistic temperament and Al Finlay's good manners and Ferdie Draper's neatness and put them in Hilary Phipps' handsome form and face—I'd have a husband worth marrying.' The more I thought it over, the more my idle wishes changed to busy schemes. From saying 'If only I got to saying 'Why not?' And finally that's just what I did."

"What's just what you did, Deborah?" Mrs. Talbot groaned. "I'm getting a headache."

"I manufactured my own husband."

"You manufactured Leicester Vander Veer?" shrieked Mrs. Talbot with horror; but Miss Malkin crept forward and whispered with intense interest:

"You—you manufactured a husband—Debbie—tell me—tell me how you went about manufacturing a husband."

"Well, it was like this," said Deborah, and Miss Malkin thrust her ear trumpet out like a cup to catch every precious word:

"You see, when I was in college, I specialized in physiological psychology and supernormal phenomena."

Poor Miss Malkin got an ache in her ear trumpet trying to hear such appalling words. But Deborah went relentlessly on. "I studied Multiple Personality—you know that your personality is multiple, don't you?"

"Well, that's all right," said Miss Malkin with a blush. "Don't worry about that, one of my uncles on my mother's side was that way, too. Go on." Deborah went on:

"I wrote a thesis on the pathological phases of the subliminal and supraliminal metempsychoses with a consideration of obsession, possession, impersonation, and all that sort of thing. Well, later I got to thinking, 'Why allow the hystericals to have the best of everything? If a half-crazy laundress can enjoy all the luxury of an intercosmic projection of personality, why not make some practical use of the force for intelligent purposes?' There's so much attention paid to psychoanalysis. Why not a little to psychosynthesis?"

"Good Lord, Debbie," cried Mrs. Talbot, "come out of the tall timbers and use words that a body can understand."

"There are no words," said Deborah, "that can be really understood in their ultimate significance. And there is no use trying to make it clear to you. How I did it I don't want you to know, for you might try it yourselves—and succeed. And then where would you be?"

"I guess I could take care of myself with any husband of my own make," said Miss Malkin. "Just because you didn't know how to manage your work, it don't prove that other folks—"

But Deborah shook her head, and Miss Malkin put her ear trumpet in her lap. The subsequent proceedings interested her no more. Mrs. Talbot, however, was still curious.

"For Heaven's sake, tell us what you did—and what became of Hilary Phipps? Did he die?"

"Oh, no."

"Is he alive?"

"Well, not exactly."

"Not exactly alive and not dead. Then, where has he been all this time?"

"Hilary Phipps was in town during most of the excitement."

"But why didn't he let his mother know?"

"He couldn't."

"Was he locked up somewhere?"

"Yes and no. He went about freely, but he was locked up in a way."

Mrs. Talbot's eyes were rolling; she fairly snorted: "Well, where is he now?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"What became of him?"

"I used him."

"You used him. Debby Bland, one of us is crazy."

Deborah smiled tolerantly and drearily. "If you'll let me explain. You see, by a process of—you might say hypnotization—"

"You can't explain anything to me that begins with a word like that," said Mrs. Talbot.

"I'm afraid I can't explain at all," said Deborah, "I'll just describe. Do you remember the party that Fanny Isham gave a long while ago?"

"Indeed I do," sniffed Mrs. Talbot. "My boy Mark wasn't invited, and I didn't speak to either of the Ishams for a week. But afterwards I relented, for I realized that it was after that party that the whole trouble began, and if Mark had have gone, he would probably have disappeared like the rest of those poor fellows."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't," said Deborah. "Mark was not one of the ingredients of my recipe."

"Debby, I'll box your ears if you don't talk United States."

"Well, stop interrupting, then. As I started to say, I went to the Isham party with my cousin from Norwalk, who happened to be in town but was leaving on the midnight train. Hilary Phipps asked me for a dance, and it was a beautiful waltz. After it, we strolled out into the moonlight and walked up and down the lawn. Your boy Mark came along, said a few words, and went on home. Then Hilary got very spoony and proposed marriage for the 'steenth time, but I said no. Still, the moonlight was awfully nice, and we walked around the garden, and I felt very romantic, and I wished that Hilary had only had a little more brains and some artistic feeling and a leveller head, and weren't so lazy and—oh, if he had only been almost entirely different, he'd have been an almost ideal husband."

"There's a stone wall, you know, along the garden. We climbed up and sat on that. On the other side was the Hammond house. It wasn't rented then, but it had a beautiful grape arbor, and Hilary dared me to go steal some grapes with him. He helped me over the wall, and started to follow, when he caught his toe in a chink and fell on his head. He was knocked senseless—even more senseless than usual."

"I remember looking at him as he lay stretched out in the moonlight. He was a beautiful fellow, especially in the moonlight, but so lacking in soul. I raised him up and dragged him to a little summer house there. I was just going to bring help, when a great idea came over me. I almost suffocated with it. I left him there and hurried round to the gate and got to the house just in time for my dance with Gil Cameron."

"Let's not dance," I said, "let's walk in the moonlight." That appealed to Gil's artistic soul. So we walked, and I led the way as if allowing myself to be led—you know how that's done."

"Well, you see, I'm married," said Mrs. Talbot.

"I could 'a' been if I'd stooped to such tricks," said Miss Malkin. Deborah forged on:

"In a minute Gil and I were seated on the stone wall. He couldn't see poor Hilary, but he was right close. Then by the power of hypnotic domination—"

"There you go again," said Mrs. Talbot.

"Well, anyway," said Deborah, "you see, Hilary's lower brain was keeping his heart and his lungs at work; but his upper brain, or soul-mechanism, was without life—like an electric machine without current or a steam engine without steam. His own soul would have flowed back as soon as consciousness returned, but I shut off the regular channels so that his soul couldn't get back. Then—as it were—I plugged in another feed wire, and into that I turned the—you see, I had meanwhile hypnotized Gil Cameron. From his soul I extracted the artistic and temperamental electrons and—you've heard of transfusion of blood—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Talbot eagerly. "I had an aunt whose life was despaired of on account of anaemia—and—her people lived in Duluth—had a swell house there—she was a very nice woman, but—"

"You can tell me about her later," said Deborah. "Well, transfusion of blood is an old idea. I think I invented transfusion of soul. Anyway, I transfused the best part of Gil Cameron's shiftless soul into Hilary Phipps' brain

cells. You know that the brain areas are pretty well localized and differentiated now."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Mrs. Talbot. "But what was Gil Cameron doing while you were kidnapping his soul?"

"He didn't do anything. He didn't know what I was doing. He just sat there in a daze. Then I snapped my fingers and woke him, and he came to with a start, and said, 'Excuse me, Debby, what were you saying?' And I told him I had a partner for the next dance. It was Walt Arnold. I decoyed him to the wall the same way, and borrowed that part of his soul that keeps a man interested in his muscles. And so I did with the four other fellows I had partially liked. And not one of them suspected that anything had happened. They all went back to dance and to amaze their partners by the funny moods they were in."

"There was still more trouble when they went home. Jule Eggert, after I had embezzled his financial acumen, was so reckless that he insisted on taking Harriet Kirtland home in an automobile, and Gil Cameron got so stingy that he made Alice Gregory walk. Walt Arnold was so lazy that he retired from the lawn-tennis tournament next day after the first game, and—"

"We all know the terrible change that came over those poor young men," sniffed Mrs. Talbot. "Their own mothers hardly knew them. Their own fathers could hardly endure them. It was awful. Thank Heaven, my dear boy wasn't invited. But poor Mrs. Phipps? She lost her boy altogether. What did you do with Hilary?"

"Well, you see," said Deborah, "after I had filled his brain with the choicest morsels of those other souls, I found him just coming back to consciousness. He sat up and said—"

"I know," interposed Miss Malkin, who knew storybooks "He said, 'Where am I?'"

"No. He said, 'Who am I?'"

"Well, who was he?" murmured Mrs. Talbot. "It's getting kind of cold in here. I feel a draught."

Deborah herself was a bit frightened. This traffic in souls was a ghoulish business. Her voice became an uncanny whispering:

"I was afraid of him at first. But he kept saying, 'Who am I? Who am I please? I can't seem to remember whether my name is Hilary or Alan or Walter Phipps or Gilbert or Jule—or what.'"

Deborah shivered and went on: "Suddenly I remembered that I had always wanted a husband named Leicester Vander Veer. So I told him that that was his name."

Mrs. Talbot leaped to her feet. "Do you mean to say that Leicester Vander Veer was a patchwork crazy quilt?"

"He was my synthetic husband," said Deborah, with a return of pride.

"But Hilary Phipps had coal-black hair and your husband had—he was almost an albino."

"Peroxide," said Deborah. "I always admired what they call the blond beast. Most intellectual women long for a blond beast as a pet. So when I got Leicester home—"

"How on earth did you do that?"

"You see, when he woke up, he was very much bewildered; he had an awful headache."

"No wonder," said Miss Malkin, "with seven souls crowding into that one pate. That wasn't a brain, that was a boarding house."

Deborah nodded. "And it took some time to assimilate all those forces to that mechanism. At first the monster was like a man in a trance. I didn't dare take him back to the party. I didn't dare go home with him. So I talked to him as if I were a mesmerist, and showed him his watch—Hilary's watch—and I said, 'You stay here till one o'clock in the morning. You'll hear the town clock strike, if it's too dark to see the watch. Then go down that alley for two blocks till you come to a barn with the door open. You walk through it and come up to the back porch on tiptoe, and I'll let you in.' I made him repeat it till he had it by heart."

"Then I went back to the party, had a dance or two and some refreshments, and went home with my cousin. He took the midnight train. I told mother and father I was going to sit up and read. They were used to that, so they went to bed."

"I found a suit my father had told me to sell to an old clothes man and I brushed

it up. I sat for an hour or so thinking everything out and trying to foresee every difficulty. I wrote my creature's future backward, the way people write detective stories."

"A little before one o'clock I tiptoed out to the barn and opened the alley door. Then I went back in the yard and waited. I was all trembling, and horribly terrified by what I had done. I was afraid that the creature I had manufactured might turn out to be another Frankenstein."

"You mean that family of Frankensteins that keeps the clothing store?" expostulated Mrs. Talbot. "Why, Hilary Phipps didn't look at all like one of those."

Deborah did not pause to explain. She was living the drama over. Her eyes were wild, her voice spooky.

"It wasn't very cold, but I had a chill. I had spasms of fright. What if he didn't understand, or lost his way, or came to me and became unmanageable? What if he resented my tampering with all those souls and took revenge—some ghoul, unspeakable revenge? What if those seven souls fought with each other and would not live together? A thousand frightful possibilities occurred to me."

"But at last I heard a step crunching along the gravel in the alley. I saw a figure in the square of light of the barn door. The figure groped through, paused to close and fasten the door—you see, Jule Eggert's careful soul was already at work. The closing of the door blotted him from sight. The moon went under a cloud. I stood by a little stunted cherry tree, clinging to it to keep from falling."

"Then the moon jumped out from the cloud and I saw the tall figure of Hilary Phipps just passing me. I seized him by the elbow and he turned, stupidly, like a person waked out of a dream. I motioned him not to speak and to tip-toe, and holding him by the arm, I led him up the kitchen steps, guided him through to the library, put him in a chair, and locked the door. Somehow, he obeyed me. He sat there like a drunken dolt, every now and then frowning and passing his hand about his head as if it ached horribly."

"The poor man!" muttered Mrs. Talbot. But another phase of it shocked Miss Malkin. She demanded:

"Do you mean to say that you met a strange young man in the back yard, took him to your room and locked the door, while your folks were asleep upstairs?"

"But she married him afterwards," said Mrs. Talbot.

Deborah rounded on Miss Malkin: "That's what keeps women from accomplishing anything great in the world. They're so afraid of being alone somewhere with somebody."

Miss Malkin snapped back:

"If you'd been a little more afraid of sitting out on garden walls and dabbling in men's souls—you'd be better off to-day."

Mrs. Talbot subdued her with: "Keep your curls on, Caroline, and let Debby tell the rest. Go on, Debby. I can't believe it, but it's awful."

"I talked with my man for an hour," said Deborah, "getting it out of his head that he was Hilary Phipps or any of the rest of his constituents, and finally I browbeat him into accepting the name I had picked out for him. Then I had an awful time getting him to let me bleach his hair. He had Walt Arnold's strength, you know. But I hypnotized him finally, and blondined him with some peroxide we had in the medicine chest in the bathroom. By this time it was nearly morning. I laid out father's old suit and made him take off Hilary's clothes."

"Deborah!" screamed Miss Malkin.

"Oh, I left the room," said Deborah. "Besides," reiterated Mrs. Talbot, "they were going to be married."

"When I came back," Deborah went on, "he was in father's clothes. They didn't fit very well, and he wasn't happy in them. When I made him put on one of father's already-tied ties, he became violent. He had Ferdie Draper's foppish ideas, you know. But I appealed to Alan Finlay's eagerness to oblige a lady, and he consented. Then I took Hilary's clothes down and burned them in the furnace."

Mrs. Talbot protested: "You might have found some worthy poor person and given them away."

"Yes, and myself with them! No, I wanted to hide all traces of my—well, I won't say crime."

(Cont'd on page 35)

Scenes in Nova Scotia: In the Forests and on the Sea

Written specially for
"The Western Home Monthly"

By
BONNYCASTLE DALE

YOU would never think that this ocean-girt province would be in danger of forest fires. You have always thought of it as a fog-ridden, rain-spattered coast. Well, this is June 5th, and we have had no rain since Sunday, May 9th. Great parts of this low rolling province is covered by the original growth of pine and fir, spruce and some hardwood—a thick low forest growth of about one hundred feet of the tallest pine and fifty of the other soft woods. Wherever the woods have been cleared luxuriant brush strangles the plant life. For days we have lived in fear of the rushing howling demon, the forest fire. Last Sunday some trout fishers at Sable River left some coals and since then a mighty, red licking tongue has been cleaning up the big peninsula that juts out into the Atlantic, and we never know when it may leap the harbor. We were congratulating ourselves this morning on the absence of the fire when a mighty plume of smoke rose into the heavens like some giant's feather, and swirled and billowed there all the morning. At its base the black smoke told of green timber being destroyed. The light straw colored some was from the clearing, and fences and barns and the dry laurel of the barrens. At night the reflection was as if the giant had built a monstrous hearth fire and the ruddy glow was reflected all over his ceiling.

In one of my wanderings over this thickly wooded tiny lake-sprinkled province of Nova Scotia I came upon a gem of a wee brook and drainage pond. It was too small to call a lake, about three hundred yards across; a limpid sheet vexed by every vagrant wind that blew. On a little point that protruded, a miniature peninsula, stood a tall steep gabled wooden house. The rains and winds of a score of years had peeled the paint and warped the shingles a bit, but it was yet a good tight little home. A cow stable and a hen run and some pole fences and a bit of pasture, half rock and half hay; a regular Nova Scotia east coast pasture, just these; that was all, but it spelled out the sacred word, home.

Six miles off on its own road or trail it lay. The dad lay away out in the Atlantic where his fishing boat had gone down, and the widow and three children, the eldest a boy of about fourteen, wrested a rude living from the few acres of garden and fruit and hay and with the fish that ran up the brook to spawn (some thousand of these alewives were dipnetted and smoked); then the wild fruit, strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and blackberries, in their swift following seasons; then a moose killed in or out of season by the boy, no longer than the rifle he used; these fed them and a bit of cash left by the dad clothed them.

"Yes, it is a beautiful place," she told me, "except when the flood is on or the bush fires threaten."

As I mounted to the rim of the bowl of hills which surrounded the entrance to the little valley I searched with my glasses all the circle about; excepting where the brook broke the rim the little house was girdled and encircled by a living wall of fir and spruce, pine and birch, willow bear and brush. To-day these hills are white with ashes, the stark black trunks of the trees point upward like grim finger posts. The very mosses and lichens are dead, and of the house and barns and fences not a single trace remains save some rusty nails and battered tins among the ash heaps.

One day in May the youngest boy crowed with delight at a feathery plume that suddenly nodded in the clear blue sky above the brim of the wooded bowl. The eldest boy set off at a run to drive the ox and cow into the cleared field. Within an hour a rain of living embers was dropping into that devoted valley like a hail of strange black omens. Urged by a stiff sou'wester the forest simply leaped alight. All the western side was a roaring furnace by noon, and the woman and children and the cattle were standing beside a rude raft of logs in the shallow lake. All the bed clothes were soaked and

used to cover the few bits of things they had hastily snatched up. Soon, as the fire drew nearer, these clothes and a luckily salvaged carpet were used to cover the human beings themselves.

The ox and cow moaning in fear fled off into the woods to the east. The air was unbearable, like the blast from the open mouth of a furnace, and time after time the saturated clothes dried and caught afire only to be dragged under and soaked again. Even the water of the lake was becoming unbearable, when a natural course of nature saved them for the time being. The intense heat had lifted the

air in the valley, and a southwest wind from the neighboring ocean poured in and drove the flames back.

The homeless ones rested on the bank that night, as all they owned had completely disappeared unseen by them in the masses of smoke, all save a few vegetables and preserves in a deep covered dugout. The night was one long dark suffocating terror. Again the west wind arose with the sun and swept the flames along the other side of the lake, and the terror-stricken family made their escape over the embers and ashes of yesterday's fire, almost naked of clothes, and thoroughly

and absolutely without one single thing in their hands of all their possessions that go to make up what we call home. (Reads like your prairie fires does it not? but these accidents are rare here.)

Now, from end to end of this suffering province went up the cry, "Oh, when will the rain fall." The premier city, Halifax, which had neglected to send aid to its suffering neighbors now called aloud for the fire fighters to get busy, the flames were within five miles of the citadel. All along the old post road which runs for three hundred miles from Halifax to Yarmouth news came of disappearing forest and blackened fields, but except in isolated cases the homes were saved. In New Brunswick the flames ate right through the villages and chased the terror-stricken people down on the wharves. Two girls were actually in flames when they leaped into the sea. Telephone and telegraph wires littered the abandoned road, and the poor harried wild game and wild fowl fled before the grim insistent destroyer.

Still the cry went up from all our lips, "Rain! Rain! When will the rain come?" Out over old ocean hung a long band of cloud, a heavy dense suffocating band, and the tiny ash held suspended in it was all that remained of the noble green forests that waved in the winds of May-time.

Often, during my travels into the uninhabited places of this continent have I come across the charred trunks and blackened fields of the fire demon. No white men have ever walked there so no camp fire could have caused the conflagration. One odd thing I noted, wherever fire had passed the raspberry and blackberry sprang up. Where does the seed of this plant come from? It cannot lie dormant in the soil. So I told my neighbors not to look upon this as another sorrow added to theirs, for the sun rises and sets, the winds blow and fall, the seasons come and go, and the dread forest fires rage where there are no men at all.

Now appeared in the sky long "mare's tails" and speeding torn cumulus clouds, then on the upturned cheek fell the tiny cool patter of the rain, and as I write this it is pouring—pouring—pouring!

An Invitation

By Ethel Kirk Grayson

O, come with me to Arcady,
A wind is blowing from the sea,
The listless clouds are hanging low
O'er meadows where white daisies grow.
The red earth thirsts for soothing rain,
Even the pitcher-plant is fain
To fill once more her dainty cup
With satin petals curling up,
Then fly with me to Arcady,
Where hearts are light and men are free,
Where all the world is fairest blue,
And every happy dream comes true.

In Arcady, in Arcady,
The blackbird carols merrily,
And breezes fling amid the trees
With silver, playing melodies,
And every thought bears rosy wings,
And every hour its rapture brings.
The apples, too, are golden there,
While every girl's a princess fair.
No spirit ever waxeth old,
Nor light in lovers' eyes grows cold.
And there in beauteous Arcady
May roam, in glowing phantasy,
Maidens like dresden figurines,
And shepherds gay and ancient queens,
And dusky ladies coiffed with pearls,
And stately dames with powdered curls,
And knights and squires and troubadors,
Heroes of many gallant wars,
Quaint little ladies of Japan
Newly stepped from a painted fan,
Lords and ladies of high degree,
All are astray in Arcady.

Then fly with me to Arcady,
Where hearts are light and men are free,
Where no one ever waxeth old,
Nor light in lovers' eyes grows cold



Digby Basin, Nova Scotia showing the short natural forest which covers all the uncultivated parts



Ocean going passengers, fishermen and yachting fleet in Digby Harbor



Kejimikujik Lake, N.S.



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Twice a day this test of Pepsodent will bring you these five effects:

- 1—A multiplied salivary flow.
- 2—Multiplied starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling.
- 3—Multiplied alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.
- 4—An attack on the film.
- 5—High polish to the teeth.

This May Happen To-night

If you leave a film-coat on your teeth

There is a film-coat on your teeth which is ever forming. When fresh it is viscous. You can feel it with your tongue.

It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth, enters crevices and stays. Most tooth troubles are now traced to it.

Leave it there, and night and day it may do a ceaseless damage. These things may happen while you sleep.

The damages of film

This film coat, by absorbing stains, makes the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance, which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other serious troubles, local and internal.

This film-coat, left on the teeth or between the teeth, may lead to any or to all these ruinous results.

Cause of dental worry

Dentists have known these facts for years.

They have seen tooth troubles constantly increase despite the daily brushing.

No old teeth-cleaning method could efficiently fight film. Nearly every dental visit showed fixed coats of film, to be removed with instruments or pumice.

So dental science has long sought a daily film combatant. It has now been found. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere advise its constant use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Other factors, now known to be important, are included with them.

What the new way does

Two factors in Pepsodent directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Each use of Pepsodent also multiplies the salivary flow. That is nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which otherwise cling and which may form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Another ingredient is pepsin.

Those five effects come with every application. Thus the film is constantly combated.

Now benefits millions

The principles of Pepsodent are approved by authorities. The use of this new tooth paste is fast spreading the world over. Millions now employ it daily, largely by dental advice.

The results are seen on every hand. You see white teeth in every circle—teeth that glisten and look clean. The method is bringing a new dental era to homes that prove it out.

Now a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. This is to urge that you get it. Watch the results. Read the scientific reasons for them. Then judge for yourself what Pepsodent means to the people in your home.

Do not delay. Film attacks may be occurring now. Learn how science now combats them. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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Watch the change in ten days

Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. You will realize then what this new method means.

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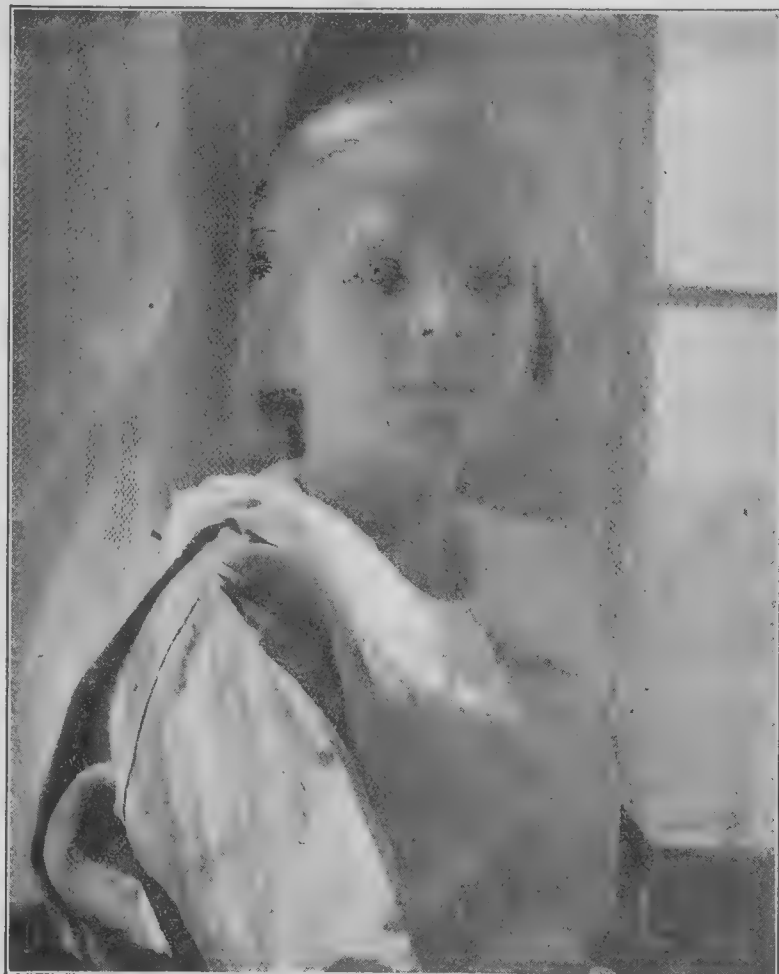
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Come into the Kitchen

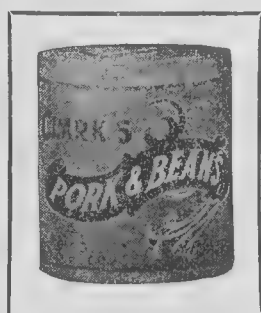
By Mrs MARGARET A. BARTLETT



KODAK means most in the home, because home pictures tell the simple every day story of the children—each one a fascinating chapter for the Kodak Album.

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NELL KIMBALL awoke with a start. She rubbed sleepy eyes and endeavored to figure out what it was that had awakened her so suddenly.

For a few moments she lay still, thinking. Then it dawned on her why she had slept no later. The honeymoon was over! Late the afternoon before she and Jake had arrived at the apartment which was henceforth to be their home. To-day Jake must return to work, and she, therefore, must be up betimes to get his breakfast and start him off as a dutiful wife should.

A thrill of happiness stole over her. Their first meal in their own home! Tenderly and softly, so as not to arouse the sleeper, she kissed the youthful face beside her; then slipped quietly out of bed and dressed with mouse-like noiselessness. She brushed her hair in loose, becoming fashion, put on a simple blue chambray housedress she herself had made on her mother's hard-treading machine that had done duty for thirty or more years, and with a last satisfying glance in the mirror and an unseen kiss blown from the tips of her fingers to her boy-husband, tiptoed into the kitchen.

The kitchen! Nell had forgotten! Thoughts of breakfast had called to her vision a wood-burning range with its singing kettle, its steaming coffee-pan from which emanated delightful odors and the sound of eggs spluttering in hot baconfat. But the sight of her apartment kitchen made her vision of breakfast vanish like a wraith of smoke in a high wind. Here was no 8 by 10 country kitchen. Jokingly Nell estimated it as 2 by 4! It was a modern kitchen—a workroom and no more. A gas stove did duty in place of a range; a gas water-heater provided hot water always on tap. There was a zinc-covered table to cook on, and underneath a chest, which Nell remembered Jake had told her was a fireless cooker. All about were enclosed cupboards. The sink—shiny white porcelain—was between the table and the stove. Not a step would be wasted in preparing meals. Every motion would count.

To Nell Kimball, however—so recently Nell Currier of Windmont Centre—the possession of such a kitchen brought no great anticipations. Brought up in the big farm kitchen from babyhood, endeared to the warm homey atmosphere of the room where for years her mother had bustled about preparing meals, and where so many times her father and brothers had flocked to sit comfortably about and tell stories or argue over politics, while her mother, her mind keen and active as her hands, kept pace with them, Nell Kimball felt ill at ease in her present up-to-date kitchen. Strong-muscled, healthy and fond of work, she wondered vaguely just how she would spend the surplus time provided by this ultra-convenient establishment.

But not for long did she let it worry her that morning. Jake mustn't know that a single twig was disturbed on their budding tree of happiness. Dear old Jake! Nell's lips moved in a reverent whisper of his name. How well he had done in the city! Five years ago young Jacob Kimball had left Windmont Centre to earn a living and absorb every bit of business knowledge that came his way, for he believed his future lay in a business career. Honest, straightforward, keen and earnest, he had quickly risen from an obscure, ill-paying position, to one of responsibility and good salary at the desk of departmental manager of a large electrical concern. Higher steps to success lay within easy possibility of attainment.

Sunny Nell Currier had been his boyhood sweetheart. In his early months in the city he had dreams of bringing her to him and placing her in a home where all the comforts and conveniences of modern life should be hers.

And at last the dream was fulfilled. He had spent his money prudently, saving, therefore, a comfortable bit before he and Nell were married. And his present salary was sufficient to provide the young couple with an attractive furnished apartment, and every convenience known to the housekeeping world. Through his connection with the electrical concern he was able to get at cost any electrical contrivance. And thus it happened that Nell found in her new home appliances she had never heard of, from an electric curling iron to an electric bread mixer, from an electric egg whipper to an electric vacuum cleaner and sewing machine. As Jake had shown her all his gifts the night before, and demonstrated each article, Nell had felt like a modernized Aladdin, who, instead of rubbing a lamp, had only to press a button to summon a magi endowed with supernatural powers.

For the preparation of the morning meal not even the kitchen, she found, was necessary. Electricity would cook things while they waited.

She placed a few dillies on the polished table and laid dishes and silver for two. She brought a loaf of bread on a silver platter, with a silver knife to cut the required quantity, and placed it near the small electric toaster. From a glass container she took several strips of thinly sliced bacon and arranged them on a platter together with two white-shelled eggs, preparatory to cooking them on the electric grill as soon as Jake appeared. Coffee and water she measured carefully into the percolator. A plate of fruit, a dish of dry cereal apiece, and the necessary sugar, butter, cream (which was poured from a tin can into the little pitcher), salt and pepper, completed the preparations. There was nothing more to do but call Jake.

The first meal in their new home was a merry one. To Nell it seemed like playing at housekeeping to be cooking right at the table, but the novelty of it made it interesting, and she laughed and chatted like a young school girl. As for Jake, so absorbed was he in the pretty picture presented by Nell across the table from him, and so happy in his possession of her, that he scarcely realized what he was eating or where.

Breakfast over, and Jake reluctantly having departed, Nell assumed the task of clearing up and doing the morning work. Work! She laughed at the very word. Who could call it work to put the dishes in the dish-washing machine and let them "wash themselves" or to collect the dust from the rugs by means of an electrically driven vacuum cleaner? One task she had to do herself—the making of the bed. And never were bedclothes so thoroughly shaken and aired and pillows so vigorously thumped and plumped into shape! All her bottled up energy went into making the one bed. The exercise was invigorating. She whistled as she worked.

For an hour she busied herself removing things from her trunks and putting them in their proper places. That task accomplished, however, she looked about for something else to do. Everything was in order; not a speck of dust could be seen. Jake would not be home till night. Practically the whole day was before her.

To fill in the time she wrote letters, spent some time shopping and read for a while. With her miniature electric stoves her own luncheon was a matter of a few minutes only.

Slowly the day dragged itself out till time to start their evening dinner. In the cake-mixer she made up an old-time favorite recipe, and then, lighting the gas, set the oven temperature gauge at "moderate," popped the cake into the oven and forgot about it till the half-hour required to bake it was up. Then she peeped in. The cake was done to a turn, baked as if by magic.

Thus it was with the rest of the dishes for dinner. Nell was a born

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Come into the Kitchen

By Mrs M. Bartlett

Contd. from page 12

thinking about how things were cooking. Here, with gas, whose heat could be regulated with a turn of the wrist, cooking didn't seem half the achievement that it did back in the country home, where she had been forced to exert skill against great odds.

Thus days passed one after another for Nell Kimball, each with its little round of work. Even wash-day gave her young muscles no chance for play, for the apartment boasted a power-driven laundry, where clothes had hardly more than to be sorted. Every particle of work was done by a power greater than her own. The ironing was equally easy—a mangle for the flat pieces, an electric iron, always hot, for the finer things.

There were no fires to tend, no outside work to be done. Though the apartment was always in "company order" scarcely no manual effort had been required to keep it so. It seemed to Nell that there had never been so many minutes in a day before. She shopped, she read, she embroidered, yet there was still spare time. After a while she made a few friends and did a little visiting back and forth, but not given by Nature to idle talk and idle hands—she chafed as much as ever under the existence she was leading. Oh, to get into her mother's kitchen and do some real work with her own hands!

Once, after an especially easy day, she ventured to remark to her husband: "Jake, dear, I'm going to work! I don't know what I can do here in the city, but I must do something. I'm all shrivelling up for want of real honest-to-goodness exercise. Most of the women here live on excitement. They delight in the short time required to do their housework, because it gives them more time to entertain—and entertain people whom, for the most part, they care little about—to go shopping—and spend everything or nothing—to go to the moving pictures six or seven times a week, or attend one of their numerous clubs. I'm not that sort. I don't call that living. Living to me is doing—doing something worth while—and here I don't know what to do that is worth while!"

"And so, dear, you want to go to work?" Jake asked quizzically, looking up at Nell, perched on the arm of his chair. He put an arm about her and drew her into his lap.

"Not really go to work, do you, dear?" he asked again, tenderly. "I couldn't bear to have you working, Nell. There is no need for it so far as money is concerned. Surely I am earning enough for your every desire. And it wouldn't seem right, Nell, to have you hurrying off to work every morning and rushing back at night to get dinner prepared. It is home to have you here all the time, sweetheart. I never was so happy before in all my life—and I had hoped you were just as happy as I am."

"And I am, honey-boy!" Nell emphasized her statement with a firm hug of her healthy-muscled young arms. "P'raps I was a wee bit homesick, but I'm not now. Come, let's read. I'll get a book. You begin."

And thus the matter was settled. In her heart Nell was glad that Jake had objected, for she had no real desire to go to work unless it were necessary, for she loved the old-fashioned idea of home, as the place where the work of the wife kept her occupied, the place where her heart was, and where she could always be found by her husband when he returned from his day's labor.

But the new life of ease—for ease it was compared with her former labors in the country home—began gradually to tell on Nell's active, robust body. She lost her fresh rosy color. Little ills she had never before experienced began to bother her. At Jake's suggestion she consulted a physician. His diagnosis

fairly maddened her. There was nothing wrong; she merely needed exercise! He proceeded to outline certain bends and kicks and stretches for her to practice regularly. Begrudgingly Nell paid the bill.

"When I had to scrub a floor on my knees, shake rugs and scrub clothes on a wash-board," she told the doctor, "I never had to take pills and prescribed exercises to keep fit."

"I don't doubt it," the doctor replied. "The exercise women get in doing housework in the old-fashioned way benefits every muscle and every organ of the body, provided, of course, they do not have to get too tired over it. Modern conveniences ought to be plentiful enough on every farm to allow women to attend to all their manifold outside duties and to give them freedom for rest and recreation, which every human being needs to keep fit. But sometimes I think it would be better if the city woman had to do more physical labor—either that, or have children enough to keep her busy. She lets electricity do her work—and then pays doctor's bills to find out how to keep her body functioning properly."

Nell thought seriously of the doctor's words on her way home. "Oh," she cried, as she entered the modern, strictly up-to-date apartment, "if only I could do things myself—not touch a button and see them done for me!"

A month or so after her visit to the doctor a severe snowstorm, a regular blizzard, struck the city. The wind blew a gale about the big apartment house. Though the janitor tended the furnace faithfully, heat refused to circulate in all the rooms. The Kimball's apartment was frigid. About five the lights went out, a wire heavily laden with snow and ice having snapped in the gale.

To many the lack of light and of heat brought a temporary discomfort and hardship which they illy bore, but to Nell Kimball it was welcomed as a happy diversion. Hardly had the lights winked, blinked and gone out when she brought out from one of the high cupboards a small kerosene lamp, with neatly-trimmed wick and brightly polished chimney, which she, one day when feeling homesick and tired of city life, had brought as a reminder of the old farm-home. She had even bought a quart of oil and filled it, and on several occasions she had lighted it for a few minutes before Jake was due home, and then carefully blown it out and set it back out of his sight, for he, she told herself again and again, must never know she wasn't perfectly happy. When she bought it she had little thought it would ever be requisitioned for such an emergency. She whistled as she lighted it and sat it on the zinc-topped kitchen table.

The rest of the house was cold. Nell closed the door to the tiny kitchen, lighted the gas, opened the oven door and threw the heat into the room.

"We'll just have to eat in the kitchen to-night," she said, half aloud. She had endeavored to make the statement apologetic. Instead the words sang as they dropped from her lips. Her heart was beating high. Unconsciously she whistled as she hadn't whistled in months, as she put plates and knives and forks on the small kitchen table. On the gas stove a big kettle steamed and simmered. Nell was making a rich beef soup for supper—the kind her mother used to make, the kind that warmed a chilled person through and through, that brought plates back for a second and third helping, the kind that can only be made in your own kitchen. Deftly she mixed together dumplings and dropped them by the spoonful into the bubbling broth, watching till they were risen like huge puff-balls, then covering the kettle tightly and lowering the flame beneath till the sound of the simmering could scarcely be heard.

The two chairs which she placed, one at each end of the table, almost filled the room, but Nell only laughed—a low, soft laugh. She had only to half close her eyes to imagine herself back home.

(Continued on page 16)



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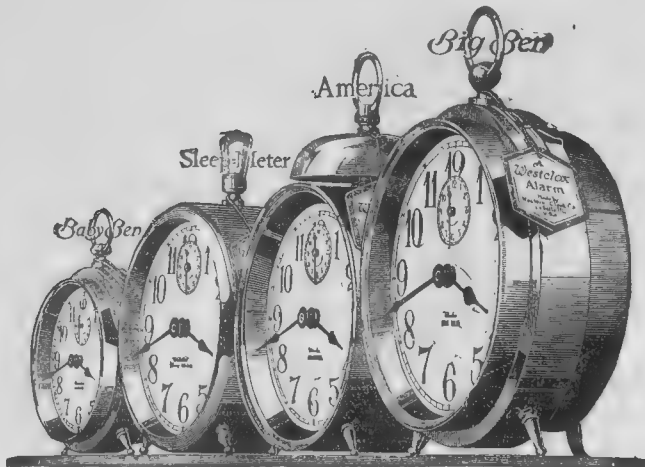
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By W. J. WATERS

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I was just freshly returned from a residence in Argentina, where I was actively engaged in her grain trade as superintendent for a large grain firm. So I asked him: "What about South America! Argentina has broad prairies and great possibilities."

"Oh shucks!" he replied, "that little dago country will never be able to grow or handle enough to keep herself warm. They are two hundred years behind the times. Hides and tallow are all they know anything about."

Distance and difference of language has confined our knowledge of the growing importance of a country, blessed like our own, with boundless prairies, just aching to be tickled with the harrows and the plow, to make a golden smile. Travel they say broadens the mind and removes many misconceptions. Failing the opportunity to travel, then the next best thing is to read of the other fellow's travels. Now that Johnny Canuck's golden grain is harvested, and the long evenings give opportunity to reading recreation, he may not be a bit averse to hearing how the other fellow "does it" in the country to the south.

Trade issues of his own local papers have made the Western farmer conversant with his own huge and costly system of grain supervision and inspection. From special articles he has learned of the large body of men and officials in the Winnipeg terminal yards, who dig, stab and probe the grains he has forwarded for the markets of the world. He has learned how under expert eyes it has been dissected, labelled and docketed—giving it a set market value—and again started on its long trip to the ocean.

He has learned of another army of men at the head of the Lakes, who shuffle, shake and discard, oftentimes upsetting his calculations to the tune of dollars and cents. He has counted the cost of christening his wheat, from the payroll of the generous salary of the grain commissioners, down to the modest stipend of the lowly grain sampler. Averages and shortages are familiar acquaintances to the Western farmer from sad experience with loose king bolts, leaky grain doors north and south, also defective lining. He has read or heard of the agent of less experienced countries coming to master and learn the secrets of the successful grain supervision and inspection, enforced in Canada.

Argentina, a lusty potential young agricultural giant, came north to investigate and borrow new ideas for successfully facilitating the handling of her exportable grain surplus. She found our architecture in grain elevators good, and is copying them to the very latest thing in iron and cement. That is the extent of their copying. Their system of grading and inspection is all their own, and offers some wonderful contrasts to the Canadian system.

Argentina is a vastly rich agricultural country. Up to the present its possibilities have been barely touched upon. Already within the last few years a wonderful change is apparent, as the old haphazard methods of farming give place to new and modern methods. The land has a most wonderful fertility, which is most surely fostered by a superb climate. Seasons merge into one another without appreciable change,

and winter seemed only apparent by stagnation of growth. A slight hoar frost was all I experienced during my winter in Argentina.

But truly every climate has its drawbacks. To the Canadian farmer doing his chores the thermometer around 30 degrees and a stiff breeze blowing, a picture of green fields with a bright sun turning the hoar frost into sparkling diamonds, would seem like a picture of Paradise. There is a fly even in that ointment.

During the day, to the warmly clad person, a sharp walk against the brisk breeze, blowing moisture laden straight in from the sea, is bracing and decidedly not uncomfortable. But oh! the agony of those fireless houses as evening approaches. The atmosphere of the room strikes like the chill of an ice-box. The teeth begin to chatter and the body shake as with an ague, in spite of overcoat and sweater. There was only one thing for it. To roll into bed with all clothing possible to reinforce the bedclothes. Canada's winter climate nips the ears and sears the nose with frost bite. The Argentine month long winter will cover the hands and feet with soul tormenting chilblains. The lowness of the vast fertile lowlands of Argentina does not admit of easy drainage, and some sections invariably suffer at different periods through flooding. In the event of an exceptionally wet season it becomes extensive and serious. The situation has been grappled with, but not much practical result has so far been attained.

Argentina is a country of very large landowners. Individually owned farms to the extent that we have them in Canada are not obtained in the Argentine. As an instance, fully seventy per cent of farm lands in Argentina are leased. This renders a thorough and practical method of cultivation impossible. Only short term leases are usually given, and two years is not time enough to allow for the removal of noxious weeds. The Argentine thistle is both a terror and a curse. They very often dot the pastures as thick as stooks in the harvest field. They are huge affairs, rising to a height of 3 or 4 feet, with huge cabbage-like leaves, bristling thick with large dry prickles. Riding through them is a painful operation.

Viewed from the Canadian angle of farming their ways are slapdash and haphazard. Yet with all his crude and haphazard ways of farming, the land stands to-day with no depletion of its resources, as has happened in so many quarters of the world where farming is carried on by so-called higher standards—which call for the heaviest yield—for a limited period.

Stock raising and agriculture are Argentina's twin industries, both intertwining so as to keep the productivity of the land just aching to yield.

The large estanciero sees a section of his land, on which is pasturing his herds of Shorthorns or Durhams, becoming infested with weeds and inferior wild grasses, moves his herds and leases this section to the chacarero or farmer. The enriched topsoil is turned under, and for a space the weeds are combatted, when the cultivated surface is again ready for king alfalfa. The nomadic life of the Argentine farmer perambulating from one section of the country to another, as his short lease expires—exchanging one mud hovel for another—is mainly responsible for his slipshod ways. Nowhere is the contrast so sharply defined from Canadian methods as it is in the quality and stamina of the horses. The Argentine farmer's stable of work horses are usually undersized, underbred and half starved looking stock, totally incapable of standing up under the strain as well as the sleek heavy muscled draught horses common to the average Canadian farm. The working stock of the leasing farmer is a decided handicap during the heavy rush work on a farm.

In machinery, the Argentine farmer has all that we (Contd. on page 16)

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The Virtue of Optimism

By SARAH CANTWELL SMITH, B.A.M.A.

WHEN Voltaire with his peculiar and biased views of life brought forth the word "Optimism" from the recesses of a learned Jesuit magazine, and presented it to the world, had he known how mankind was to seize upon the word, and from that time on make it stand for a definite philosophy of life, no doubt he would have been rather astounded for he had used it only in sarcasm. Doubtless he would have decided that this was but another indication of how mankind likes to be befooled with new words and new ideas, however little they may know of the thing they are so vociferously arguing either for or against.

However, the word stands and while today it doesn't mean what Voltaire put into it, yet everyone of us knows more or less what will be found in an article with this heading. But even today there are various classes of so called optimists and various views as to its meaning. Often one who calls himself an optimist is merely a person, who shuts his eyes to all evil and suffering, and with his eyes so shut, declares the world is good. For himself, he puts hope for action, and is always waiting round for something to turn up. Secure in the belief that even though his affairs may be in a deplorable way just at present, his luck is bound to turn and he is content to wait in inactivity until it does turn. With this philosophic view he manages to dodge life's responsibilities and take his ease. Satisfied, because it is easier so than to go to work to bring about a change. One always finds such a one talking about living on the sunny side of life, forgetting that the shady side is often far more pleasant, and that the effect of too much sun is to bleach one out, make him colorless and doubtless give him sunstroke.

This namby-pamby attitude of mind is far too commonly understood to stand for optimism, so that when one does encounter a person of cheerfulness and good spirit he is apt to think that such a one has neither depth nor sympathy, nor clear understanding, that he neither suffers keenly nor has high ideals, and that he has little or no regard for his fellowmen—for they claim, and rightly, that it is only by contact with the ills of life that one can appreciate to the full the beauty of truth and love and goodness.

But, fortunately, the above is a very shallow interpretation, and more and more are we realizing that optimism without works is dead, and that mere satisfaction with things as they are has no part in a true philosophy. For in its truest reality, the word signifies that one can clearly see the evil and yet deliberately choose and believe in the good. That it is an opportunity to come out strong in the struggle, to fight not an evasion, but a fight made in the consciousness that "what starts well can't end worst"; that obstacles are made to be met and conquered, and that fears can be laughed off as well as given in to. The pessimist on the other hand, out of two evils, invariably chooses both; every solution looks equally black to him and he refuses to allow either himself or his friends to see any good in the situation at all. To him evil is always growing stronger and blacker, and as far as he is concerned there is no health anywhere, and as the old country preacher put it "the optimist, however light, who is still game enough to take hold and lift is helpfuller than the most powerful pessimist who has let go."

To me, then, real optimism makes for patience and hope, and toleration and good humor, under little things as well as big, so that we can meet the common tasks of everyday as courageously as we do emergencies—for the latter is far more easy, humanity is built that way, and often only a sense of humour keeps us balanced in everyday living.

For after all happiness isn't a matter of circumstances, nor environment, but a matter of mind itself, and what we see and feel depends not so much on what is around us as on what is in ourselves. Even pleasure and pain are to a certain degree relative and personal while the atmosphere that makes for straight forward thinking can be chosen—always and forever chosen—by each individual for himself.

It is always possible for each one of us to choose our mental atmosphere, the beautiful instead of the ugly, the pleasant

as against the disagreeable, the true as against the untrue. The other day a friend and myself chanced to see a certain beautiful home in the city, which is built upon the brow of a lofty hill, but right at its foot is a series of rather sordid houses, and for the moment the entire view seemed to be spoiled, and we exclaimed at the pity of it, but as we lifted our eyes we could see beyond the high city buildings and the calm water of the lake, and on the opposite side, wide stretches of beautiful country and still further hills in the distance.

Thus, deliberately to choose to see the lake and the hills in the distance is always in our own control. No one can take the power from us. There is forever the sky above and we can see the fine things in life or the sordid, just as we prefer. We need not live at a low level and so deaden every faculty for high thought and high feeling, unless we will. Would you fain escape the common things of life? There is only the inward way.

"To live for common ends is to be common, The highest faith still makes the highest man,

For we grow like the things our souls believe

And rise or sink as we aim high or low".

We do not sing enough, nor smile enough, nor laugh enough, and above all we don't trust God enough and we worry far too much. For worry is always a loss of self control, and is made up of regret, or doubt, or fear, regret for the past, doubt of the present or fear of the future, and its chief disadvantage is that it never helps, whether the thing be past, present or future.

If the thing is passed, then it is impossible to help it, and doubtless, anyway, it disturbed us a good bit more than it did anyone else. Why let the thing keep cropping up in our minds. Even if it were really wrong, all we can do is to be sorry, and say so if needs be, and then let it alone where it belongs, in the past. Why carry it into the future with us? Those who tell us that each day is decided by the sum of all the days passed by are wrong. We can always make every day a new beginning for ourselves if we only will. Why then take the burden of our past with us, whatever that past may be? Looking backward too often is not a good thing for our souls.

So to the present and future it is just as ineffectual. Better do a wrong thing with a single mind than to work oneself up into a frenzy of worry or doubt. Over solitude accomplishes nothing, and often brings about the very thing it neither wants nor intends but is earnestly striving against.

Not only is worry useless, it is a tremendously expensive indulgence. For unlike every other emotion, worry never burns itself out. Even in anger it is hard to have a second tempest equal to the first, but one can worry more and worry harder the fourth day than the first, and the fourth week it has only just gained momentum and giving way to pessimistic fancies and forebodings, will, if not stopped become a habit that soon takes the keen edge off the interest of life both for ourselves and others.

Even in a social way it is good cheer, courage, loyalty and sincerity that attract. No matter how witty and interesting one soon learns to avoid the grumbler and fault finder. Our own success will be none the less for forgetting to mention even to ourselves the littleness of others.

Do you remember how the prophets of old worked on this theory and kept reiterating to the Children of Israel that the joy of the Lord was their strength? You see it's as old as that; it is neither a new thought nor a new science, and yet after all these years it is just as strong, and if one only will, they may turn what might otherwise be defeat into victory by the strength and hopefulness of their lives.

So eventually if we just believe enough and will enough and act out our belief enough, we can each of us have serene and glad and cheerful lives giving out fragrance and sunshine and music and happiness and power.

"For we know not, every morrow can be sad,

So forgetting all the sorrow we have had. Let us fold away our fears, And put by our foolish tears, And through all the coming years Just be glad."



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Come into the Kitchen

By Mrs M. Bartlett

Contd. from page 13

gropingly in the semi-darkness of the hall, dimly lighted by a single oil lamp. Nell waited till she heard his hand on the door opening from the hall. Then she flung wide the kitchen door. "Come into the kitchen, Honey," she called. "Everything's lovely and cosy here."

Jake came, a smile fast overspreading his face as he became accustomed to the light and made out the table set for two, the yellow-flamed oil-lamp, and most important, the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, blue-ginghamed figure that was Nell. She held up her lips for his welcoming kiss, and he pressed her to him in a passionate flood of adoration. Then he held her at arm's length and surveyed her critically. "Nell, girl," he asked, wonderingly, "what is it? You never looked so beautiful as you do to-night. I came home wondering how you were standing these sudden inconveniences, and pitying you, and what do I find? A little wife happier than I have seen her since our marriage. What's it all about, dear?"

For answer Nell snuggled close up under his heavy coat. "It's the kitchen, dear," she answered. "The kitchen and the oil-lamp, and the inconvenience of eating in the kitchen and the bother it will make. It's the feeling that I am making myself useful. I'm so tired of turning a button and having something greater than my own power do everything for me. I want to be useful; I want to be a doer, a producer. And what am I? A babied, petted woman, having only work enough to occupy myself two or three hours a day at the most. You don't want me to work outside the home, and I won't want to. I'm home-loving, domestic, an old-fashioned woman some would say. The height of fashion, the throb of amusement, the wagging of tongues, gives me no pleasure. I want to be engaged in some useful occupation. I long at times to throw these modern conveniences out the window, in order that I may sweep and scrub and wash till I'm dead tired. Or else—"

Nell withdrew from Jake's protecting arms, put her own arms about his neck and gazed into his deep, honest eyes.

"Or else, dear," she said, "live out in the country where these 'labor-doers' will allow me time and strength to work in a garden, raise hens, milk the cow and have lots of kiddies to keep me busy. Why, here in this nice apartment, dear, we can't even have babies to work for!"

She released her arms and looked at the tiny kitchen.

"I love a real kitchen, Jakey—a kitchen that can be the very heart of the home, where the kiddies can play while I get the meals, where a neighbor, dropping in, can sit in a rocker by the window and chat, where my man in the house can come to warm himself by the kitchen fire and sniff what's to be for supper. Oh, my dear," she cried, nestling again in his arms, "I'm homesick for housework and a kitchen and all that a kitchen has ever meant to me!"

For several minutes Jake comforted her with kisses and a gentle stroking of her hair. Then, when the sobs had ceased somewhat he whispered:

"Listen, little girl, I have something to tell you. At first I dreaded to break the news to you, but ever since I opened the door on you here in this miniature kitchen to-night I have been bursting with eagerness to tell you. The company, dear, has transferred me to Bolton, a small city, not much more than a town, about a hundred miles from here. I am to be manager of their branch there. It will mean, probably, giving up some of the comfort and conveniences you have here, but—"

"Jake!" Nell sprang from his arms, brushed the tears from her starry eyes and clasped her hands with delight.

A step sounded outside. She stilled her contented humming to listen. Yes, it was Jake. There was no mistaking his familiar steps, albeit he came

"Jake!" she repeated. "We'll get a house outside the town, a pretty little place all our own, where we can raise things, where I can keep happy and busy even with as many labor-savers as I have here! The only way I see to circumvent the evils of modern labor-saving devices for the strong, healthy, home-loving woman who can't spend her spare time writing a great novel or painting a great picture, or doing some really worth while charitable work is to live on a farm, where there is work enough to keep her occupied as many hours as her physical and mental well-being demands, or to have a whole household of children! And"—Nell flung the words over her shoulders as she gaily ladled up the steaming plates of soup—"I'm going to have both!"

"And now, Honey, hang up your coat and for almost the first time, but by no means the last time, come into the kitchen!"

Our Rival in the South

By W. J. Waters

Contd. from page 14

well have turned into a valuable source of revenue. Blessed with a salubrious climate his crops of corn or maize have always been prolific. Unheeding the law of "supply and demand," he has oftentimes planted without rhyme or reason, and found himself at the end of the crop season with a large surplus of corn and the market glutted. Time, weevil, rats and the elements have put it beyond market value—a total loss. Now he is learning the art of hog raising on a large scale, and this surplus will be turned into marketable values.

The rapidly rising yield of export grains has embarrassed the slow and antiquated methods of shipment, and new concrete elevators have begun to rise in all the ports, and become a source of wonder to the ocean captain, used to a ten or twelve days loading by man power.

The standard of grade in Argentina requires no army of men to stab, probe, docket and label at the cost of the farmer and the country at large. It is set for all time and goes from year to year without change.

The grade is "sano, seco y limpio." Sound, dry and clean is its meaning, and must weigh 80 kilos or over to a measured volume, which is called the *especifico*. A premium is paid on a rising weight. All grains below are sold on sample. At each port a government inspector, called a *recibidor*, is maintained, who may be called on for an official decision in case of dispute, when loading vessels, and country elevators are non-existent.

At threshing time the grain is loaded into jute bags, carefully weighed on portable scales, 66 kilos to the bag. The bags are then neatly piled into the shape of a stack, which is then covered with a tarpaulin. That there is a certain waste from rats and the elements goes without saying, but not any more, to my knowledge, than occurs in our own country and terminal elevators from neglectful carelessness or faulty handling. The wheat grown, according to locality and climatic conditions, may possess some one or more defects that affect our own crops. Smut, frost from the southern regions and immature through drought are the most common defects, though not to the volume and extent of our crop seasons.

Weevil is the curse of lengthy storing, as bin burnt is of our own country. This little mite works havoc with wheat or corn, rendering it useless as a marketable commodity. The wheat berry punctured and gutted by the weevil is called *picado*. After threshing the buyers circulate amongst the farms and buy the crops. The buyer receives delivery at the car side, armed with a "calador," with which he takes a sample of each bag of grain. The calador is a sample probe, similar in appearance to a bayonet, the handle hollow and blade grooved. There are no mistakes in grading by this (Continued on page 17)



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SAFETY AT SEA

By MARK MEREDITH



HERE is a general impression that some of the researches carried on during the war produced results likely to be of value under peace conditions.

It is doubtful, however, if it is generally recognized that as a result of the work of scientists and naval officers, acting under the authority of the Admiralty, we may be able to trace increased safety at sea to the inhuman and illegal campaign with submarine and mine which Germany conducted with callous disregard for life and property.

"Leader gear" was recently laid in New York harbor in the densest fog in complete safety. A similar cable exists off Portsmouth, one of the legacies of the war; it is not less than eighteen miles long. The action of the New York harbor authorities is a reminder that navigation at sea and in enclosed waters will henceforth be attended by fewer risks than the past. The "leader gear" as it is called, consists of the utilization of electricity to guide vessels in enclosed waters during fog. A cable is laid on the bottom along the track which it is desired ships will follow, and is supplied with alternating current. Ships which intend to take advantage of this guide are fitted with suitable coils of electrodes, and thus the electro-magnetic induction on the return currents in the water can be made to give signals in telephones or other devices by which the course of the cable may be followed.

The cable current is cut up into signals by an automatic interrupter. Steering is effected by listening on the two coils alternately, the signals being stronger on the side of the ship nearer to the cable. In the hope of avoiding the necessity of listening to the ship's telephones, Dr. Drysdale has made experiments with tuned alternating relays to operate lamps on the bridge of the ship, securing thus continuous visual indications as to whether she is keeping on the course of safety. This development promises most important results, and it has been found possible to operate both the aural and visual systems of indication simultaneously on board the same ship with the same cable. It is on these lines, apparently, that the harbor authorities of New York, taking advantage of the information gained on this side of the Atlantic by American naval officers attached to the Admiralty, are working. In this way electrical research will eventually enable ships to enter under conditions of great fog the most tortuous channels of approach to the great harbors of the world. There is no reason to doubt that leader cables can be laid off Liverpool and London, as well as in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and it may be used for traffic to and from the Channel Islands.

Although leader gear promises to be of great service for guiding of ships into and along harbors, it is obviously impossible to apply it generally for navigation in the open sea. It is, therefore, desirable to have some means whereby a ship in the fog can easily ascertain and be given its positions and, therefore, avoid dangers, or be guided to a leader cable. This may be done by directional wireless (another development of the war period). By obtaining bearings in this way with reference to two known fixed stations omitting continuous signals, the ship can obtain her position without other communication, and this device would be perfect if it were not that the ship's hull may disturb directional indications and give false bearings. This trouble may be circumvented by experimentally determining the deviations, but it may be a source of uncertainty.

His Annuity

An eminent lawyer decided to turn over part of his law practice to his son. Shortly afterward, says "Lippincott's Magazine," the young man entered the office, and with a face beaming with pleasure, exclaimed:

"Father, you know that Wilbour case you've been trying for the last ten years?"

The older lawyer admitted that he did.

"Well," said the young man, triumphantly, "I've settled it!"

"Settled it!" exclaimed his father. "Settled it! Why, my boy, I gave you that case as an annuity!"

Our Rival in the South

By W. J. Waters

Contd. from page 16

by express.

On arrival at the elevator or goipon it is not always possible to weigh the car inwards, but I never heard of any anxiety as to weight. Averages and shortages did not exist. Automatic scales are used in the elevators. The Argentine Elevator Companies will have no other and defend it on every point. Outside of the few modern elevators' work, loading vessels is a slow process, taking usually seven or eight days to load a 5,000 ton freighter. The companies accepting the consignment

method. The bags are weighed on small portable scales, weighing about eight bags each time. The sample of shipment is forwarded to the elevator office

each maintain their own staff of inspectors, and the loading is no concern of the government, unless a dispute arises. Grade and weight are entirely a matter between buyer and seller and of no cost whatever to government or farmer. Regarding the qualities of the wheat for flour making, all I can say is that the bread I ate was equal to that of any other country. Distant over 8,000 miles from the European markets, with the tropics lying between, her exportable surplus is eagerly sought and ferried through changing temperatures, arriving, as it started, "sano seco y limpio."

At breakfast—"I've got a bad head this morning."

"I'm sorry, dear. I do hope you'll be able to shake it off."—Illustrated World.

Wise in His Generation

A knowledge of human nature, essential if a man is to make a success of his life, is one of the things a boy ought to get out of his school or college education, although it may not be advertised in the curriculum. The youngster of whom Collector Loeb of New York told in an after-dinner speech recently had not neglected his opportunities.

This boy got vaccinated on the right arm, and the doctor gave him a red "I've been vaccinated" ribbon to wear on his coat-sleeve. But the lad proceeded to tie the ribbon on his left arm.

"Why," said the doctor, "you are putting the ribbon on the wrong arm." "No," said the urchin. "You don't know the boys at our school."

A penny earned is an annual; a penny saved, a hardy perennial.



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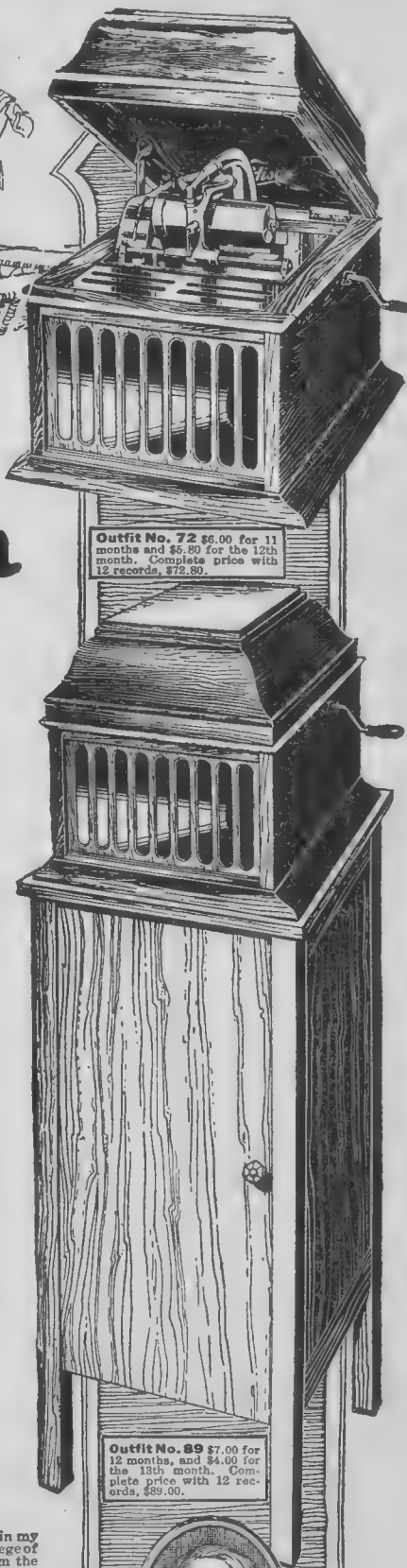
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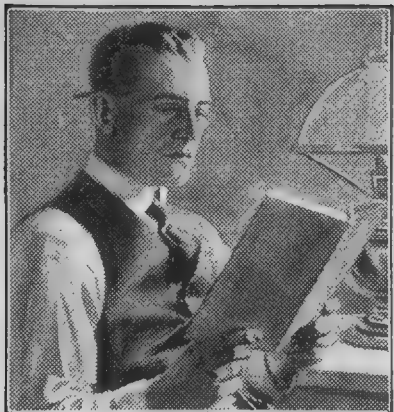
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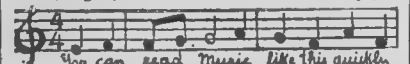
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FAIRIES, perhaps, might have called it a house, but there in Alberta, where fairies are so scarce, it was simply a shack, having but two rooms and a little lean-to, that in summer answered for a kitchen and in winter served to store the wood in.

There was nothing in the way of upholstered furniture inside, just enough for a young married couple to begin with.

Three chairs, a table and a dresser, with a few pictures on the wall in the first room, and in the second little else than a white iron bed, a white enamel chair and two trunks.

But there were wild flowers in a vase, and the white muslin curtains that fluttered at the open windows of both rooms had a certain daintiness that augured well for the care that more expensive furniture would receive when Jack Singleton had made his fortune, or at least saved enough to warrant moving into more commodious quarters.

Grand furniture, however, was not a necessity in that home, for love was there, smiling from the blue eyes of Amy Singleton, across the modest tea table and back with interest from brown ones that looked as though their owner, although more than six months wed, would yet prefer eating his pretty wife to the meal she had placed before him.

"Do you know, Jack, that if you wish hard enough, and keep on wishing, the thing you long for most will come true? I remember reading that somewhere, and I have been thinking about it this afternoon while getting the supper ready. I was wondering when I should be able to get you some books."

"Books, sweetheart, there's lots of things we want before books to make home worthy of the dearest girl in Edmonton, a whole host of things that I have written down on my mental tablet; so don't you worry about things for me. But I believe in the wishing all right; it helps you to know what you really do want, and that's sure a step towards getting it."

"Tell you what we'll do, Amy, we'll take a whole day to decide just what one thing we desire most, and then we'll each write down our wish and put it away for a time and see what comes of it."

"Now that's a real good idea on your part, Jack. I'll get some paper and we can start at once, but—won't it be hard to decide on one thing, couldn't we wish for just two?"

"No, no, one thing at a time, dear, we're more likely to get one thing than two, besides it's only a wish."

"Yes, I know that, but then we're going to get this one, and it will be too bad afterwards to wish we had wished for something else. Oh, dear, I don't think I shall ever be able to settle on only one thing."

"Why that's easy, sweetheart, all you have to do is to write down all the things you want and then start and mark them off and keep right on till you get down to the last one, that's the choice of your heart; you simply couldn't bear to write that one off."

"It's all very well for you to talk like that, Jack, you don't know all the things a woman needs for her home; all you have to do is to write down a few odd things like an Encyclopaedia Britannica; a set of the 'Lives of Great Men'; or a smoking jacket, or, perhaps a bicycle; and then decide on one of them, and your choice is made. Now it's different with me. I have the home to make, and there are a hundred and one things that I am always thinking about. I'm sure I don't know whether I shall ever be able to decide in favor of one or not; it's going to be simply awful."

"Never mind, dear, don't take it too seriously; it's only a wish after all, and it may never come true."

"Yes, I know all that, but then it may, and you yourself said there was a lot in it, and you are going to try,

so I don't see how you can make light of it now we have decided to wish."

"Anyway, I shall not write down a thing till to-morrow, and then I know I shall have a job finding enough paper to write all that I want, and as for marking them off, all but one, I don't think I shall ever be able to do it."

Next morning brought a fresh problem to the mind of Amy Singleton, and a smile to the face of her husband as she broached the question:

"A suite of furniture would be 'one thing,' wouldn't it, Jack? And if one wished for a house all their own one could specify 'completely furnished,' couldn't they?"

"Now look here, Amy, this wishing business is getting too much for me. I absolutely refuse to make any hard and fast rules as to what is or is not a proper wish. Just see the position I should be in if you lost your wish because I attempted to define it, or were not satisfied if you got it."

"No, no, you must accept all the responsibility for your own wish, and I will do the same for mine, then we'll not be blaming each other."

"But here's one suggestion I will make; it is that after we have decided upon our respective wishes, we write them out unknown to each other, put them in an envelope addressed to yourself, and send it with a letter to your mother, explaining only that it is a sacred wish, and asking her to mail it back to you on October the tenth."

"That will be exactly six months from to-day; we shall have forgotten all about it by then, so it will be some fun when we get the letter back, anyway."

And that is how I first came to know anything about this story. You see Amy is my only girl, and although she sent me the letter asking that I remail it on the tenth of October, she said nothing more than it was a wish she and Jack had.

But the extraordinary part of it was that the very day after I posted the letter I had a wire from Jack asking me to come up and look after Amy.

I took the night train from Calgary. Jack met me at the station the next afternoon with the following remark—it was Greek to me then—"It's all right, mother, we both got our wish! It's twin boys, and Amy's doing fine!"

With the Simplest Implements

There is a story in "Lippincott's Magazine" of a husband who, on his return from a visit, sat down to hear the family happenings during his absence. This incident, it may be seen, has a moral. The wife was naming the reforms she had successfully introduced. "You know," said she, "that closet that was locked for over a month? You said it couldn't be opened except by a locksmith? Well, I opened it."

"How in the world did you do it?"

"With a hairpin. And the furnace door has been sagging round on one hinge for ever so long, you know; but it's all right now."

"Well, I'm glad you had it fixed."

"Had it fixed! I fixed it myself with a hairpin. And then there was that crayon portrait of mother that stood on the floor for six weeks because you hadn't brought me any picture-hooks—"

"Well, I intended to, but —"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference now. I made a hook myself out of a hairpin."

"No!"

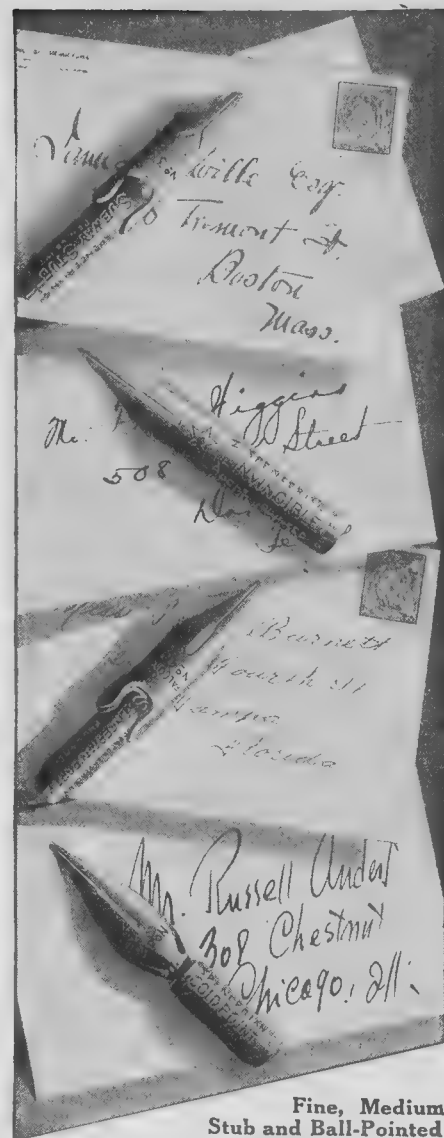
And there's Willie! You've been coaxing and bribing him for a year to break him of biting his nails, and I broke him in a week."

"With a hairpin?" he inquired, weakly.

"No! Don't be a goose. With a hair-brush."

Cigar Clerk—"For three hundred bands off that brand they give you a graphophone."

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The Last Dinosaur

By Floyd R. Barber

FOR weeks the great dinosaur had wandered on the burning uplands living on such scanty vegetation as the hot west wind had left. Never before had it so acutely felt the pangs of hunger.

A change, vast and mysterious, was going on. Where the dinosaur wandered ceaselessly in its search for something to eat, numberless streams had once flowed and various species of palm trees had flourished under the semi-tropical sun. The sun was still as hot as ever, but the plain, once swamp-dotted, was baked.

The other dinosaurs, formerly existing in great numbers, had died under the famine and only Great-Horns, the giant, was left of all the herb-eating tribe. The tremendous skeletons dotted the plain, and particularly were they plentiful in the vicinity of a small, slowly drying muck-hole fringed by the blackened boles of dead and dying palms, which the modern Alberta wheat farmer calls the head of Sand Creek. But none of the skeletons bleaching in the sun were so long as the body of Great-Horns, whose length was fully twenty-five feet.

But Great-Horns was not destined to fall a prey to famine, as the others had done. Lumbering slowly eastward from the mountains lying in a broad, chaotic jumble between the plain and the fire-pots in the distant west, the most dreaded flesh-eater of the ancient world was questing for food. This was another of the dinosaur family, the largest, fiercest and strongest of them all, the dagger-toothed dinosaur which wise men of our day have named the Alberto-saurus.

This monster was also hungry, ravenously hungry. Not for many days had he feasted, for famine had claimed his natural prey, his lesser cousins, and his savage appetite disdained all food but flesh. And it literally required mountains of flesh to sustain him, for while Great-Horns was gigantic he was not to be compared in size with Dagger-Tooth with his forty odd feet of scaly length, his head, when lifted to full height, being almost twenty feet in air.

Great-Horns and Dagger-Tooth sighted each other at nearly the same time. At any other time Great-Horns would have retreated probably, for he knew himself no match for Dagger-Tooth. But a madness was in his blood, a sort of rage born of hunger and of the sun-glare, so instead of running away he thrust his great beaked head with its three forward thrusting horns toward his foe, settled his bony scalloped shield lower over his neck and shoulders, gripped the earth firmly with his powerful tail, and waited alertly, a grim and dangerous foe.

Dagger-Tooth dropped his head until his throat almost dragged the ground, for he knew the awful force behind the curving beak of Great-Horns, and knew also that the waiting dinosaur would strike lightning swift for the throat when

once striking distance was reached. But he knew, too, that the striking distance would be reached sooner for him, with his ten-foot neck, than for his shorter, armored opponent. So he thrust his jaws forward ominously and advanced, a living avalanche of ferocity.

Slowly, foot by foot, the meat-hungry monster crept up. When a few feet away he reared to his full, terror-inspiring height and struck with his saw-toothed swords. But with a swiftness almost incredible in so vast a monster Great-Horns heaved his body up and the jaws of Dagger-Tooth clashed on the armor neck-plate of his coveted prey.

Dagger-Tooth had some of the instincts of the modern saurian tribe, one of them being the savage, bull-dog grip of the crocodile. He clamped his jaws on the neck-shield of his foe and set his terrible five-foot levers to working. But the heavy plate resisted the crushing power of his jaws.

Great-Horns struck at the shoulder of his enemy and his turtle-like beak ripped through skin and flesh. Again and again the pile-driver beak struck in, while the gigantic antagonists literally shook the earth with the tumult of their struggle.

Finally, in sheer self-protection, the Alberto-saurus loosed his jaws from the neck-shield of the Triceratops and drew back out of reach of the fiercely driven beak. Eagerly Great-Horns followed. But not far. As he came close Dagger-Tooth struck over the shield from above. His long teeth, driven by tons of muscles, met through the spine of Great-Horns, and with a last spasmodic heave of his enormous body the turtle-beaked dinosaur slowly settled down, inert and still.

Long and ravenously did Dagger-Tooth gorge. Finally, his hunger sated, he sprawled out in the warm twilight and fell into a torpid sleep.

After days of sluggish rest the Alberto-saurus roused himself. Thirst was racking him and hunger was again making itself felt. He fell upon the decaying carcass of Great-Horns and feasted with gluttonous relish. Then he began his quest for water.

Dagger-Tooth, insensible to everything but his thirst, wallowed through the muck to the pool. Long and deeply he drank, and as he drank his enormous weight sank slowly into the morass. His thirst slaked, he tried to extricate himself, but his great body had sunk too deeply. Every titanic heave of his scaly mass only served to drive him deeper into his tomb, and finally, as the volcanic flashes of the western range of fire-mountains lit the slowly gathering gloom of coming night, the tepid, stagnant water closed over his form and the last dinosaur on the western continent rested in his grave, where, millions of years later, wise men from the east discovered him in his rock-ribbed resting place.

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A Man and His Wife



92

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UNION BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE : WINNIPEG



BEREAVED CAT MOTHER ADOPTS STRANGE FAMILY.

No picture perhaps portrays more strikingly the wonderful power of the maternal instinct than the one herewith shown of a cat nursing a little flock of chickens. It was taken on a chicken farm at Point Grey, British Columbia. Here a mother cat had her kittens taken away from her and drowned after the custom common where too many cats are not wanted. A few hours afterwards the bereaved mother went out into the yard and drove a mother hen away with violence from her flock. One by one the cat carried them tenderly to her basket nest in the house, and there she cuddled them. The proprietor of the place allowed her to retain them, and the cat watched over the chickens with motherly care until they were nearly fully grown, so that the farm presented the odd sight of a cat often walking gravely about with eight chickens around her.—Francis Dickie.

Bank of Montreal

Annual General Meeting, held
6th December, 1920

The 103rd Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held on Monday, December 6th, at the Bank's Headquarters. The President, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., occupied the chair, and presented the annual report of the Directors.

Before moving the adoption of the report, Sir Vincent Meredith gave a comprehensive review of the economic situation. During the year, he said, an overwhelming demand for credit had taxed resources to the utmost. It had been difficult to make men who had grown accustomed to high prices recognize the fact that economic conditions, which no artificial means can alter, alone are the cause of price decline. "The demand for intervention through Government control is still insistent in some quarters," he said. "Canada alone cannot control world-wide conditions, and it is idle to turn to the Government for relief from falling prices. This applies to wheat as well as to other commodities."

Summing up, he said: "The situation in Canada at present, as I view it, is that while there does not appear to be any cause for apprehension, there is every reason for the exercise of the utmost measure of caution. Canada cannot dissociate herself from world conditions, and world conditions are not satisfactory. On this continent the two years supervening upon the Armistice have been marked by unexampled activity and prosperity, a circumstance common to the conclusion of all great wars, but the reaction has set in and may not yet be in full play. Happily, Canada is well buttressed on many sides, and the exercise of prudence and sagacity should enable her to meet the shock of falling prices, restricted credits and deflated currency, without serious impairment of her commercial and financial vitality."

Expansion of Business in Canada

The General Manager, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, in reviewing the operations of the Bank during the year, said the payment of a bonus of 2% to the shareholders was not the outcome of higher rates of interest on current loans in Canada, but a reflection of the increased current loans and of high interest rates on call loans in New York, the volume of which was governed by the Bank's requirements in liquid reserves. One anomaly which attracted attention was that with credit restriction as acute here as it was across the line, the price of money is materially lower in the Dominion. This condition, he said, was regarded as a tribute to Canada's good banking system.

Dealing with the growth of the Bank's operations, he said: "It is noteworthy that the greatest expansion of the Bank during the past few years has been in our own country. This is revealed in our greatly increased loans and deposits in Canada and in the number of branches opened during the period."

	Loans in Canada	Deposits in Canada	Branches in Canada
1914	\$123,147,000	\$168,557,000	173
1920	240,725,000	358,878,000	302

At a subsequent meeting of Directors, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., was re-elected president, and Sir Charles Gordon, G.B.E., was re-elected vice-president.

The annual report was unanimously adopted and the retiring directors were re-elected. The shareholders gave approval to the motion by Lord Shaughnessy to increase the number of directors from 16 to 18 and to the two new positions on the Board were elected Sir Lomer Gouin and General Sir Arthur Currie.

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1921! What Has It In Store?

It is only right and proper that the business man should peer into the future in order to ascertain, as far as is humanly possible, what lies ahead. Many of our citizens have a very commendable habit of balancing affairs at the end of each year and they often frame their policy for the new year at this season. Many a man is asking the question, "what will 1921 bring forth?" As we are all more or less susceptible to psychological forces the answer to that question will depend upon the state of mind of the man who is answering it. In view of this we should all pay attention to the advice of John Moody, the well-known financial expert of New York. Mr. Moody states that in the final analysis, 1921 will be just what we make it. If we take our cue from this and determine that 1921 is to be a good year and act accordingly, we may rest assured that 1921 will be a good year. If we walk around with long faces looking for trouble we will surely find it.

We have some pessimists in business to-day—not as many as there were a month ago—and if you ask any one of these doubting Thomases why he feels blue and why he is trying to make everybody else feel the same way, he will commence to tell you a lot of things which somebody has told him and which have convinced him that we are in for hard times. Trace these stories to their origin and you will find that there is very little in them.

During the war our artillery very often sent their shells hurtling through space at an object which the gunners themselves could not see. They knew the object existed because the aviators told them so. Business men to-day should follow the example of those gunners. There is something to aim at beyond those hills of doubt and depression which now appear so formidable. We have all the essentials of commercial success—not as much of them as we would like, but we have them just the same—capital, raw material and men. Let us frame our business policy for 1921 with continuous confidence and with a firm intention of making it a good year.

"If you think you'll lose, you're lost"
"For out of the world we find"
Success begins with a fellow's will
It's all in the state of the mind."

The pessimist will say how can we be cheerful. There are the unemployed, prices are coming down, people will not buy and everybody is retrenching. These are half truths which experience teaches are more dangerous than whole truths. We have unemployed and always will have unemployed in the winter season so long as we remain an agricultural country and so long as people flock to the larger towns and cities when winter sets in: there is nothing new in this. Prices are coming down and it is well for us that they are, we have been sailing along on a false bottom too long and just as soon as we get back to a real normal condition, business will go forward as it should. People are retrenching and it is just about time that they did. When the average man gets back to normal in his spending business will be normal also. The situation is not nearly as bad as some would have us believe. We are recovering from financial indigestion and those who have had indigestion know that they were in much better condition when they were getting over it than they were when they were suffering from it.

From 1869 to 1920

The Royal Bank of Canada is one of the most progressive institutions in Canada to-day. Commencing in a small way about fifty-two years ago it has forged ahead in a manner which reflects credit upon the men who have been responsible for its progress. To-day its assets total nearly \$600,000,000 as compared with \$729,163 in 1869. You may well ask the reason for this great growth. There are many, but space available will permit only a few of these to be mentioned. First and foremost is the fact that the Royal

has grown up with the Dominion, it has taken every opportunity to give service to our growing nation—and service brings its own reward. The men behind the Royal have been and still are men with a keen perception of the needs of the future with the result that the Royal is always prepared to render an up-to-date banking service wherever and whenever it is required.

From a comparatively small institution in Halifax, N.S., the Royal Bank has grown into a Dominion wide organization with over 600 branches. In addition it has built up a prosperous business in Newfoundland, the West Indies, the British West Indies, Central and South America.

Very convincing proof of its high standing is shown by the fact that its savings deposits now total \$331,688,078, an increase of over \$70,000,000 during 1920. It is assisting materially in the creation of foreign trade by its activities in the countries above mentioned and it is significant that money deposited with the bank in those countries increased during 1920 by the very respectable sum of \$42,000,000 and are far in excess of the commercial loans made by the bank in those countries. The business of Canada has been assisted by the bank during the trying financial periods of the past year, current loans having increased from \$143,259,518 in 1919 to \$183,747,409 on November 30, 1920.

From the standpoint of the ordinary man the strong financial position of the Royal Bank is reassuring and serves to demonstrate that so long as this institution maintains its present policy of meeting every reasonable need of its clients its continued progress is assured. Canadians may well be proud of the soundness of our Canadian banking system when they compare its success with the many failures recently reported in North Dakota and the Royal Bank has played a big part in creating the confidence which we all feel in our Canadian banks. Further information of an interesting character will be found in the bank's annual statement published elsewhere in this issue.

Bond Your Employee

It is a British maxim that all men are innocent until they are proved guilty. This is all right so far as it goes but common sense tells us that even this splendid ideal may be overstretched. The world is made up of a variety of individuals, some are naturally honest whilst others are naturally dishonest. Some are strong willed, others are subject to temptation. To cut a long story short, there is so much that is bad in the best of us that we may do wrong once in a while. The man who steals money from his employer may not be naturally dishonest but just the victim of circumstances. Some employers make it easy for their employees to steal, others encourage them quite unconsciously to become criminals. Any employer who is so lax in his business methods as to place temptation to steal before his employees is a party to their crime and deserves no sympathy. The man who underpays his help is a good sample of this type and the man who neglects ordinary business safeguards is another type. But even though an employer uses all means possible to keep his employees honest his duty to himself is not ended. He must protect himself against any loss he may sustain through the dishonesty of an employee. This is a straightforward business proposition. We insure against fire, we buy accident insurance, plate glass insurance, automobile insurance and life insurance. It is just as important that we should buy honesty insurance. For a very small sum you can bond your employees with a reliable bond insurance company who will indemnify you for loss that you sustain through theft or embezzlement by an employee.

To those men who take part in social and business organizations we suggest that it is part of their duty to see that the

The Royal Bank of Canada



The Farmer's Wife should
have a Bank Account.

Sometimes the money received from the sale of her eggs and butter is not deposited in the bank and she gets no benefit from them.

The staff of this bank is trained to be especially courteous to ladies not familiar with banking ways.

CAPITAL AND RESERVES \$35,000,000

TOTAL RESOURCES - \$535,000,000

625 BRANCHES

\$10,000 PAID

on a Northwestern Life Double Indemnity Policy for \$5,000 if death results from ANY accident.

The same applies to any policy below \$5,000 under the Northwestern Life

DOUBLE INDEMNITY BOND

Twice the Face Value of the policy is paid if death results from accident. Costs no more than ordinary Life Assurance. Ask for rate at your age. Write or call at our Head Office, 166 Donald St., Winnipeg.

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The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
NORTHWESTERN BUILDING WINNIPEG CANADA
J.F.C. McILROY PRES. H.R.S. McCABE MGR. DIR. F.O. MABER SEC. TREAS.

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Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c. for each province, post paid.

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(Corner of Main)

Financial funds of those organizations are properly safeguarded. Every public official who handles public funds should be bonded and it is the duty of every citizen to see that this is done. Every treasurer of a social organization should be bonded. These men are handling other peoples' money and that money is trust money. A little thought to this important matter at this time of the year may mean the difference between bankruptcy and prosperity to any organization of which you may be a member. Every man is innocent until he is proven guilty but if he has stolen your money and spent it, it is rather empty satisfaction to prove that he is guilty.

The Bank of Montreal

The Bank of Montreal is 103 years old and despite its age it is a very thriving institution. In fact the older it gets the stronger it gets. The bank has played a very important part in Canadian history



SIR LOMER GOUIN

and in this respect it stands in the same position to Canada as the Bank of England does to Great Britain. Its policy has been to make progress in that conservative and sound manner which is characteristic of well-managed financial institutions. It now has 302 branches strategically located in all parts of Canada and it is recognized as one of Canada's greatest financial institutions.

It is interesting to note that even in the difficult and onerous conditions caused by the war the bank was looking well ahead towards the period of readjustment through which we have been passing. As a result it has been able to lend great assistance to the business community in providing funds to help the carrying on of business in Canada and the promotion of foreign trade in overseas markets. This is plainly shown by the marked increase in current loans which now total \$223,495,472 as compared with \$164,182,581 at the end of 1919. Evidence of the faith of the Canadian people in the bank is to be found in the marked increase in savings deposits which now total \$322,578,613 as compared with \$312,655,964 in 1919.

At the recent annual meeting Sir Arthur Currie and Sir Lomer Gouin, ex-premier of Quebec, were added to the directorate.



GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE

The Royal Bank of Canada

GENERAL STATEMENT

30th NOVEMBER, 1920

LIABILITIES

TO THE PUBLIC:	
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$123,329,308.42
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement.....	331,688,078.60
	\$455,017,387.02
Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....	41,672,973.74
Balance due to Dominion Government.....	19,972,801.38
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	\$ 6,807.41
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries.....	14,959,003.06
	14,965,810.47
Bills Payable.....	3,997,678.28
Acceptances under Letters of Credit.....	17,228,647.29
	\$552,855,298.18
TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:	
Capital Stock Paid up.....	20,134,010.00
Reserve Fund.....	\$ 20,134,010.00
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	546,928.20
	20,680,938.20
Dividends Unclaimed.....	11,107.37
Dividend No. 133 (at 12 per cent. per annum), payable December 1st, 1920.....	585,979.48
Bonus of 2%, payable December 15th, 1920.....	402,680.20
	999,767.05
	\$594,670,013.43

ASSETS

Current Coin.....	\$ 17,910,122.50
Dominion Notes.....	28,727,403.00
United States Currency.....	27,181,668.00
Other Foreign Money.....	6,723,995.37
	\$ 80,543,188.87
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves.....	23,500,000.00
Notes of other Banks.....	3,431,180.21
Cheques on other Banks.....	26,490,706.01
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	291.51
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	37,044,019.59
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value.....	12,808,172.80
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value.....	21,400,126.90
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value.....	16,117,459.49
Call Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	12,899,573.85
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada.....	44,962,994.23
	\$279,197,713.46
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	\$183,747,409.41
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	102,674,210.39
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for).....	420,381.04
	\$286,842,000.84
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	966,349.43
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	9,498,425.46
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra.....	17,228,647.29
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	860,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	76,876.95
	\$594,670,013.43

H. S. HOLT,
President.

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director.

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

WE REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:
That in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.
That we have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office at 30th November, 1920, as well as at another time, as required by Section 56 of the Bank Act and that we found they agreed with the entries in the books in regard thereto. We also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches.
That the above Balance Sheet has been compared by us with the books at the Chief Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in our opinion is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank.
That we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us.

JAMES MARWICK, C.A.,
S. ROGER MITCHELL, C.A.,
of Marwick, Mitchell and Co. } Auditors
JAMES G. ROSS, C.A., of P. S. Ross & Sons.

Montreal, Canada, 18th December, 1920

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 29th November, 1919.....	\$ 1,096,418.74
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and all other expenses, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills.....	4,253,649.24
	\$ 5,350,067.98
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:	
Dividends Nos. 130, 131, 132 and 133 at 12 per cent. per annum.....	\$ 2,153,159.11
Bonus of 2 per cent. to Shareholders.....	402,680.20
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund.....	100,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account.....	400,000.00
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	180,295.47
Transferred to Reserve Fund.....	1,567,005.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	546,928.20
	\$ 5,350,067.98

RESERVE FUND

Balance at Credit, 29th November, 1919.....	\$ 17,000,000.00
Premium on New Capital Stock.....	1,567,005.00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account.....	1,567,005.00
	\$ 20,134,010.00
Balance at Credit, 30th November, 1920.....	\$ 20,134,010.00

H. S. HOLT,
President.

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director.

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager.

Montreal, 18th December, 1920.

New Lamp Burns 94 per cent Air Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity; has been tested by the U.S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise; no pumping up. Is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94 per cent air and 6 per cent common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, T. B. Johnson, 370 Donald St., Winnipeg, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.



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DAY & NIGHT WEAR

Soft, Warm and Durable—
Viyella
and
Clydella

Unshrinkable Flannels
are ideal for Winter Sports' Wear. Insist on seeing the name "Viyella" or "Clydella" on the selvage.

For sale at first-class shops.
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45 East 17th St., New York,
U.S.A.

Hollins
DAY & NIGHT WEAR



Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879

A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds
The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat. It is simple to use, you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the soreness and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs, Nasal Catarrh and Asthma. Cresolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.

USED WHILE YOU SLEEP

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
Leeming-Miles Bldg.,
Montreal

HOW CIVIC BODIES ARE ENCOURAGING MUSIC'S PROGRESS

An interesting and significant development in our musical life during the past few years is to be found in the remarkable increase of activity displayed by chambers of commerce and boards of trade throughout the United States with respect to promoting musical undertakings. In several cases these civic organizations co-operate with the established local managers in such enterprises but there is apparent a growing tendency for them to act independently especially in the case where the engagement of large orchestral or operatic attractions are involved.

The substantial business men who are prominently identified with these boards realize that sponsoring an ambitious and dignified musical enterprise is the best civic advertisement a community can possibly have. We believe that in the course of a few years they will look upon this function of their associations so seriously that they will have special permanent committees which will concern themselves exclusively with the promotion of musical enterprises.

Is there any good reason why the civic bodies in Canada should not follow the example of their neighbors in the United States?

THE BEGGAR MINSTREL

One of the most fascinating characters in the daily life of the people of India is the beggar. He has renounced the world and the pleasures of the world to seek Nirvana "that sinless stirless rest—the change that changeth not." So he begs his daily bread from day to day and does not lay by anything for the morrow. And in return for the handful of rice he gets, he plays on his ektara and sings songs of devotional nature. He sings to make men better—to purify the hearts of the worldly minded. He is more pessimistic than otherwise, for his eyes are fixed on the triumphant optimism of the next world. This world to him is a prison house and an examination hall. He constantly harps upon death and the life after death. He addresses God as father, mother, brother or beloved. Here is a song he often sings, with tears in his eyes:

"Oh, Mother, for what sin have I been placed in the prison house of the world for this long term of my life? 'I rise early in the morning to work, O how hard I do work! And I wander about in all directions to earn filthy lucre. What a delusion has taken possession of me."

"And, oh, Mother, how seemingly imperfect are the chains of enticements by which you bind my soul to this vain world. You have brought me into this world to crown my destiny with unnumbered woes. And they consume me as with fire, day and night."

"Mother, dear, I no longer wish for life."

BEGINNINGS OF MUSIC IN EGYPT

In the dark period of Egypt's history, between the close of the fifth and the opening of the twelfth dynasty, orchestral music made some little progress. This is evident in the improvements made in various musical instruments then in use. The harp was one of these. Its thick, flat pillar was first thickened more, then hollowed out, then rounded, and finally finished off into the shape of a kettle drum. The harp was thus provided with a sound board, which greatly increased the volume of its tone. Small harps were then made as well as the great harps; lightness was studied in the orchestra as well as massiveness.

Sweetness also was an object of study and the long-necked lutes began to appear, affording another foil to the boom of the great harp. Harps were made then of a particular wood—sycamore—which was specially imported from distant countries for that purpose. The frame was covered with all sorts of fancy devices to attract customers, and the mechanical ingenuity of the craftsmen suggested a new method of fastening the strings, which bears a strong resemblance to the way in use at the present time.

Music and the Home

FIELD FOR BRITISH PIANOS

The Near East is said to present an opening for the sale of musical instruments, states a European export trade paper, instancing particularly Egypt. In that country before the recent world war, Germany was laying the foundation of a substantial trade in pianos and other musical instruments. Out of importations of pianos, organs, etc., into that country in the year before the war valued at 13,955 Egyptian pounds, Germany's share was 10,112 Egyptian pounds. Turkey's imports of the same line of instruments during the same period were valued at something less than 50,000 Turkish pounds, of which one-half was supplied by Germany.

SCANDINAVIANS LOVE OF MUSIC

Herman Sandby, the noted 'cellist, made a concert tour through the Scandinavian countries during the past summer, and his wife, who accompanied him, writes thus of the musical appreciation of the Danes, the Norwegians and the Swedes: "These people are full of poetry and music. They have no use for ragtime; they go wild over Locatelli and Boccherini sonatas, tear the roof off (literally) for a religious aria of Bach and Lotti! They are used to the very best, and if a second class musician arrives they have been known to ask their money back! They cut their roses off (roses in Northland are grown in windows only) for Herman Sandby; and drew all the honey out of his heart in return. I tell you playing for such people is vitalizing for the artist! Otherwise we couldn't have stood it."

THIS IS IN ITALY

The Italian public in former years employed a custom which is still in vogue in some parts of Italy—of deciding for itself whether a singer shall or shall not be engaged for an operatic season. Let us suppose that a new singer makes his debut in a strange opera house. He is hissed and howled off the stage on the first night. He has still two more chances to make good. If he is hissed down three nights in succession he is said to be "protestato" that is, he must give up his position for the season and stand the stigma of being "protested." Just how any singer, especially one of Latin parentage, could live down such a disgrace is hard to tell. One can also see how a clique could ruin a really worthy debutante under such conditions.

WHAT MUSIC IS

Music is the long sought panacea for all ills, the sovereign alchemy that transmutes all baser metals into gold, the divining rod that finds water where there isn't any, the weightiest argument against polygamy.

Furthermore: Music is color, it is hypnotism, it is spirit revelation, it is a mysterious plant exhalation, it is telepathy, it is the fourth dimension, it is conscience, it is the unwet tear and the unseen smile, the ineffable words that human lips were never known to speak, the sphynx, the cube root and ouija in one.

All this is well and good. It reassures us with regard to the poetry of our race. It proves imagination is keeping pace with the dollar. It establishes that we know something of analogy and hyperbole besides that which finds expression in the bartering of oil stocks.

MUSIC'S PLACE IN BUSINESS CONVENTIONS

The part music is playing in the big business gatherings of this continent was amply proven when 1,000 delegates to the recent Winchester convention of hardware dealers, at New Haven, Conn., were ushered into town by the Winchester brass band of 40 pieces; the convention opened with a recital on the Newberry organ (the third largest in the United States), by Prof. Jepson; and concluded with an operatic recital by artists from the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York.

SOME PROGRAMMES I HAVE MET

There are more programmes that err on the side of being too long than of being too short.

To locate the actual programme among the ads in the average theatre programme requires a reading glass with strong magnifying capabilities.

It used to be thought by some city musical people that any kind of a programme, almost, would go out in the country. Now they know that the village music lovers want practically the same music as their city cousins.

"I have often wondered what a 'recitative' is" said a woman in the audience to her companion, "but, I see here in the programme that recitative is a portion of an opera or an oratorio which cannot be adapted to a melody but which is nevertheless an important part of the composition."

At a certain concert a short time ago the people were following their programmes closely, but it was of little use, for the order published was not followed at all. Almost every number was interchanged with something else. It is not always possible to follow out a predetermined schedule without alteration, but when a programme is printed it ought to be run off without much change. In some quarters it would seem that the more fuss made in changing the order of the numbers the more "Class" it gives the programme.

A recent programme gave prominence to this among the notes: The real difficulty about music is that it won't stand still. If it were only stationary, like a skyscraper, so that one might study its construction! The resemblance between music and architecture has often been noted, but it is not very obvious to the average person because he is not conscious of the fact that music has structural beauties as well as emotional appeal. Most people, indeed, need to hear a piece several times before they become aware of the fact that it consists of separate sections built into a symmetrical form, having unity of design—exactly like a building.

THE ANCIENT HARPS OF IRELAND

The ancient Irish harp was of two kinds—a small instrument used chiefly for religious purposes, first by the old Druids in their rites, and later by the Christian bishops and abbots. The other harp was large, and was used in public assemblies and in battles.

The bagpipes were introduced into Ireland from Caledonia. They had the same use in the Irish armies they now have in the Highland regiments. But the Irish made, in the course of time, an improvement, using bellows to fill the chanter, instead of the mouth, and continued improving the instrument until the union-pipes of to-day are the result.

As to early Irish harpers and their music there is little known, but at Queen Elizabeth's court, Irish tunes were popular. Of late huge books of ancient Irish melodies have been collected and arranged. Petrie has attracted special attention to this field by his thorough investigation of Irish folk music.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

The purchase of phonographs is not limited to individuals. Stores and corporations are to-day buying phonographs for the recreation of their employees or more subtly for the increasing of the attractiveness of their places of business in a way which aids in making sales. In a recent issue of "Offices Appliances," a writer says:

"Music is the language of the emotions. It is good or bad, deeply significant or superficial as the purpose to which it is put suggests. On its waves the human spirit is tossed high in the sunlight of ecstasy or dashed on rocks of despondency. Plucked from zither strings, music deals softly over the senses like the delicious fragrance of roses. Or piped weirdly, it becomes a

mocking echo from the black depths of despair. Its seductive rhythm blends with the incense of the east and brown bodies writhe and sway in voluptuous grace. In sublime richness of melody it speaks through the cathedral organ and men turn their thoughts to heaven. As you will, it becomes a fitting accompaniment for tragedy or buffoonery.

"So it is not surprising that the psychology of business is beginning to recognize it as an ally to store appearance and salesmanship as a favorable influence on the buying propensities of His Majesty, the Customer. And to the extent that it stirs desire for merchandise, awakens memories suggesting the purchase of merchandise and brings about a state of mind receptive to the selling points of merchandise—so far is music a practical aid to the merchant in gathering unto himself the good will and currency of this trade."

ONE MAN MAKES COUNTRY MUSICAL

The musical tradition of Estonia, that little republic that has sprung up on the Russian side of the Baltic, dates back to the latter part of the past century, when music was made the most impor-

tant number of the educational programme in the public schools, and when the whole country was covered with a chain of musical societies, amateur choruses and village orchestras.

The man who put music on such a high pedestal was not a rich man or a musician, but a newspaper editor, Dr. A. K. Herman. His newspaper began to emphasize the fact that musical subjects had first page position. He then launched a musical periodical, which became the semi-official organ of all the musical societies.

Under his untiring efforts more than two hundred country choruses were formed among farmers and working men, and nearly every school established a chorus. Finally these choruses established a festival; that held at Tartu in 1880 was participated in by 2,000 singers. This was the beginning of a musical revival which stirred up the whole country.

INTERESTING BRIEFS

Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" occupied his energies, at intervals, for 26 years, and it was not presented finally until after the composer's death.

"We are a sporting nation," says the London, England, "Musician," "and like a sporting atmosphere wherever possible, which accounts largely for the popularity of competition festivals for choirs, brass-bands, and the like. Held up during the war, many of these festivals are again in full swing. Their possibilities for educating the public and spreading musical culture are enormous."

Lully, as famous perhaps in his day as any composer died a singular death. He was beating time to a Te Deum he had composed in honor of Louis XIV. of France. He used for this purpose a walking-stick, with which he struck his foot with such violence that he died from the effects of the blow.

The metronome is a drill instructor. Off duty he allows the soldier certain freedom, but on duty exactness is demanded. The click of the pendulum is the command for strict time. The metronome shows no favoritism. Whether it is keeping time for a march, a waltz, a sonata, the faltering attempt of the young beginner's exercises it is absolutely impartial, though it never

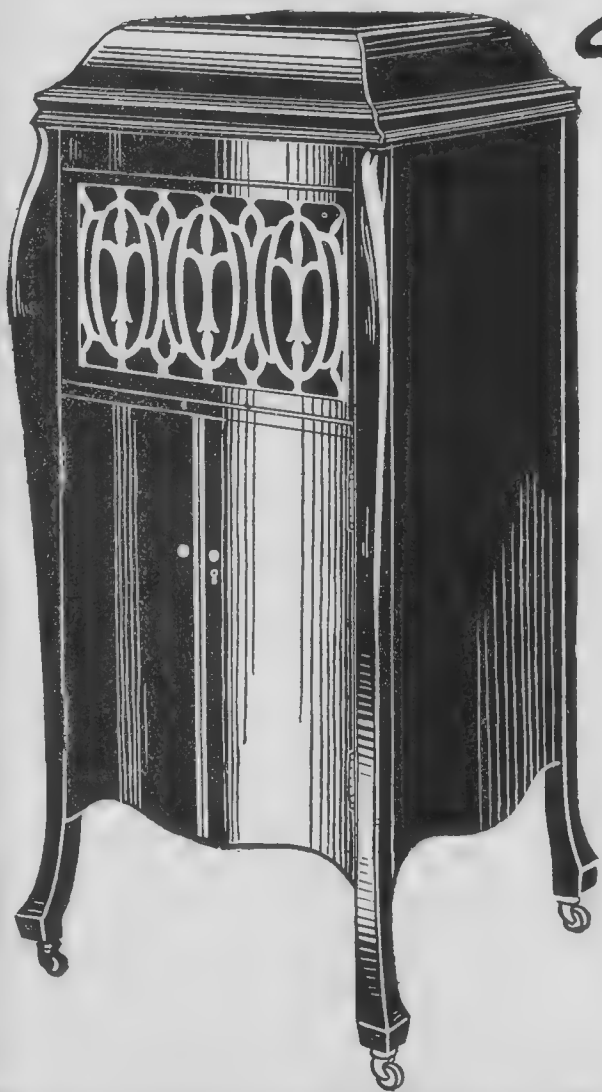
scolds nor praises. And that is the secret of its success. Having no prejudices in favor of or against anyone, it always performs its helpful mission fairly and justly.

Edwad Peronnet, of French extraction, is remembered in one connection, and one only, as the man who gave to the world what is said to be the most triumphant hymn in the English language, a sort of British Te Deum, one that has made the tunes "Coronation" and "Miles Lane" famous. That sacred song is "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." A traveller who has visited extensively in both Europe and America says the tune "Miles Lane" is used more frequently in Britain and "Coronation" is used more here. If anyone wants a good example of the triumphant note in music let him listen to four thousand men in a big gathering sing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" to the tune "Coronation." It is most impressive.

"What are you knitting, my pretty maid?"

She purred, then dropped a stitch. "A sock or sweater, sir," she said, "And darned if I know which."

NOCTURNE A Beautiful Sonora Model \$268



THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY **Sonora** CLEAR AS A BELL



A TONE of glorious richness, honey sweet, crystal pure, as natural as the sighing of the winter wind, and as charming as the song of the siren—this is the Sonora.

A vision of beauty, graceful, smart and elegant, an ornament to the finest of homes, fashioned of sturdy wood by the acknowledged masters of the cabinet makers' craft—this is the Sonora.

A musical instrument that has no peer, famous for more important and exclusive features than any other phonograph—this is the Sonora.

There is a pride of possession in owning the Sonora.

The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

Magnificent Upright and Period Styles, \$105 to \$2,500

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THE WEST'S GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE

Pianos, Player-Pianos, Phonographs, and Everything in Music

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WINNIPEG

THE NEW YEAR

LIFE'S renewals are among the main factors in making life worth living. The beginning of a new calendar year is marked by no outward and visible rejuvenation either in Nature, such as we see in the great annual renewal every spring, or in ourselves. But so devotedly wedded are we all to the idea of a fresh start that each succeeding January 1 is an occasion in our lives. Needless to say, every new day, rightly considered, is the beginning of a new year. But we are all observers of "times and seasons." The turning over of a fresh, clean leaf, in the book of our lives, on which it is possible for us to inscribe a better record than stands on any of the foregoing leaves, has a tonic exhilaration all its own. It means a new start; it seems a specially fitting and appropriate time for hopeful resolutions and expectations. Everybody knows by heart the reflections and moralizings suitable for the beginning of a new year. Jacob probably made use of them in talking seriously to the patriarchs, when the patriarchs were more or less harum-scarum boys. They were an oft-told tale before the Pyramids were built. But that does not in the least diminish the responsibility that rests upon us, all and sundry, to lay to heart the reminders which the beginning of a new year brings to us to make the most of our lives and falter not in the endeavor to live up to the best that is in us.

What is Needed

Twenty-five months ago the great war ended, but not all the nations yet know peace. Rage and recklessness that sees red is still ruthlessly rampant in some lands; the gaunt and ghastly spectre of starvation has not yet been driven from the world; the wounds of the world are not yet healed. These things are not less real because they are "afar off" from this fortunate country. There is need to remember the truth. We must remember that humanity is still its brother's keeper, and that opportunity and ability always beget obligation and responsibility; and we must remember that we cannot build a religion upon the prayer of the Pharisee, thanking God that he was not as others. The New Year brings its problems and its call to constructive work of service, its call to all of us to work together for the good of all, and drive out the evil of class conflict and selfishness. What is needed is the spirit of sympathy and understanding and brotherhood. In that spirit we can face the problems of the New Year and the new era with courage and confidence. The giants which sometimes seem to be in the way, blocking the road of progress and prosperity, will prove to be pygmies, and will shrivel and disappear, if we will all go forward unitedly in the spirit of service.

FORWARD-LOOKING THOUGHTS

The year 1921 may, or may not, be destined to be a year of outstanding importance in the annals of Western Canada. Let us hope that it will make itself memorable for an abundant crop that will eclipse all previous records. There is only one thing that may be said confidently in advance about the new year. It will bring no memorable centennial and semi-centennial celebrations in the West such as we had last year. But 1921 will not have to hang its head because it cannot compare with 1920 in that respect. It can hold up its head as a forward-looking year, not a backward-looking one. In regard to Manitoba, for example, it can boast that it will bring the first birthday of the Province in its second half-century, whereas 1920 brought the last in its first half-century. And in this connection it is to be noted that on July 1st next, Canada will celebrate her fifty-fourth birthday. It is strange that nobody has pointed out, so far as The Philosopher is aware, the Dominion of Canada and the German Empire were born not only in the same year, but on the same day in that year. On July 1, 1867, the Dominion came into being; on the same day Bismarck saw the completion of the foundation he had planned for the German Empire, namely, the North German Federation. Three years later, in 1870, the year in which the Province of Manitoba came into being, William I was crowned German Emperor in Paris. The half-century that followed has seen the rise and fall of the German Empire. And it has seen the rise and progress of Canada as a self-governing nation in the sisterhood of self-governing nations of the British Empire—rise and progress that are destined to go on, as we Canadians realize more and more the greatness of the place Canada is to hold among the free, progressive nations of the world.

THE PROVINCES' RIGHT TO THEIR RESOURCES

The claim of the three Prairie Provinces to have the ownership of the lands, timber, minerals, fisheries, water powers and other natural resources within their boundaries is one that surely will have to be settled this year. The time has come to right the injustice which Manitoba has suffered for half a century, and Saskatchewan and Alberta have suffered, like Manitoba, since they were established as Provinces. The right of these provinces to their natural resources is as solidly based as their right to self-government. Their natural resources have been withheld from them in violation of fundamental British principles. Nowhere else throughout the whole area of the self-governing nations of the Empire has there ever been a violation

The Philosopher

of these principles, except here in Western Canada. In every one of the other provinces of Canada, in Newfoundland, in every one of the States of Australia, in New Zealand, and in every one of the States of the South African Union, the establishment of self-government has invariably carried with it the full right and title to the natural resources. For many years, the grossly unjust pretence was kept up that the Dominion, in 1870, consisting then of the provinces east of the present Province of Manitoba, "purchased" from the Hudson's Bay Company, the territory which is now Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and so acquired the "possession" and "ownership" of that territory as its "property." The fact is, of course, that there never was any such "purchase", or acquisition of "possession" or "ownership." It is true that the sum of \$300,000 was paid to the Hudson's Bay Company for the extinguishing of the rights it held under its charter of 1670 from Charles II. But the money was not paid by the rest of Canada for the acquisition of the West. It was paid by a Dominion loan, raised by all Canada, (including Manitoba as a Province) in 1870, which matured fifteen years ago, and was paid off. In the payment of the interest and principal the proportion of the burden borne by Manitoba and the area which is now Saskatchewan and Alberta was, per head of the population, for many years the highest in all Canada, as the official Dominion Government figures of customs revenues show. The West has very much more than paid in actual cash far more than the "price" of its natural resources, apart altogether from the fact that the title of the Western Provinces to the natural resources is based incontestably on a foundation of British constitutional principles.

HUMAN LIFE AND HUMAN NATURE

Human life in its developments and workings does not follow the lines laid down by any bespectacled German writer of thick books of theory such as Karl Marx, living in London, devoted his days and nights to producing. Human life does not follow the plans and specifications devised by any theorist, bespectacled or otherwise, German or otherwise, Socialist or Communist, or otherwise. Human life develops in accordance with the laws of human nature. No state system can do the things that can be done only by the operation of the spiritual forces of human individuals. There is profound significance in the fact that the Bolshevik regime has banished every suggestion of Christianity from the schools in Russia. The gospel of Karl Marx, of which Lenin and Trotzky and their associates are the high-priests, scornfully leaves out of account, and brushes aside the essentials of human individualities, and reduces humanity to the condition of the bee-hive, in which each and every worker is a living machine and no more, subjected to a ruthless State-control of every moment of his life which is worse than the State-control in Germany ever was. The core of the teaching of Jesus is that each one of us must be faithful to his, or her, own conscience and must, as an individual, work out the Golden Rule of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us, without looking to any State-system to bring about results which cannot be brought about otherwise than by the action of the spiritual potentialities within ourselves. This is where Socialism is fundamentally wrong, in asserting the possibility of establishing a State-system with conscience, power and will sublimated above human limitations, and able to control rightly the life and work of each and every individual. Sooner or later Russia will overcome Bolshevism, as the human body throws off the effects of poisoning by some violent drug.

THOUGHT AND ACTION

It is important that each one of us should reason about things, and thinks things out. The average person thinks too little. But there is such a thing as thinking too much. Sometimes reasoning about things is carried so far that it leads to disobedience against certain instincts which have deeper and truer foundations than mere reasoning has. Reasoning is a splendid tool; but there is work for which it is not suited. Shakespeare shows us the irresolute Hamlet brooding over the question, "Is life worth living?" The answer to that question is, —Really live and find out. Is the will free? See how large a share of independence you can conquer for yourself. How did evil get into the world. See what you can do to help in getting some of the evil out of the world. Think, but do not let your life, like Hamlet's, become "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." There have always been in the world, and there always will be, the many "questions old and dark" over which thinkers have exercised their minds in vain ever since there have been thinkers in the world. Life calls for action, and action must be guided largely by sound, healthy instinct. That is how humanity makes real progress.

A SAD LACK OF LOGIC

It is unfortunate that a writer with such extraordinary gifts of expression and such imaginative power as H. G. Wells, whose writings are read so widely, should join in saying about the Bolshevik regime in Russia, the thing that so many foggy-minded sympathizers with sovietism have for some time been saying and writing as often as possible, namely, that no other government in Russia could have done better than the Lenin and Trotzky regime. The self-esteeming "radical progressives," as they delight in calling themselves, who praise communism and sovietism and Bolshevism with a juvenile self-confidence equalled only by their ignorance of what they are talking about, are rejoicing in being able to quote Wells. They do not think of stopping to ask how either H. G. Wells or anybody else can possibly know that no other government in Russia could have done any better. The Bolshevik system, so ruthlessly enforced in Russia under the rigid autocracy of Lenin and Trotzky and their associates, differs from every other form of government under the sun, chiefly in its fundamental rejection and destruction of the right of private property. That is to say, it has rejected and destroyed the one thing which in every other country than Russia is the mainspring of economic activity. If, instead of the Lenin and Trotzky regime, a government had become established in Russia which was democratic and progressive, and did not reject and destroy the mainspring of economic activity, might not such a government have been better for Russia, than the Lenin and Trotzky regime is? Could it have been worse? Destruction, disease and famine stalk through the land. Terrorism prevails. The statement that no other government could have done any better than the Lenin and Trotzky government, is a striking specimen of a great deal of the assertiveness of the shallow, vociferous, ill-informed sympathizers with Bolshevism at a distance, whose thinking lacks the important ingredients of reason and logic.

SAFETY ON THE PRAIRIE

A Nebraska paper which came recently to the table of The Philosopher, speaks of people getting lost on the prairie in this country in the winter time, and suffering from exposure to the cold, as though that were a fate unavoidable by the dwellers in Western Canada. In the prairie States, on the other side of the international line it is true, indeed, that raging blizzards originate in midwinter as suddenly as cyclones do in midsummer, and cause disasters unavoidable by even the most careful. But in Western Canada, common, ordinary precautions will ensure safety. Of course, at night a newly settled prairie region offers no land mark for the unwary tenderfoot who is attempting to make a shortcut home. If it is a summer night, the wayfarer who gets lost suffers no serious misadventure; but to get lost on the prairie on a winter night may be a serious matter. As fast as the country fills with settlers, danger of this kind to the inexperienced is minimized by the frequency of buildings and fences. The lesson for new settlers to learn is to stick to the beaten trail at night, or make sure of reaching shelter before dark. The winters of Western Canada are enjoyable and healthful, and there are plenty of men who have spent twenty years and more on the prairie without suffering even a frost-bitten ear; but our winter weather is sometimes such as to be neither enjoyable nor healthful to the wayfarer lost in a vast expanse of plain at night. A little common prudence, a little reasonable forethought, would obviate the unnecessary discomfort or suffering for which inexperience and recklessness are occasionally accountable.

THERE ARE NO SHORT CUTS TO EASY SOLUTIONS

The social, industrial and economic questions of the present time claim the attention of every thinking mind. They are being discussed every day in every land under the sun, with greatly varying degrees of ignorance and of knowledge. Newspapers and periodicals all over the world are discussing them; and more books are being written and printed about them than were written and printed in any preceding era about such problems. Some thinkers think they have arrived at knowledge of short ways to the solution of these questions which confront mankind. They believe that this, that, or the other doctrine of government, or distribution and so forth would bring about the millennium, if only it were put into operation. But such thinkers as these are not the wisest thinkers. The problems to be solved are of immense magnitude and complexity, and there are no simple ways of solving them. A primary and most urgent problem among them is the problem of how to attain justice in distribution. It is not the only one that is of great importance. Nor is it the one which is most formidably complex. It is still unsolved. But there is one thing which can be stated with certainty about it. No method of distributing the present national, or provincial, or municipal production could provide every family with the means of supporting an automobile, or any equivalent symbol of luxury or comfort. Nor is this all. Neither just distribution, nor increased production could ensure a stable and satisfactory social order without a considerable change in a considerable number of human hearts, and devotion to high ideals in all hearts. There must be the abandonment of false and degrading standards of material success and the adoption of higher and nobler standards; and for this the most necessary requisite is a revival of genuine religion.

A Ready-Made Husband

By Rupert Hughes

Cont'd from page 9

By this time I heard the alarm clock upstairs and I knew mother would be down soon to get father's breakfast. I was in an awful fret, but at the last moment it occurred to me to hypnotize Leicester and lock him in a closet."

"How did he breathe?"

"There was a keyhole in the door," said Deborah. "In the afternoon I shipped mother off to a sewing bee, and I got Leicester out of the closet and fed him and began to teach him the imaginary past I had invented for him, and the future he was to carry out for himself. He showed wonderful ability to learn. I put him back in the closet when mother came home. Mother was full of the great news of Hilary Phipps' disappearance, but of course nobody suspected me."

"That night, after the family was asleep, I brought him out again, and by this time he was in the scheme heart and soul—all his soul. I gave him all the money I had in the bank, and told him to slip out and take the midnight train to New York, and I wrote him a telegram to send me when he reached the city."

"In father's old clothes and with blond hair and needing a shave so badly, he never suggested Hilary Phipps to the men at the depot. They took him for a tramp. But the next day I got my telegram, and I felt that all was well. And I took a good sleep and went out to hear what people had to say."

"I don't know how you dared show your face anywhere," Mrs. Talbot stormed. "I should think you would have been afraid to look anybody in the eye. But I remember now that everybody said you were as cheerful as a lark."

"Of course I was," Deborah answered stoutly. "I was thinking of the marvelous thing I had done. I had not only provided myself with an ideal husband, but I had brought into the world a perfect soul. I had taken seven ordinary cubs and made one extraordinary superman out of them. Who wouldn't have felt proud?"

"But think of those poor mothers," Mrs. Talbot protested. Deborah answered with vigor.

"Oh, I suppose that a lot of mothers cried when Columbus and his crew set out for America. The world would be a pretty place if women's tears were to be allowed to stop all progress."

Mrs. Talbot was not prepared to argue general principles; she was hungry for the rest of the story.

"So you sent your man to New York by himself. New York's an awful wicked place to send a young man, Debby. Still, I suppose you felt safe, seeing as you had given him so little money."

"Oh, no, he took my fifty dollars, and with Jule Eggert's financial gifts he doubled it before he'd been in town a day. Ferdie Draper took him out and bought him some fine clothes and a safety razor, and Jule Eggert took him into Wall Street—in spite of the protests of the other fellows in his head. There Gil Cameron's imagination and Ralph Pelton's memory helped him. In a few days he was making a sensation and a fortune."

Miss Malkin intervened. "I should have hated to have a fionsay of mine in New York alone, especially if he was as handsome as all get-out. How could you control him?"

"Telepathy," said Deborah.

"Oh!" said the women, both of whom were ready to accept anything as explained, provided it were explained by a word they could not understand. Deborah went on:

"So I went to work on my trousseau. Leicester got a position as Warrenton representative of several firms, and came here to live."

"Why didn't you go to New York?"

"Oh, I was afraid of the effect of the life there. And I didn't think I had the right to rob Warrenton of all those souls."

"And so," Miss Malkin finished for her, "you were married and lived happily for about fifteen minutes afterwards."

"Just about," sighed Deborah.

"But what I can't understand," said Mrs. Talbot, "is why you weren't happy with that husband. Now a man like Will Talbot would try the patience of a saint, but you had an ideal husband cooked up to your own recipe. What was the matter with him? Didn't he jell?"

Deborah's workmanship was impugned. He bristled:

"Nothing was wrong with him. He was the most perfect man in the world—except for that mustache. I'd rather not have had the mustache. But I thought a blond one would help disguise his looks, and I taught him to hold himself erect and to walk well, so that Hilary's own mother didn't know him when she met him."

"But why wasn't your marriage happy?" Mrs. Talbot pleaded. "I can't see why it shouldn't have been the happiest marriage ever known."

"Me neither," squeaked Miss Malkin. Deborah was strangely moved; she seized Mrs. Talbot's right hand and Miss Malkin's left in hers; "Oh, thank you both for saying that!"

"How's that?"

"It shows me that you are both just as big fools as I was. But, on second thoughts, can't you see how hideous it must be to live with a perfect man?"

"Do you mean a man that thinks he's perfect?" sniffed Miss Malkin.

"No, I mean a perfectly perfect man."

Mrs. Talbot pondered skeptically: "Well, after living thirty years with Will Talbot, I guess I'd risk a little perfection."

Deborah shook her head: "Oh, but you'd regret it. Can't you see the horror of it? Imagine living with a man who has no frailties, no faults—who never has anything to apologize for—who is always right! Think of it—always!"

"He never gave me any cause to be angry at him. So I got angry at him for that. We never could have a good exhilarating quarrel, because he wouldn't fight back. He just said, 'Poor girl, I'm sorry I upset you.' He always treated my temper as a misfortune I couldn't help. It robbed me of every shred of self-respect."

"I could never forgive him for not giving my powers of forgiveness a chance. He was so merciful that it was nauseating. We never could have the bliss of a nice bitter spat, where each says outrageous things and then feels ashamed and sorry and both kiss and make up and cling all the closer together. I could never boss him around. I was afraid of him. I could never mother over him, and say, 'The poor boy means well; he's just hasty.' The awful fiend always meant well, but he was never hasty. I could never look down on him as a woman looks down on a man. My intuition never outran his intelligence."

"And he was so eternally, infernally sweet. If I brought home a nice, toothsome piece of gossip, it seemed to pain him. If I got mad at anybody, he always saw both sides of the case. He had such artistic sense that I was afraid to buy anything to wear for fear it would hurt him."

"He never complained of the bills, because he made money enough to pay them on the dot; but he made me look like a silly fool, and he never said a word. I could just feel that big seven-cylinder brain working it out as it ought to have been managed."

"He liked everybody, was generous to everybody, admired every beautiful thing or person in the world. I was a mere incident. He loved me; but he loved everybody. His tenderness began to look just like politeness. His character was like a huge sheet of ice. There were no roughnesses to cling to. He froze me by his transparent perfection."

"And he had no individuality! No prejudices, no excesses. He was just a lot of abstract qualities. I wasn't married to a man, I was married to a bundle of tracts. I was married to seven ideal characters—a syndicate of all the virtues. And I got so I abhorred the thought of virtue. He got on my nerves till I wanted to dig my nails into him, just to see if blood would spurt—or milk."

"One day I grew hysterical and I turned on him and told him how mad-denyingly, loathsomely, boresomely divine he was, and that he was utterly unfit to be the husband of a mere human being. He didn't get mad; he just sighed and murmured:

"I'm sorry, my dear, that I turned out so badly. What a pity it was that, while you were compounding the prescription that you call Me, you didn't rob the young ladies in town and fit yourself out with a complete set of womanly perfections."

"For a moment I was tempted to try it; then I realized that it meant the destruction of myself. I should be committing soul suicide. There's nothing anybody clings to like one's own selfhood."

"But I realized that" (Cont'd on page 27



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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Clear Thinking Means Progress

Another little trouble with the world is the long time between thinks.—Calgary Herald.

Their Only Production

The most of the trouble is produced by those who do not produce anything else.—Galt Reporter.

Turkey and Greece

Reversing the usual process, the great powers propose to use Turkey to baste Greece.—Toronto World.

The Quiet Seems Unnatural

A reputation is a funny thing. Now that Mexico is quiet, everybody suspects she is up to something.—Minneapolis Journal.

The World's Oldest Premier

The theory that this is an age of young men is rather upset by the fact that the new premier of Greece is eighty years old.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Would They Have Sliced It Up?

A Communist plan to seize the city of Bologna has failed. Probably the Communists did not know at which end to seize it.—Montreal Standard.

He Wants a World Revolution

As we understand it, Lenin's only hope for the salvation of Russia is the ruin of the rest of the world.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Was It Insured?

The fire hall at Chappleau, Ont., has been damaged by fire. It is to be hoped that they saved the fire engine.—Montreal Star.

An Undeniable Truth

* The race is not always to the swift. But John Bull knows what he is about in putting his money on the feet.—Duluth Herald.

Canada's Resources

No country in the world is richer than Canada in resources. The great task of the Canadian people is to make use of their heritage.—London Spectator.

Especially When New

No matter what else may be said about the new Canadian cent, the admission must be made that it is pretty to look at.—Toronto Telegram.

The Red Regime in Russia

Red is the prevailing color in Petrograd. It is even seen, in the form of rust, on the street car tracks.—Kansas City Star.

No, Indeed!

Manitoba hogs have made a clean-up at the great winter live stock show at Chicago. At this time of the year there are no flies on Manitoba hogs.—Brandon Sun.

There Is No German Empire to Study

Berlin university has arranged a course of study on the British Empire. It would be interesting to look through the text books.—New York World.

In Regard to Foreign Nuts

Senator Poindexter favors a protective tariff on peanuts to keep out the Asiatic product. Foreign nuts of all kinds should be kept out.—Washington Star.

An Up-to-date Traffic Peril

A man in Boston was run over and injured by a motor hearse. Another case of the quick and the dead. Only the man in this case was not quick enough.—Montreal Gazette.

Deadly Interior Decoration

Wood alcohol may have its uses, but polishing the interior of throats with it never seems to have any numerous beneficial effects.—Stratford Herald.

Not a Cause for Rejoicing

A race of 40,000 head-hunting cannibals has been discovered in the New Hebrides. This is far from being the sort of discovery the world needs most at the present time.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A "Go East" Movement

A Denver newspaper says that "the wild Western bandit has died out." We don't believe it. He has merely come to the Eastern cities, where it's safer.—Philadelphia Record.

A Joke from Hong Kong

An aviator carried two prize pedigree pigs across the English channel, from London to Paris, the other day. Many things are due to come to pass "when pigs fly."—Hong Kong Weekly Press.

Community Responsibilities

Robinson Crusoe had no community responsibilities until the man whom he named Friday came to his island. No man can be a Robinson Crusoe on this continent now.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Victoria View

Skeletons of men seven feet in height have been dug up in California. We had an idea that stories about the climate were the only things that got stretched down there.—Victoria Colonist.

Canada and Siam

Many of the nations promised money to help fight the typhus plague in Poland and the Near East, but only two have come across with the cash, Canada and Siam. Good for Siam!—Winnipeg Free Press.

They Are Certainly Needed

Suits of men's clothing made in Scotland are now being offered in this country and the United States. Up in this latitude we shall insist on having a pair of trousers with each suit.—Edmonton Bulletin.

There Are Knockers Everywhere

What a mammoth anvil chorus could be mobilized in England. Without undue boasting, we can claim to have as great an array of detractors as any country in the world.—London Express.

Another One of the Country's Needs

The world is coming through troublous times, but in Canada, of all countries, there is no need of people putting on long faces. What this country needs at the present time is long heads, not long faces.—Regina Leader.

Work For a Mule To Do

The former Crown Prince of the former German Empire is, according to the latest information about him, spending much of his time at Doorn in Holland in shoeing horses. Won't somebody send over a Missouri mule?—Vancouver Province.

A 2 Per Cent Minority

Constantine is reported to have obtained 98 per cent of the votes of the Greek people. This leaves the opposition headed by Venezelos with nothing but 2 per cent. And 2 per cent isn't very strong.—Brantford Expositor.

Money

According to a despatch from Berlin, the Soviet government of Russia plans doing away with money in that country. In this part of the world most of us find that it does away with itself as far as we are concerned.—Syracuse Herald.

Masculine Sarcasm

We said some time ago that giving the women the ballot would tend to broaden their intelligence, and we note how that result is being progressively arrived at. We see many more woollen stockings in use than we did last winter.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Brewing of Trouble Goes On

Home brewers are now under the ban. It is illegal for them to have in their possession the appliances and materials not only for distilling, but for brewing. The only thing that can now be brewed in the United States is trouble.—Buffalo Express.

Not Blaming the Cow

Why should milk in Calcutta, which before the war sold at from one to four annas a seer, according to the amount of chalk, water and banana essence in it be sold now at six annas a seer and over, whether it is adulterated or not?—Calcutta Englishman.

The World's Attention on Canada

It is only the plain, literal truth to say that there is no area in the world whose development is attracting the same widespread attention throughout the world as Western Canada's development is attracting.—London Economist.

The Politicians' Way of Reasoning

About the biggest and most probable mistake the Republican party leaders can make now is to sit back for four years and assume that because the women voted Republican this time they always will vote Republican.—New York Tribune.

As to Women Juries

A wife-beater in Elmwood City, Pa., when told that he was to be tried by a jury of women, fled to the woods and stayed there three days without food or drink. Women juries are going to have their uses, after all.—New York Evening Post.

A Criminal Lunatic

The ex-Kaiser still calls himself the Emperor of Germany and king of Prussia. But more than one lunatic asylum has contained inmates calling themselves Napoleon Bonaparte, so there is not much in a name as far as this use of one is concerned.—Glasgow Herald.

A Matter of Wages

Judge Landis, of Chicago, who is to head a commission to govern professional baseball in the United States, will receive a salary of \$42,500 a year, with \$10,000 a year for travelling expenses. University and college presidents will please sit up and take notice.—Toronto Globe.

They Needed a Lawyer

A number of youths arrested in New York in the act of robbing a safe said they wanted to get money with which to hire a lawyer to defend them on another burglary charge on which they were to be tried, being out on bail in the meanwhile. If this system is to be introduced, there will be no end to the thing.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

It Must Be Wanted for Some Use

Sixty thousand quarts of "Ng Ka Py," a Chinese intoxicant, have been admitted to the United States. The drink is said to be over-strength for a prohibition country, but so unpalatable that no white man would imbibe it. There are surely possibilities, however.—Montreal Star.

Talcum for International Chafing

We learn that Dr. M. F. Bancroft, a member of the Dominion Geological Survey service, has just found near the international boundary line deposits of talcum twenty feet thick in some places. This ought to help to prevent any chafing between the United States and Canada.—Portland Oregonian.

The United States and Great Britain

A war between Great Britain and America would bring nearer the suicide of white civilization than anything else could. It is unthinkable. There could be no act of greater criminality against humanity than to try to bring about trouble between the two great branches of the English-speaking family.—Chicago Tribune.

Conditions on This Continent

Immigration is flowing into the United States at a rate which, taken in conjunction with the figures of immigration into this country since the end of 1918, would appear to indicate that while there may be some need of social, economic and industrial reforms on this continent of North America, there are other continents that are worse off.—Journal of Commerce.

The Plain Truth About Them

The type of person who is making it a business to defeat the prohibition law—the boot-leggers, rum-runners, and moonshiners—are thugs and crooks at the very bottom of the social scale. There is nothing romantic or sentimental about them; they are thorough scoundrels making easy money through the sale of various kinds of liquid poison.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

Children or Dogs

The question when an apartment house is not an apartment house has been answered by Mrs. W. L. Williams, of Buffalo. Her answer is, when it's a home. And she adds that a home is a place where children are preferred to lapdogs. When she took over an apartment house in Buffalo, it was tenanted by women with dogs instead of children. She chased the dog-women out, and invited mothers in.—Baltimore Sun.

Birds and Jazz

A naturalist says that canaries and all genuine song birds indicate either fear or disdain in the presence of jazz. Put on a record of The Livery Stable Blues, and a self-respecting nightingale will burst into tears of anger and reproach. A canary bird condemned to listen to a jazz band rendition of "Who, Bill!" tried to drown itself in its water dish. And yet they say that song birds have no intellect.—Edmonton Journal.

The Pay of M. P.'s

What is the proper reward of a member of Parliament? It depends on the member, of course; but, that being apart, the answer would seem to be such a sum as will enable him, if a good man, to perform his duties without being harassed unduly by financial anxieties. It ought not to be so high as to convert a parliamentary care into an attractive form of money getting; and it ought not to be so low that the poor men are kept out of parliament altogether. It is surprising to hear from a correspondent of the New Statesman that in Australia the members' payment is now £1,000 a year. The laborer is worthy of his hire; but when he determines the rate himself he will manifestly do well to err, on the side of modesty.—London Daily News.

Good Work

Movies are coming to the rescue of the English language. On the silver screen of the movie theatres in many American cities the daily crimes against the Mother tongue will be exposed, and those guilty of them will be urged to mend their ways. There will be flashed such admonitions as these: "Don't say 'I ain't got!' Say 'I haven't.'" "Don't say, 'I aina gonna do it.' Say, 'I am not going to do it.'" "Don't murder the language. Learn to speak properly, and show a decent respect for the greatest language in the world.—Detroit News.

A Ready-Made Husband

By Rupert Hughes

Cont'd from page 25

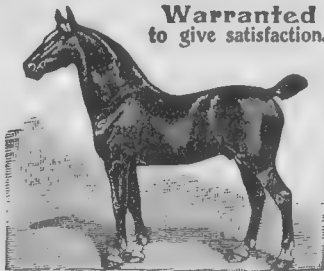
understand each other and that I should end in a mad-house unless I escaped.

"It was then that I fled from his odious presence and slammed the door on the beastly angel I had built. In this state they grant divorces on the ground of incompatibility, and my uncle is a lawyer, who arranged it beautifully. If ever there was incompatibility on this earth, we had it with a vengeance. But I am free—thank Heaven, I'm free."

The overwrought girl sank back in her chair in a swoon of rapture. When she opened her eyes, Mrs. Talbot was at the door.

"Where are you going?" said Deborah.

Warranted
to give satisfaction.



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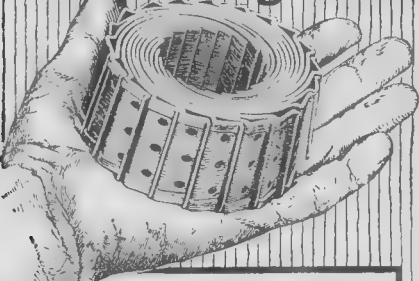
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"Home to my husband. I owe him thirty years of apologies."

Miss Malkin lingered, still tempted to believe that she could have done better with almost any kind of man—even a hopelessly perfect specimen. The door opened and Mrs. Talbot reappeared to say:

"After you delivered your monster, do you suppose he took his own advice and tried to build himself a perfect wife out of those seven girls?"

"Undoubtedly," said Deborah.

"And that experiment didn't succeed any better than the other, you think?"

"Of course not. Can you see the home life of two absolutely perfect beings—with no quarrels, no mistakes, no leaning on each other, no bitternesses to make the sweet sweet? Just one Sahara desert of monotonous level! I wonder they didn't murder each other. But of course they were too perfect to do that. So their only escape was to dash off in opposite directions.

"What do you suppose has become of them?" Miss Malkin asked in a shuddery awe.

"I suppose that they are wandering over the world, looking for happiness, and dying of loneliness. He's driving some poor woman frantic with his perfections, and she's driving some poor man to drink with hers."

"Thank Heaven, they'll never come back to Warrenton," said Mrs. Talbot. "Come along, Caroline. Good-night, Deborah."

"Good-night. Oh, by the way, Mrs. Talbot, unless he has some other engagement, you might ask Mark to call this evening. I'd be glad to see him."

That night, while Mrs. Talbot and Miss Malkin were spreading the alarming news like a pair of Pauline Reveres, Deborah Bland was grimly feeding to the stove in her den bulky tomes groaning with huge words and metaphysical fol-de-rol. They were dry enough to make a supernormal blaze.

She was surprised at her task by an uncanny, Poe's-raver-y tap-tapping on a window pane. It was repeated thrice before she recruited courage enough just to turn her head on its axis. Through the glass darkly she descried the figure of the husband she had manufactured—her opus first and last.

The window opened on the porch, and before she could move or cry out, he raised the sash and clambered in.

"Wha-wha—d'you wa-wa?" was the best she could say, and he answered in a desperate whisper:

"I want to be disbanded."

She only stared and stuttered, so he explained:

"This morning I passed a small shop where they do job printing. A compositor was taking a frame of type apart and distributing the letters to their different cases. I want to be distributed."

This appalling demand froze her completely. But he melted her with the old appeal:

"My seven mothers are longing for me."

She wept comfortably at this, but retorted: "What of your seven mothers-in-law? Where is your wife?"

"I found her on your porch, too. She is just dying to die."

About midnight a wild cry of joy was heard from the Phipps household. Mrs. Phipps, wakened by the doorbell, looked out of the window and found her Hilary on her front step. She fled downstairs barefooted and gathered him to her aching heart. She telephoned all the neighbors the next morning the glad tidings that her boy was home.

Most of the people in town are not speaking to Deborah Bland these days, but Mark Talbot is speaking to her every evening. And every now and then she amazes him by sudden exclamations such as this:

"You dear old dunderhead, you've got a million faults and I adore them all. We shall be so blissfully unhappy together!"

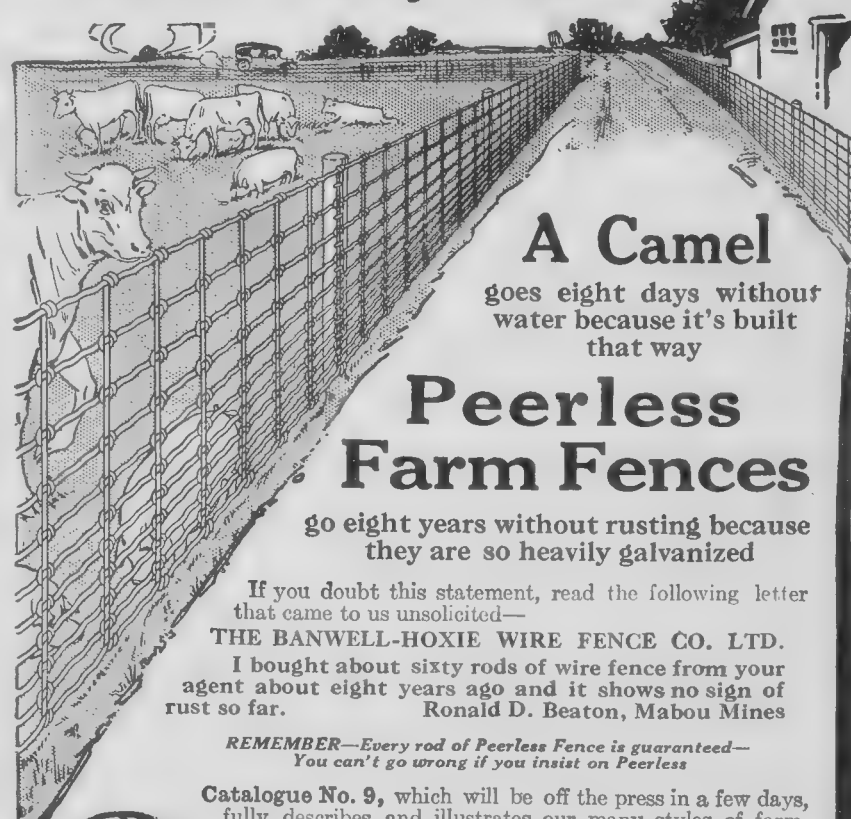
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OTTAWA

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

STANDARDS FOR 1921

Viscount Grey, ambassador to the United States for Great Britain, was asked recently to address a group of students at a great American university. Instead of, as was perhaps expected, talking of great public matters, he chose to speak simply to them on the things which are fundamental in the problems of life.

To be happy, he said, one must have four essentials:

1. Some moral standard to guide all action.
2. Good relations with one's family and friends.
3. Some form of work that makes for good citizenship.
4. A degree of leisure, occupied by interesting pursuits.

These standards of happiness are worth reading a second time. One might do worse than use them as a guide for the year 1921. They represent the matured thought of a man of great parts and wide experience.

WHAT IS WEALTH?

The dictionary definition of wealth is as follows: Well-being or welfare; a collective term for riches; material possessions in all their variety; affluence; opulence; profusion; abundance.

Ruskin defines wealth as that which avails towards health.

An economist defines wealth as those goods and services whose quantity is limited.

But the reason I put the question, "What is Wealth?" is to give the answer that I have heard given by one of a group of American editors with whom I was travelling. This particular editor was a man of very interesting personality indeed. He was paid a high salary by one of the greatest newspapers in the States, and in return was expected to write an editorial when called upon at any hour of the day or night.

He was a man over sixty, and during the trip, he aroused interest and amusement by the frequency with which he changed his ties. Several times a day he would disappear from the company and return in a few minutes wearing a brand new tie.

On one of these occasions, as he re-entered, a companion tapped him on the back and said, "What's your definition of wealth, William?"

Without hesitation came the answer, "Good health, a wife and family." Now, you may compare this with the answers of the dictionaries and economists.

STAYING POWER

We will all have need of staying power in 1921. There are great days ahead, and our energies will be taxed to the utmost to cope with "enterprises of great pith and moment." Should we be tempted to falter, it might be well to consider a few of the incidents in the lives of some of the great men of the past.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have awakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it; written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove."

Edison wrote: "The world has heard of my successes in the realm of invention, but few know of my repeated failures before success became a possibility."

The same man wrote: "Whenever by theory, analogy and calculation, I have satisfied myself that the result I desire is impossible, I am then sure I am on the verge of a discovery."

T. L. Cuyler once remarked: "After watching the careers of young men for many years, I have come to the deliberate conclusion that the chief difference between the successful and the failures lies in the single element of staying power."

If you are sure of your ground, never mind criticism. General Grant remarked to a friend, "I may not have conducted my military campaign according to the rules laid down by military experts, but I would respectfully call the attention of my critics to the fact that I never had to explain why I failed."

A man who was counted a success once said: "I was born in poverty and I had a withered arm from birth, but it never dawned upon me until I was fourteen that narrow circumstances and bodily disability were just what I needed to make the most of my powers."

BY-PRODUCTS

One of the great achievements of the age is the skill which chemists and inventors have displayed in manufacturing by-products from some main substance. Take corn for instance, of which the by-products are as follows: Husks, cob, leaves, pith, breakfast food, gluten hulls, stock food mats, mattresses, fuel, fodder, paper, cellulose, pipes, packing in war vessels, corn oil, oil cake and meal, soap, cooking and salad oil, paints, lubricator, rubber substitute, food starch, laundry starch, glucose, syrup, alcohol and dextrine.

Coal is another substance that has been made to yield many by-products of untold value to mankind. It is claimed by scientists that our forest resources have been very much neglected with respect to their possibilities for yielding by-products, and that a very large percentage of the tree goes to waste.

What are the present products of our trees? What further products do you think they might yield?

STUDY PARAGRAPH

This is another of our series of study paragraphs. Write out your answers, or pencil them in the margin hereof.

1. How does modern advertising affect the consumer's ability to choose what he will buy?
2. Name what you consider the six most important contributions to modern commercial progress.
3. What is meant by "the standardization of operations"?
4. What is your opinion of the following statement?—"The quality that is most in demand is the ability to deal with and control other personalities."
5. What is the influence of farm machinery on the number of farm population?
6. Name several substitutes for coal.
7. What reasons can you offer for the decline in population and prosperity of many rural districts?
8. What pleasures or social privileges exist in the country which the city does not enjoy?
9. Is it for the best interests of themselves or the country that farmers should vote solidly at elections?
10. Should a young man endeavor to fit himself for more than one occupation?

THOUGHTFULNESS

Alert business men of to-day, remarks a modern writer, seem to be in danger of forgetting that, in the hurry of business, their over abundant force may too often lead them to sustain an attitude towards their fellow-men so abrupt, harsh and antagonistic, as to reflect seriously upon their reputation.

The otherwise good man who lacks politeness or assumes a gruff, repellant manner really sacrifices a part of his gifts, for very few people will discover his good qualities under his unpleasant manners.

The foundation of agreeable manner is thoughtful consideration of others, or true politeness. This does not imply any necessary sacrifice of frankness and honesty. It does not mean that one shall not contradict or dispute, but it does mean that when a contradiction is necessary it shall be expressed courteously. Every one should cultivate this kind of politeness, for, in so far as it helps to make one agreeable, it extends his opportunities for usefulness, and helps to give full play to his other good qualities.

THE CHOICE OF A VOCATION

H. W. Merton, a man who has made a life study of the right choice of vocations, says that there are two prime factors to be considered. The one prime factor, trained skilfulness, must be multiplied by the other industrial prime factor, right choice of vocation.

Let a person of intelligence get in the right vocation, even without specialized training in that vocation, give him an opportunity to become familiar with its requirements, time to overcome the handicap of unpreparedness, and the chances are two to one in his favor that he will succeed.

On the other hand, excellent opportunities for acquiring proficiency in any calling for which one has no natural aptitude or mental capacity, will never enable one to rise above mediocrity in that calling.

Oftentimes, the best training for a misfit calling does not enable a man even to earn his salt in that calling, whereas, the same man might rise to eminence in the vocation which called his dominant abilities into play.

THE SERVICE BUREAU

During the year 1921, you are invited to make generous use of the information bureau provided by this department. If you are confronted with problems of a business or community nature send them in to us for answer and discussion. One writer says that if a man exchanged a dollar with another man, neither of them are better off, but if they exchange ideas, they are richer by 100 per cent, for each has two ideas in place of one. Your problems and suggestions will be of value to the other readers of this page, so write freely and often.

THE POINT OF VIEW

A few years ago, with the idea of getting an outdoor holiday, I joined a railway survey party, and we journeyed to the heart of the Selkirk Mountains, camping within sight of two waterfalls, near the entrance to the new Connaught tunnel, which runs for five miles through the majestic Mount McDonald. During that trip, I learned many things from the chief surveyor; that considering its length, the tunnel had been built more quickly than any other of its kind; that the ventilation system was unique; that oil-burning engines were to be used; that we were working on survey notes made by Dominion land surveyors thirty years ago.

Then, too, in spite of the hard, rough work, I took time to appreciate the beauties of the changing scenes around us. We were so ringed in by mountains that we never saw the sun until nearly mid-day. I saw a great glacial mountain which, in its lower sections, furnished the source of a mighty, rushing river. In our travelling, we passed waterfall after waterfall, and in the heat of the day we never wanted for a cool fresh drink from the natural springs in the rocks. In the cool of the evening, during a five or six-mile walk we would experience the phenomena of warm air pockets—little currents of heated air for a matter of twenty yards or so, and then into the cold again. Of wild fruit there was an abundance, and we met with many curious and interesting forms of animal life.

The rest of our party comprised men gathered in Winnipeg and en route, the chairman, rodman, axemen, and so forth. To me, after several years of inside work, the trip was a revelation and a privilege. Naturally, I expected my companions would experience a similar enjoyment in the work, but, to my surprise, they were discontented without exception. They found the sun blazing hot, and the nights bitterly cold; they stubbed their toes against the rocks, and found the scenery in their way. One by one, they quit work, and in three weeks, the personnel of the party was changed entirely. They were suffering from their point of view.

A PHILOSOPHER OF THE COUNTRY LIFE

If at any time you are disposed to feel dissatisfied with conditions in the country, it might be well to take a survey of its advantages. In doing this, there are no books that will help you more than those by David Grayson, and if ever you see a book bearing the name of this author, you will be safe in investing in it without delay.

I am acquainted with five of them, and even the titles are attractive: *Adventures in Friendship*, *The Friendly Road*, *Adventures in Contentment*, *Hempfield*, and *Great Possessions*.

Here is a specimen paragraph: Thus I was born into the present world, and here I continue, not knowing what other world I may yet achieve. I do not know, but I wait in expectancy, keeping my furrows straight and my corners well turned. Since that day in the field, though my fences include no more acres, and I still plough my own fields, my real domain has expanded until I crop wide fields and take the profit of many curious pastures. From my farm I can see most of the world; and if I wait here long enough, all people pass this way."

SUGGESTIONS

W. W. Warren offers some suggestions that should fit in well with the programme of 1921.

To pass an idea on is to multiply its power.

Everything we do is merely practice work for something greater, and we grow in capacity in proportion to the efforts we make.

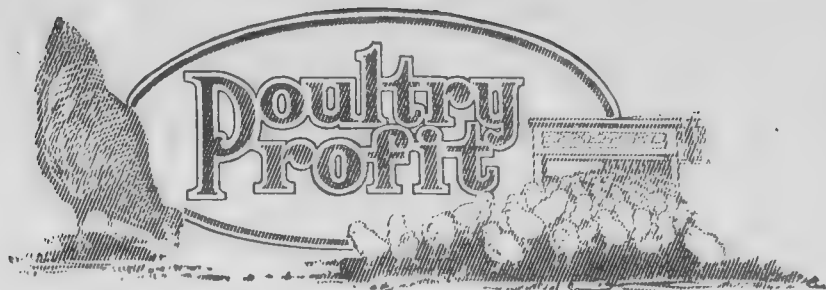
You can save yourself years of effort by using the knowledge and experience of others—beginning where they leave off.

A year of experience means much or little according as we have gained one point a day or one a month.

The difference between men is in what they think and desire.

The right conception of your work means everything to you and to your part of the business.

A man tends to grow like the people he willingly associates with.



By Helen E. Vialoux

This is an age of conventions and conferences all over the world so it is not surprising that the first world's poultry congress is to take place at The Hague in September, 1921, from the 6th until the 13th of September. Men and women from all over the world will meet for a mutual exchange of ideas in regard to poultry husbandry. This congress was really arranged to take place at The Hague in 1916, but, of course, the outbreak of the war postponed this interesting event. A great world's show of every breed of poultry under the sun has been arranged at the same time. Edward Brown, F.L.S., London, England, the most eminent authority on poultry in the Old Country is doing a great deal to bring all nations to this congress. "Old Biddy" has certainly come into her own and slipshod chicken raising will surely become a thing of the past before long. The new breed of poultry originated by Brother Wilfred, poultry husbandman at the Agricultural College, La Trappe, Quebec, in 1916, named "The Chantleer" is gaining in popularity and gives promise of becoming the Canadian hen of the future. The Chantleer is large in form, pure white in color and extremely hardy, able to stand the coldest winter weather, a good layer of great activity having barely any comb or wattles. The Chantleer Breeders' Association have had meetings in Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa recently and registered nearly 200 perfect specimens of this hardy breed, which they claim is an ideal utility bird for the coldest Canadian climate.

The use of electric light in the hen house to stimulate winter laying has become a general practice among poultry raisers and even the man with a dozen fowls in town has the light switched on early in the morning to make his hens rustle for a living, but people must not lose sight of the fact that these overstimulated hens are useless for breeders next spring. In fact, where White Leghorns are kept on a real egg ranch, the birds that have laid from December to April are placed on the market at Easter, when fowls are scarce. The Jewish people buy many of these hens at this time. The Vale Poultry Farm, of Montreal, which is managed by C. E. Getz, still claims the Dominion championship for his White Leghorns. He turns on the light by clock-work having a cord connected with an alarm clock set for 3 a.m. When the signal goes off the lights are automatically switched on in the laying pens and kept on until broad daylight. About 600 birds are kept on the Vale poultry farm and their output of eggs is immense. A new idea is being worked out in regard to chickens, namely, "electric chicken growing".

W. Randolph Meech, of Poole, Ont., has tried the experiment with success. The unfortunate baby chicks are charged with electricity, a current being turned on for ten minutes each hour of the day. The chicks didn't die, only 6 out of 400 babies turned up their toes in their short existence of five weeks when they were ready for market as broilers, having the appearance and weight of birds of three months' growth. Their vitality was wonderful and they were so highly charged with electricity that the attendants received a distinct shock when they handled the birds and yet the little chicks seemed normal and scratched about as usual. If a bird pecked at a finger sparks flew from its bill. This story comes from The Montreal Herald, and, no doubt, is true, but my sympathies are with the chicks entirely. What's next?

January is not too soon to plan out spring work in the poultry yard. If a beginner, arrange to buy baby chicks

or hatching eggs or a pen of laying hens in good time. The baby chicks are raised in a brooder and a novice gains experience right away. A Charleswood man took up poultry raising in this way last April and kept in touch with Prof. Herner of the M.A.C. as he went along, getting much valuable information. In August and September the cockerels were sold from his flock of White Leghorns and 90 fine pullets put in good shape for winter layers. A comfortable hen house was built, fitted with trap nests, and electric light and other modern conveniences, most of the work being done by the owner himself, who had become an enthusiast at this stage of the game. In November, the pullets began to lay and by December 15th, four and five dozen eggs was their daily stunt. As winter eggs are worth \$1.00 and more per dozen, this beginner feels encouraged and sees a good profit in his flock. He feeds dry mash in hoppers and a mixed grain ration twice per day, plenty of cabbage and green food, and buttermilk to drink. Some beef scrap is added to the dry mash, clean litter is often provided for the lively birds to scratch in, grit, oyster shell and charcoal are available at all times. The electric light is turned at 4 a.m. until daylight comes. Mr. Moody has had very little loss during the past season. In July, the birds, then in brooders and coops under the trees, near the river, got a touch of roup, owing to dampness which carried off a few fine large birds. However, moving the pens to higher ground and cutting away some trees cured this trouble and the bonnie flock flourished from that time. The future of this poultry ranch will be watched with interest. The production of a large number of pullets each season is a matter of great moment to the poultry farmer. W. R. Curtis, manager of one of the largest poultry farms in New York, where 100,000 fowls are raised annually uses this method of obtaining a high percentage of pullets. A cockbird of known reliability is mated to 30 to 40 vigorous pullets of the Mediterranean breeds; 20 to 25 fine mature pullets of the heavy American breeds are mated to a yearling rooster known as a good breeder. These birds are given almost free range and are well fed on a grain ration. The result is a splendid percentage of pullets, 60 to 75 per cent of all birds, hatched on the farms. This is surely an easy method to secure pullets which anybody can follow. I have tried it myself with excellent results. Turkeys are very scarce this season, there was a shortage for Christmas, owing, no doubt, to the late spring of 1920, and the high price of all feed grains. As 50 cents was paid for turkeys for the Christmas feast in all the Winnipeg stores the producer certainly made a fair profit. Let 1921 be a banner year for raising turkeys in the West.

Mrs. Holt could be depended upon at almost any time to say the wrong thing with the best intentions in the world. "Nobody minds what poor dear Fanny Holt says," her friends told each other when repeating her remarks. "We know she means all right."

"Isn't it queer how differently things affect people?" one of Mrs. Holt's neighbors said to her the day after a "beach picnic." "We both got tired to death, you and I, but you've had just a little bit of indigestion, while I have this fearful blind headache."

"Why, that's perfectly natural," said Mrs. Holt, cheerily. "Of course, when people are tired out, it goes straight to the weakest part of them; mine is my stomach, and everybody knows yours is your head, poor dear!"

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 5c. word. Minimum 75c. Cash with order.

MISCELLANEOUS

MARY LAKE LETTERS—Sent free to mothers. Shows her how to get love, respect and absolute control of her children. If perplexed send particulars Box 130, Minneapolis, Minn. 1-21

VICTORY BONDS Bought and Sold. J. B. Martin (Member Winnipeg Stock Exchange), 232, Curry Building, Winnipeg. t.f.

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN! Secure your copy of "What a Young Boy (or Girl) Ought to Know" from Eaton's before it is too late. Children's Protective Society. 4-21

SEE MINNIE SHAKE SHIMMIE. Can she shimmy? I'll say she does. Sample and quantity prices 35c. Smallest Bible, size of postage stamp, 20c. The Herb Doctor Book. Shows how to make medicine from roots, herbs and barks, 35c. 13 tantalizing funny love-letters, 15c., all postpaid. Lasnier Agency, Dept. W.M., Bathurst, N.B. 1-21

235 SILK PIECES \$1.00—500 for \$2.00. assorted colors; velvet, 25 pieces, 50c., 60 for \$1.00; cotton-prints for quilting, 1 lb. 60c., 4 lbs. \$2.00, postpaid; one gold filled ring with stone, warranted two years; one bottle perfume, one silk handkerchief, 5 fine postcards, complete set, \$1.00 (regular price \$1.60); one stereoscope and 36 views around the world and a guide book for \$1.50, postpaid; fine gifts. Allen Novelty, St. Zacharie, Que. 3-21

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS CALIFORNIA—Improved farms near Sacramento for sale; terms. Write for list. E. R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma. 12-20

IF YOU WANT to sell or exchange your property write me. John J. Black, 14th St., Chippewa Falls, Wisc. 2-21

HELP WANTED

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT wants men and women over 17. Big paid positions. Paid vacation. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 124, Rochester, N.Y. 1-21

WANTED—Women to become Dress Designers. \$45 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 929, Rochester, N.Y. 1-21

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—"Cute Tricks" for Merchants—32,000 sold in two weeks. Sample 25 cents. McDonald Agencies, Box 406, Swift Current, Sask. 1-20

FOR SALE

HONEY FOR SALE—Clover, \$16; Fruit-bloom and Clover, \$14. Buckwheat, \$12 for 60 pounds. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. 1-21

FOR SALE—Registered and grade Saanen milk goats. Pure-bred bucks at right prices. Leslie J. Marshall, Edson, Alta. 2-21

CORDWOOD, FENCE POSTS and corral poles for sale in carload lots at wholesale prices. The Prince Albert Fuel Co., Ltd., Prince Albert, Sask. 3-21

TYPEWRITERS for sale, cheap. Slightly used but good as new. Trial allowed. Easy monthly payments. Write Bertha Payne, Shawnee, Kansas. 3-21

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN—Swedenborg's great work on Heaven and Hell, and a real world beyond. Over 400 pages, only 25c. postpaid. H. S. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto. 2-21

FOR SALE—Silver, patch and red foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N.S. 3-21

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Story in Brief of World's Eighth and Greatest Sunday School Convention at Tokio

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Francis Dickie

NEARING home the first of the returning delegates from the world's eighth Sunday School convention, held at Tokio, Japan, between October 5th and 14th, the great C.P.O.S. Liner, the "Empress of Russia" came into the port

and caused perhaps the most dramatic fire in the history of Tokio.

The following is a brief story of the main events of the convention:

On Thursday, October 7th, the convention moved into the Imperial theatre. Here the great chorus of 1,000 voices

bearing the words: "World's Eighth Sunday School Convention," both in Chinese and English lettering.

"From a Canadian point of view," Miss Nixon said, speaking further of the convention, "perhaps the most interesting thing, was that the pictures of the Emperor and Empress of Japan were painted by a Canadian artist, Mr. J. W. L. Forster. This is the first time in history paintings of any of the royal family ever were made by a man from the Occident. The portrait of the Emperor was presented to him with due ceremonies as a present from the male delegates to the convention; the picture of the Empress, by the women delegates. Both are very fine pieces of artistic creation, and it is something for so young a country as Canada to have produced such an artist as Mr. Forster."

During the convention exhibits of the work of the various kindergartens and Sunday Schools were shown in the Y.M.C.A. building. The exhibit was open to Sunday School children in Japan, and greatly to the amusement of the convention, the Buddhist Sunday School sent their exhibit. The Sunday School idea of recent years has been adopted from the Christian churches by the Buddhists.

On the second day of the convention portraits were unveiled of great Sunday

president of the World Association; E. H. Nichols, of Chicago, and H. H. Hammill, prominent leaders in Sunday School work.

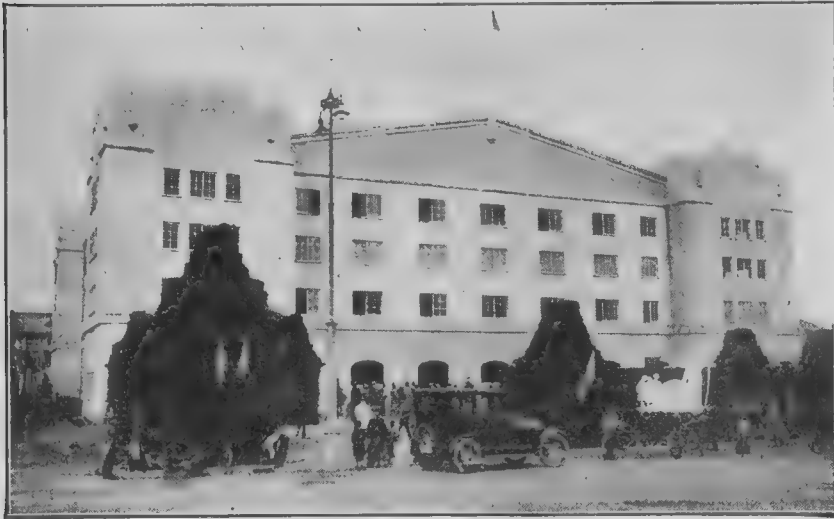
Dr. Samuel D. Price was called upon by the chairman to unveil the portrait of Dr. G. W. Bailey, who made the world convention at Washington possible. Dr. Bailey's evangelistical work was warmly lauded.

William G. Landes unveiled the portrait of H. J. Heinz, and due tribute was paid him for promoting the Tokio convention. With the exception of one portrait, all were of great leaders in the movement who have died since the 1913 convention. The exception was the Rev. H. Kozaki, President of the National Sunday School Association in Japan. This was unveiled by Dr. Brown.

The last of the four great pageants written and produced by Professor H. Augustine Smith of Boston, was "The Court of Christianity," the general theme of which was a prophecy of the coming of Christ into all the world. This production was given on Thursday night, the last session of the eighth Sunday School convention, and it was preceded by a special farewell chorus in which all the singers of the convention took part. The "Court of Christianity" has in its first scene a prophecy of the final acceptance of Christianity by all nations, and in the second the various factors which have gone to make for the acceptance of the gospel by all nations—education, the church, the crusaders—were brought out in characters. In the fourth scene all nations accept Christianity. In this, four attendants go out for missionary service, and bring back the nations of all the world with their flags and the palms of victory. The final scene of this last pageant of all, had as its central picture the cross of Christ; the cross of white in Bethlehem, given as representing good will; the cross of red in Calvary, given as representing sacrifice; and the cross of gold, the coronation, representing the final victory when Jesus reigns.

One of the many tokens of kindness the delegates received came from an unexpected source, the street railway company of Tokio, which presented each delegate with special pass on the cars, good during their entire stay in the city.

Following the close of the convention, Miss Nixon visited a number of the cities of Japan and the Methodist missions there. Speaking of the success of the work, she was highly enthusiastic, and showed the interviewer a large number of photos of the kindergarten and other



Convention Hall which burned just before convention opened.

of Vancouver the second week in December. But, as if to mark one more exciting incident in the series which attended the voyaging of the delegates, and while they were in Japan, so dense was the fog that the great steamer lay out in the outer roadstead of Vancouver harbor for eighteen hours, unable to make the Narrows' entrance.

And so, while the returning delegates chafed out in the fog, so near home and yet so far, hundreds waited at the station-dock.

The Western Home Monthly's correspondent, shortly after the steamer's landing, was at last able to meet one of the returning delegates, Miss F. K. Nixon, Vancouver delegate to the convention. Miss Nixon has for twenty-five years been actively connected with the work of the Methodist church, particularly in connection with the W.M.S.

Speaking of the world's eighth Sunday School convention, Miss Nixon said: "We were wonderfully received by the Japanese people, their entertainment was cordial beyond words. They lavished presents and attentions upon the delegates that will forever endear us to them."

Miss Nixon was one of the seventy delegates from Canada. In all 1,814 delegates from thirty countries were in attendance, 407 of these coming from America. The steamer Monteagle which carried part of the delegates ran into typhoon after typhoon, bringing her into port five days later. Then, just a few hours before the great convention was to open in the great convention hall, situated near the Central Railroad station in Tokio, it was totally destroyed by fire.

"Nothing could have started more inauspiciously, yet succeeded better than the great convention," Miss Nixon continued with her story. "Under the chairmanship of Justice John J. MacLaren the committee was going over the plans for the opening across the open space from the hall in the Station Hotel, when word came of the great catastrophe. When the destruction became known the committee held a short prayer meeting, then started out energetically to make the best of things. Premier Hara of the Empire offered the Halls of the Imperial Diet, but the Imperial theatre was finally secured through the efforts of Viscount Shibusawa and Baron Sakatani.

"The cost of the convention hall was 120,000 yen, of which 110,000 was covered by insurance. The money received from the insurance was used by the Executive Committee of Japan for defraying cost of convention and the charges on building material which was lost.

The hall is shown in photograph one,



Miss F. K. Nixon and Japanese Bible women at Methodist Mission, Kofu, Japan.

was heard for the first time, and addresses were given. These dealt with "Jesus Christ, the World's Redeemer." On Friday, the first of a series of pageants, prepared by Professor H. A. Smith, A.M. was given. This, called "From Bethlehem to Tokio," which consisted of scenes showing the manger at Bethlehem, the march of the three Magi kings, the adoration of the shepherds, and the light of Bethlehem spreading through the Sunday School into all the world. In the afternoon the delegates were the guests of the city of Tokio at a mammoth reception in Hibiya Park, which had been especially decorated for the purpose. "The Bible—God's Revelation to the World" was the topic for the day.

On Saturday, the 115 delayed delegates arrived on the Monteagle after a rough voyage. In the afternoon a concert was given by the convention chorus and the Imperial marine band. "The Rights of the Child," the second of the pageants by Professor Smith, was presented twice, while the address dealt with the "Christian Heritage of the Child."

The most striking scene perhaps of the whole convention, and one which cheered the hearts of every Christian worker was the monster parade of Christian Japanese children on Sunday afternoon, October 10th. Accompanied by delegates and mission workers, resident in Japan 15,000 children marched through the streets of Tokio. The delegates were presented with special souvenir flags of the occasion,



Miss Tweedie, leading Evangelist worker in Methodist Mission at Kofu, and her Sunday School class.

School leaders of the past. Justice John J. MacLaren, of Toronto, unveiled the following ones: that of E. K. Warren, of Evanston, Illinois, chairman of the world convention at Jerusalem and Rome; W. N. Hartshorn, suggestor and promoter of the Jerusalem convention; A. B. McGrillis, an honorary vice-

parts of the Methodist buildings. These places are marked for their cleanliness, their brightness and airiness, and here many Canadian and American women are working hard in the interests of the children. In photo two is shown the visiting delegate and a group of Bible women at Kofu. (Continued on page 48)

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. CORA HIND

The cover of the Saturday Evening Post for January first contains a suggestion which seems to me highly significant.

The New Year is portrayed as the usual fat and rosy urchin, but this time he has a pick over his shoulder and a dinner pail in his hand. If this means anything it means that if we are to prosper in the New Year we must get down to brass tacks, in other words we must work more, spend and talk less than we have done in 1920.

The history of 1920 has been a history of strikes and unrest in the industrial world, the loss of time and money has run into hundreds of millions; the agricultural world has not escaped the contagion of unrest and even where farmers themselves have worked hard and faithfully they have not felt the evil effects of the general unrest and idleness, because the quality of farm labor has been, as a rule, in direct inverse ratio to the price which farmers have been obliged to pay.

The world at large has clamored for shorter hours and more money as an offset to the high cost of living, without stopping to reason that higher wages and lowered production are the chief factors in the H.C.L.

Prices are climbing down, but alas, work is climbing down also, and even now there are thousands of men who a year ago were clamoring for shorter hours of labor, who are today seeking earnestly for work and in many cases finding none.

Deflation has come with a bump and there is no disguising the fact that there are some very strenuous times ahead for all of us, but if hard times only teach us to be thankful for the opportunity to labor and produce, they will be worth going through. This is no argument against organized labor or against the rightness of making every reasonable endeavor to improve our condition as workers, but it is a plea for everyone, man and woman, to respect their jobs and themselves sufficiently to do their work well and be thankful that they have work to do.

It seems that more than any other thing, the world needs a new vision of the beauty and dignity of work well done, an honest pride in craftsmanship, and a sense of loyalty, not merely to employers, but to the world of other workers. Every job slackly or badly done, is not merely a money loss to employers, which is bad enough, but it is a loss to every other worker in the world. For many years there has been an increasing cry for "our rights and other peoples' duties" and it is high time that individually and collectively we begin to think of "other peoples' rights and duties." Our wishes to friends that they may have "a happy new year" are valueless unless we individually make every effort by work well done; by the cultivation of a spirit of contentment and hope to make the world a better place to live in.

Recently there came to my desk "with the compliments of the writer" two very excellent hand books on Canada, by Florence B. Low, one entitled "Openings for British Women in Canada," and "Education in Canada." Both books are profusely illustrated with accurate photographs of places, schools, farms, etc., in Canada.

It is of great interest to note how frequently in speaking of openings for British women in Canada, Miss Low reminds her readers of the wisdom of taking training in Canada before venturing money in new enterprises or attempting positions of responsibility.

Miss Low has secured and published many letters from old country women who have come to Canada. In these letters are numerous hints as to mistakes to be avoided and difficulties to be overcome.

The book gives no rosy picture of fortunes waiting to be picked up but gives a fair and honest account of the chances for women if they are willing to learn the ways of the country and to work hard. The book on "Education in

Canada" is equally truthful and explicit.

Books of this character have been none too plentiful in the past, but it would seem as if the tide had turned and at last Canada has been portrayed honestly, neither as a paradise or an inferno, but a country where opportunity awaits honest effort.

Having met Miss Low when she was working in Canada, I can say from personal knowledge that she came with a desire to find out exact conditions and she has made a better attempt at portraying them than almost anyone who has preceded her in this field, save and except Miss Gladys Pott, who came out in 1919 for the women's land army.

Speaking of injustices to Canada and more especially Western Canada, one cannot help regretting the extent to which Canada is wounded in the house of her friends, or those who should be her friends.

This Christmas several books were on the market by western Canadian authors and with a desire to do the west justice, I purchased and read them, with a view to sending them overseas and to the east, as gifts. To-day they lie on my living room table awaiting a convenient moment to be thrown down the garbage chute. Not one of these books would I send out of the country. Not one gives a true picture of life in the Canadian west. Practically all of them appear to be re-hashes of early romances of the western states with Canadian names attached. Particularly and peculiarly are the women characters a travesty of the women of the West. Having lived here for 38 years and covered the country from the eastern boundaries of Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains year after year, I feel as if I had a fairly comprehensive idea of life on western prairies as it has been lived from 1882 to 1920, but I cannot recognize any phase of it as faithfully portrayed in the western novels issued this year, or in many, very many of them which have been issued in past years, for that matter.

Life, the life of the common people, is interesting anywhere and always and in our new country there is never any lack of incident. There is no need to borrow from the United States the "gun drawing cow girl" or the young woman who obtains money under false pretenses while posing as a model of virtue.

The life of any family, in any one of the three prairie provinces, if described day by day by one with an observant eye, a sympathetic heart and a ready pen, would be stranger and much more fascinating than such cheap melodrama.

Nellie L. McClung has given us two such books of actual life in Manitoba, "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second Chance," and it would be well for the west if a few more of our western authors would follow her example.

Some day there will be a great epic

of the west written either prose or verse, possibly both, but in the meantime let us have some true stories of everyday life of "Just Folks" who are building up in the west a strong, true national life.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE NEWS

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

Minnedosa, Man.

The members of the Women's Institute met for the first monthly meeting on January 29. They were favored by Mrs. Tolhurst reading a very interesting and humorous address of Mrs. Nellie McClung. We continued to send parcels of clothing and so on to destitute families in the West. In return we received letters of thanks and it made us want to do more for them.

Miss McClung, our district nurse, arranged with our society to start a St. John's ambulance class. While this is a good thing, and much good information might be gained from it, the class was not large enough to justify its continuance.

Early in February a sale of home cooking and farm produce was held to raise money to buy some new books for our library. A little over twenty dollars was realized, which enabled us to get quite a few books. At our February meeting our district nurse, Miss McClung, gave us a very interesting paper on "The Feeding of Young Children." An appeal was made to our society to give something towards the Minnedosa Memorial Fund, so we gave them a donation of \$5.00.

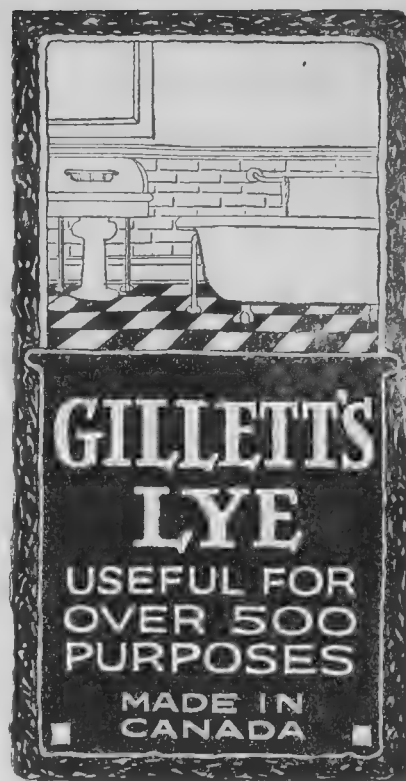
At our March meeting we were favored by the reports from our delegates, Mrs. Borthistle, Mrs. W. Halpenny and Mrs. Boyd, who had attended the Women's Institute Convention at Winnipeg. At this meeting we had with us a former president, Mrs. Cooper. She was here from British Columbia, on her way to England. She gave us a concise address about the women's institute and district nurses of British Columbia.

At the April meeting we had a splendid talk on "dressmaking" by Mrs. R. J. McKay, a former dressmaker from our own town.

It was arranged to hold the district convention at Minnedosa on June 2nd. At our May meeting we made all the arrangements for the convention. Owing to wet weather we did not have as large attendance as we expected, but nevertheless it was a success. Dr. W. A. McIntyre came up from Winnipeg, and gave us an interesting lecture on "The Child and the Community." Mrs. D. Watt of Birtle gave us a talk on "Women's Institutes in General." We had singing and music, after which the company sat down to a good luncheon.

As we expected an election soon we thought it a good plan to have some one give us a talk on voting, so at our June meeting Mr. G. Eakins, a lawyer in our town, gave us a very instructive address on the "Franchise Act."

July being a holiday (Contd. on page 34)



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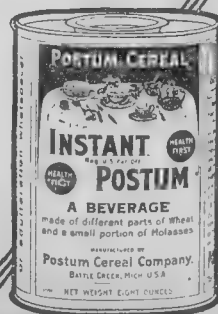
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A Short Monthly Talk on the Proper Care of the Skin, Teeth, Hair and Hands

By MARGARET MAXWELL

In the December issue we dealt with the care of the hands, skin and hair. In this issue we intend to discuss proper shampooing of the hair and care of the teeth.

Shampooing the Hair

When the scalp is thin and tightly bound down to the skull, its circulation is interfered with and the hair consequently suffers. In such cases frequent massaging of the scalp stimulates the flow of blood and loosens up any adhesions. When applied frequently it promotes the growth of hair by nourishing the roots. This also increases the secretion of the oil glands and tends to keep the scalp and the hair oily. Though some people object to oily hair, a little oil makes the hair appear glossy, while dry hair looks colorless and dead.

A great many people have the idea that the oftener the hair is washed the greater the chance for having a beautiful head of hair. This is entirely erroneous. The scalp should not be washed too frequently, as this removes the natural oil and makes the scalp dry and tight, a condition that we must guard against. Once or twice a month is sufficient.

Before shampooing, shake out the hair and brush thoroughly. Now with the

tips of the fingers massage the scalp by placing firmly on the head and moving the scalp in a circular manner. This loosens the scalp and causes proper circulation. Massage gently, and never irritate the scalp in any way as this causes dandruff.

In shampooing the hair a lather is made with warm water and any good soap or a tincture of green soap, and rubbed vigorously into the scalp with the fingertips. The hair is then rinsed in warm water and then in cold water. Be sure and rinse all soap from the hair, as this in many cases is the cause of dandruff. A soft towel is laid or pressed on the head. In summer nothing is better for the hair than to dry it in the sun. However, when this is not possible, the heat of a fire must be resorted to. The scalp is next massaged with the fingers until it becomes oily again, or if it remains dry a very little pure vaseline, olive or almond oil may be rubbed in. If the scalp is not massaged after washing it sometimes remains tight and dry causing sickly looking hair.

As pointed out before, brushing not only smoothes the hair, but distributes through it the natural oil secreted by the glands situated at the roots, and stimulates the circulation of the scalp. There-

fore it is well to brush the hair well before dressing it in the morning and when retiring for the night.

Nothing adds more to a woman's appearance than a well-cared for head of hair.

Massage for the face is also as beneficial as for the scalp. Especially is this true of the face that is thin, dry and inclined to wrinkle.

When the face is lined with wrinkles, it indicates that the muscles under the skin need attention. They need exercise. They need building up. Oil is used by beauty specialists for the strengthening of wasted tissues. The oil should be applied with a patting motion rather than rubbing, using the tips of the fingers for patting. Wherever the lines appear in the face, pat in the oil. The great trouble with advising people to massage the face to eliminate wrinkles, is that instead of patting and rubbing the face lightly, they go at it too strenuously, believing that the harder they rub the quicker the lines will disappear. This, of course, is not true, as severe massaging often loosens the skin and causes it to sag.

Along with the muscle oil, there are skin foods specially recommended for fattening thin faces. Before using a skin food, the face should be thoroughly cleansed with a reliable cleansing cream and then wiped off with a skin tonic. Then, before the skin becomes quite dry, apply the skin food. Do not be afraid of using too much, as it acts not only as a tonic but as a food to the wornout tissues.

In the extremely thin face the lines are usually rather deep set and it requires patience and perseverance to eradicate these lines. In such a case it would be well to use both the muscle oil and the skin food. Massage the face gently, using a circular motion, with the skin food, and then pat the oil over the wrinkled portions of the face.

Care of the Teeth

In order that the teeth may be kept in a healthy condition, they should be cleansed thoroughly night and morning, and also after every meal. A very firm toothbrush must always be used and a good antiseptic powder or paste. There are many reliable brands to choose from. When a powder is used it is well to sometimes turn to a paste, or even a lotion.

People who suffer much from throat trouble, as so many do in the winter, will be wise to occasionally use a mouth wash, so as to keep the mouth thoroughly healthy. Peroxide of hydrogen diluted with water is very good.

If the gums show a tendency to recede, the best thing to do is to apply precipitated chalk. It must be freely rubbed on to the neck of the teeth and left on for several hours. Night is the best time for this remedy. It must be repeated several times. One important point to remember is to brush the teeth up and down as well as along.

Tartar is a deadly enemy to the teeth, and unfortunately in many mouths it collects with great rapidity, and once it is of any thickness it is not easy to remove. Frequent and thorough brushing are the best means of prevention, and if it is already there, special efforts must be taken to remove it. An application of carbonate of soda and citric acid is very useful, especially in cases where the tartar is not very thick.

THE NORTHLAND

By Josephine E. Smith

Far up north the winds are blowing
And the snowdrifts all piled high,
Colder still and colder growing,
Frosty stars shine in night's sky;
But down here 'tis warm as summer,
Everywhere the grass is green;
How I'd change it all for one look
At the snowdrift's diamond gleam!

On the mountain's sloping hilside
Great big pines with trunks of brown
Snowbirds chirping in the branches,
Squirrels running up and down;
Here, plowed fields of level lowland,
Fed by water in a ditch;
How I'd give them all for boulders
On the mountain's steepest pitch!

And the lake beyond the forest,
Floating cakes of ice, wind-swept;
Giant mountains raise their summits
In the cold blue sky-sea's depth;
But down here the green leaves rustle
In the breeze as it goes by;
Flowers in bloom—but, oh, those mountains
White against that steel-blue sky!

MY LITTLE LAMP

By Grace G. Bostwick

I have a little lighted lamp
That shines forever in my heart;
It guides me both by night and day
From sordidness apart.

I have a little lighted lamp
That casts its radiance afar
To show my fellows all about,
How very dear they are.

I have a little lighted lamp,
That glows so bravely in the dark,
As though to show the saving way
From fear's enslaving mark.

I have a little lighted lamp,
That never fails me, shine or rain,
It is a magic lamp that turns
My losses unto gain.

I have a little lighted lamp,
My love of folks—life—everything;
It is the light that joys my heart—
And gives me voice to sing!

WHY?

By Ida M. Thomas

The dead lie there in peace and quietness;
And we pass by,
Tossed with life's turmoils, bowed beneath
a load
So heavy that our spirits bend to breaking,
And cast a pitying glance to where they
lie
In peace and quietness—
I wonder why?

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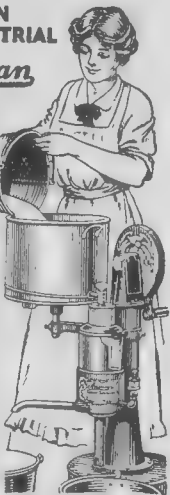
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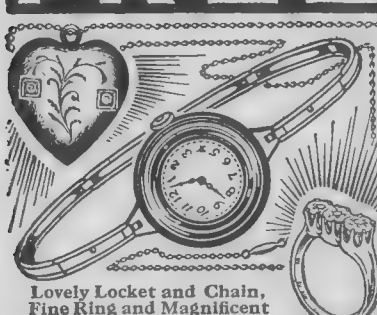


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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

THE SEED GRAIN SITUATION

THIS is the period of the year when one turns to consider the merits and demerits of the various kinds of seed grain offered for sale. The purchase of seed is necessarily a serious undertaking as it represents the harvest in embryo. At the present time there are several varieties of wheat on the market which have not been thoroughly subjected to the test of time, and owing to the vicissitudes of our climate, it is not safe to form any definite opinion as to the advisability of adopting such wheats on a large scale until they have been given at least three or four years' test. The wheat that may be claimed to yield heavily, may also be an easy victim to rust, while on the other hand, a so-called rust proof variety may prove a very inferior milling wheat. Caution is very necessary in the purchasing of any new variety in spite of splendid achievements gained by it during a period of one or two years. In Manitoba, the past cycle of dry years may give place to wet ones and then our theories may be badly upset in regard to the best varieties of wheat.

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND THEIR UPKEEP

Considering the price of farm implements, they certainly commend themselves to our best care in all seasons. The enemies of farm machinery are numerous and in addition to the usual wear and tear we have the detrimental influence of the sun, dust and rain. The sun gets in its work on the paint and thus the first line of defence is weakened; after which the rain will start rust on the various parts while those parts protected by oil and grease start their troubles when the dust begins to fly. Our horses, as a general rule, get the necessary care which enables them to give us the best of their pulling power, and in a like way it is as well to consider the added benefit to ourselves arising from a little additional care bestowed on the farm machinery.

Machinery left out to the mercy of the weather goes down in value very rapidly, and thus makes a big incursion in the farm revenue through sundry premature breaks and strains. It is said by observant men that the average period of usefulness of farm machinery in this country is five years, while, by the judicious use of shelter this period may be lengthened to ten years. Here we have an illustration of how a bad bill of costs may be cut in two by protective measures. It may be a hard task to pack all one's machinery away, but it is obviously harder to meet a bill of expense arising through lack of shelter.

The timely application of a coat of paint is equivalent to the proverbial stitch in time, for such measure gives the necessary protection that keeps out the stealthy enemy, rust. In regard to the bearings, a periodical clean out by the use of coal-oil will put them in a more satisfactory and a safer condition than in the case where the use of a lubricant is all that is applied, for in the latter case, the oil forms a gummy substance composed of oil and grit, after which the wearing out of the bearings begins in earnest. An occasional pumping in of coal-oil will bring this dirt out in a black stream.

In regard to the shelter, a poor one is better than none at all. For choice, a well drained location should be chosen and old lumber may be used to serve a very useful purpose. A lean-to roof would do very well, for the main object is to fend against the weather rather than to produce an elegant building, and it need not be situated in a very prominent position. The back wall of a barn makes a good start toward such a building, and onto this may be placed the roof and sides of the implement shed, but of course a shelter for machinery need not be very high, in fact, just high enough to allow a binder to enter.

Having erected the shed, the next best thing is to establish a stringent rule that machinery coming in from the field must be run under cover before the team is unhitched, for if any implements are left in the yard, a precedent is set which will bring in its train the habit of just leaving things anywhere and everywhere, which amounts to a disregard for the value of machinery and the subsequent weathering of the same. The price of many an imple-

ment shed is lost annually in the cost represented by the depreciation of machinery that has been allowed to stand out in all kinds of weather.

In the actual use of farm machinery, it may be said that oil is cheaper than steel, in other words, the frequent application of oil is better than having the bearings wear away, not to omit the extra pull required from the team to keep the machine moving. To encourage the use of the oil-can the latter may be attached to any implement by the following scheme.

Save all your tomato or similar cans until you have about a dozen, then punch two holes at the top edges opposite each other; loop a piece of copper wire to make a miniature bucket handle and there you have a little bucket to hold the oiler. This bucket can be attached to any implement by an extra piece of wire and as each machine is taken out to the field the oiler may be transferred from the respective buckets. The swing allowed by the handle will allow for a good deal of rough travelling without shaking out the oiler.

PREPARING FOR THE HATCHING SEASON

The time will soon be here when efforts will again be renewed to secure a big hatch of thriving chicks. The demand for poultry and poultry produce justifies every effort (properly directed) in the raising of poultry. The publicity given the egg laying contests being held at different points through the Dominion has aroused an interest, both sporting and commercial it may be said, in the productive powers of carefully selected birds.

In regard to the hatching plans it may be said that good healthy breeding stock is one of the greatest factors behind the success of the hatch. When an incubator is run for the benefit of "any kind" of eggs it generally amounts to time and money. The fresher the eggs the better it is for success. Eggs intended to be used for incubation should have the best of care; they should be kept in an even temperature of from 50 to 60 degrees Fahr., free from draughts and should be kept in a covered box so as to avoid as much evaporation as possible until the incubator is ready for them.

The incubator should be of a good reliable make, as any machine that goes under the name of an incubator is not necessarily a successful hatcher of eggs. It should be placed in a well ventilated cellar with a fairly even temperature or a room under the same conditions, but avoid sudden changes of temperature where a room is used, for though fresh air is necessary, draughts are to be strictly avoided.

In starting the machine it is advisable to run it for several days with the eggs in so as to insure good regulation, and when the eggs are in the temperature should be got up as soon as possible. In regard to temperature, 102 degrees is usually recommended for the standing thermometers and 103 for the hanging thermometers.

Moisture should be given consideration for as a rule the more ventilation that is given the more moisture will be required. This can be applied in a pan beneath the egg tray or a wet sponge placed, in some makes, above the hot-air pipes.

THE INCREASING INTEREST IN TOMATOES

If the question were asked "What product of your garden was the most popular during the past five seasons?" we fancy the majority of those who were in touch with the public and managed gardens containing a large variety of fruit and vegetables, would say the tomatoes were the general favorite. The past few years have seen the development of the tomato advanced from the experiential stage to a place of assured permanent success. By making tests of cultural methods and placing different varieties side by side year after year, we are now in a fairly well placed position to make recommendations in (Cont'd on page 34)

50 Eggs a Day



"More Eggs" Tonic is a Godsend," writes Mrs. Myrtle Ice, of Boston, Ky. She adds, "I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now I get 50." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs", the wonderful egg producer, and you will be amazed and delighted with results.

Hens Lay in Coldest Weather

During these zero days your hens will need my tonic to keep them in fine laying condition. Just read the letters below telling how users actually got eggs during the winter. You, too, can make your hens lay now. This scientific tonic has been tried, tested and proven by over 400,000 chicken raisers. Try Reefer's "More Eggs" on my iron clad money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

\$1.00 Package FREE

If you wish to try this great profit maker, simply send \$1.00 today to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, Fort Erie, Ontario, and ask for his special free package \$1.00 offer. Mr. Reefer, will send you two \$1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS"; the extra package being free. The Million Dollar Merchants Bank of Kansas City, Mo., guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned at any time, within 30 days - on request. No risk to you. Write today for this special free offer.

Read These Letters Showing Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

Made Remarkable Increase

Before using your "More Eggs" Tonic, I was only getting 2 or 3 eggs a day, inside of two weeks, I was getting from 12 to 15 a day from 30 pullets, so I highly recommend your remedies.

MRS. HARRY WARNER, St. Catharines, Ont.

Hens Layed All Winter

We have found so much satisfaction in your "More Eggs" Tonic. Our hens have layed all winter while others around here have not. We do not want to be without it. MRS. I. MURTAGH, Leamington, Ont.

Got 12 Eggs—Now Gets 60 Eggs

I tried your "More Eggs" Tonic last January and it is the best I ever had. I had 100 chickens and was only getting from 12 to 16 eggs a day. I started feeding them your Tonic and now I get from 50 to 60 eggs a day. I cannot praise it enough and will be very glad if you will send me \$5 worth.

MR. J. KEARNLY, Hamilton, Ont.

Send Coupon!

Just fill in and mail coupon today and enclose only \$1.00. You will be sent, at once, two \$1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS," the extra package being FREE. Don't wait—take advantage of this free offer TODAY! Reap the BIG profits "MORE EGGS" will make for you. Have plenty of eggs to sell when the price is highest. Send TODAY—NOW!

\$1 Package FREE

E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert, Dept. 551, Fort Erie, Ont. Dear Mr. Reefer:—I accept your offer. Send me the two \$1.00 packages of Reefer's "More Eggs" for which I enclose \$1.00, the extra package being free. You agree to refund me \$1.00 at any time within 30 days, if both of these packages do not prove satisfactory in every way.

Name.....

Address.....

About the Farm

By Allan Campbell
Contd. from page 33

regard to the varieties to grow and the best average conditions under which they will succeed. At this time of the year we have a little leisure to cast our eyes back over our horticultural successes and failures of the season of 1920, and to prepare to profit by both phases of the work in the spring ahead of us. Our failures in tomato growing must not be taken too hardly as it has been proven that these plants are capable of producing a tremendous revenue from a comparatively small patch and they are certainly well worth persisting in year after year. One factor which is greatly in their favor is that they may be picked green and ripened after, which places the grower in a very advantageous position over the vicissitudes of the climate. Even as green product for pickling they are of good use to us, but it is a poor season indeed that does not see a very large proportion of the tomato crop harvested in a ripe state; that is, of course, if the varieties most favorably adapted to the country have been used and a reasonable amount of care has been bestowed upon them.

The profits from early tomatoes are much greater than from later ones, hence it is desirable to have the plants well advanced when set out in the open, which means, of course, that they must have early germination. From nine to ten weeks is considered the proper amount of time between sowing and planting out, but the latter operation must be accomplished after the danger of frost is over.

In regard to procuring the seed it is obvious that it should be of the acclimatized sort and from reliable seedsmen. When the time can be spared it is an excellent plan to secure seed from the most outstanding individual plants from year to year and thus establish a line of elite stock that should arouse the envy of your neighbors and create a market for your special line of produce.

Rich loamy soil is the kind recommended for the growing of tomatoes. The seed may be started either in a greenhouse, hotbed or dwelling house. When sown in a hotbed the seeds are usually sown thickly, in rows about four inches apart. The seed is planted from one-quarter to one-half an inch deep and after covering with soil the latter is pressed down with the hand to firm it. The soil should be kept moist but not wet. As soon as the rough leaves appear, the little plants are pinched out about two inches apart each way into other flats

or hotbeds. When growing the hotbed they should be transplanted at least twice. The plants should eventually be about five inches apart to give the shoots a good opportunity to develop. Plants should be hardened off well by giving good ventilation and removing glass in hotbeds in day time before setting out, as they will stand cool air much better after planting.

Either a good sandy loam or a light clay loam is suitable for tomatoes which, of course, should be warm. A soil which has been manured for a previous crop is usually in good condition for tomatoes.

In regard to the planting out in the garden, three feet each way is considered sufficient for early varieties and those that are staked. Care should be taken in planting not to disturb the soil about the roots of the plants while taking them from the hotbed. If the plants appear to be too drawn out before they are set out they should be planted deeper in the ground than they otherwise would be. The stems will soon throw out roots, and by planting the tall plants deep in this way they will not be so easily broken by wind. In case of severe frost being expected soil may be mounded up about the plants.

The chief work after planting is cultivation which should be done both ways in the plantation. The surface soil should be kept loose from the day the plants are set out until they meet one another.

An excellent way of growing tomatoes is to train them to stakes. By this method, only one stalk is allowed to grow, the lateral shoots being pinched out as they appear, but leaving the flower clusters and all leaves on the main stem, the terminal shoot being tied to the stake as it grows. Stakes five feet in length and about one and a half inches in diameter are needed.

By the staking method the tomatoes get a much better chance to ripen and are clean and more attractive looking.

Among the best varieties of tomatoes are Alacritty, Sunnysbrook Strain, Earliana, Chalk Early Jewel, Florida Special, Earlibell.

Tests have been conducted in the ripening tomatoes as follows:

1. Placed in direct sunlight in a window.
2. In a dim corner in a room.
3. In airtight light proof bags.
4. In a box in the dark on basement floor.

In one such test the results were as follows:

Those placed in direct sunlight in a

window were the quickest in ripening, but 40 per cent. of the fruit was soft.

Those placed in a dim corner in a room took longer to ripen but showed only 17 per cent. of soft fruit.

Those placed in airtight light proof bags took longer than the former two groups to ripen by some days, but perfectly sound green fruit should be used, as a good many of the blushed specimens in this test did not come through in good condition.

Those placed in a box in the dark on basement floor gave practically 100 per cent. of ripe fruit in good condition.

The temperature in which these tests were conducted averaged about 56 degrees Fahrenheit.

MAKING WINTER CHORES LESS IRKSOME

This is the season of chores and schemes to reduce them to the minimum of trouble are continually presenting themselves. The stable wheel barrow for cleaning out purposes is abolished on some farms in favor of a manure boat to which a horse can be hitched and a much larger load of manure hauled away to the pile. The boat has the additional advantage of being low and easier to fork the manure on to.

A few barrels in the stable filled with water during the day will save the early morning trip to the well at the coldest part of the twenty-four hours, especially if the pump decides to freeze during the night. In the latter case the stock will be watered as usual and the thawing out process may be undertaken at a more favorable time.

Boiled feeds are very beneficial to the horses during winter, but the boiling of the feed is sometimes a very unpopular task as the monopolizing of the kitchen stove for this purpose is apt to be resented at times. By erecting a tripod and having a hanging pot outside will provide a means of utilizing old pieces of otherwise useless lumber and brush for fuel thus helping to clean up the place and at the same time boil the feed without interfering with the plans of the farm household.

Woman's Institute News

Annual Report

Contd. from page 31

month we were also taken by the holiday spirit, and spent a social afternoon at the home of Mrs. Robt. Woodcock. At the summer fair in town, our society assisted Miss McClung, the district nurse, to hold a baby clinic, and it was indeed a success, a great number

of babies being examined.

Owing to the illness of our president on the day of our August meeting, we adjourned without doing any business. Mrs. Robt. Woodcock was our appointed president for the year, but owing to ill-health she resigned, and Mrs. Rorke, our former president, took office and proceeded to carry on the good work.

At the September meeting Mrs. Rorke read an article by Emily Murphy on the "Drug Habit," after which arrangements were made to provide lunch for the children on the day of the boys' and girls' club fair.

The boys' and girls' fair was held on October 8th, and the ladies of the Women's Institute served lunch to a great many children. During the month of October we had a sale of home cooking and farm produce to help the soldier settlers in need. We realized \$15, and it was forwarded to Mrs. Rogers, Soldiers' Settlement Board, Winnipeg. We were invited to hold our October meeting at the home of our president, Mrs. Rorke. After the business was transacted we were served a dainty afternoon tea.

For the November meeting we were invited by Mrs. McEckerman to spend a social evening at her home. Everyone seemed pleased with the change, as there was a large crowd turned up. After spending a few pleasant hours, lunch was served and the party broke up, being the end of a perfect day.

Emerson, Man.

Dear Madam:—Re your enquiry concerning the success of our past year's work in girl guiding, I shall endeavor to give as brief an outline as so vast a subject will permit.

The girl guides of Emerson organized into a company of about thirty, under the leadership of a captain and lieutenant responsible to the women's institutes for the company formed.

Girl guide training includes home-craft, physical development, woodcraft, and discipline. To instruct in all these branches, which meant learning them also, seemed too difficult for two people possessing only the training of public school teachers, and handicapped by school work in one instance and housework in the other. We desired, therefore, to enlist the services of the women's institute members, selecting each lady to do the work which experience had proven she could do best. As a result, ladies came to the women's institute rooms and demonstrated their best and simplest cookery. Others with musical ability taught physical games, and our girls delighted more than one audience with their folk-dancing. Another member, a trained nurse, taught the girls first aid work, and surely no one witnessing our April display ever saw more expert bandaging done, and surely never by children only eleven years old.

The outdoor part of the training fell into the capable hands of a Y.W.C.A. worker, spending this year at her home near here. And now I write the best part of my report, for we have persuaded Miss McKay to take over our girl guide work. As she has varied her C.G.T. work with social settlement work in Minneapolis, and possesses a beautiful character and charming personality, our success for 1921 is assured. Miss McKay has chosen four young ladies to work with her, each with special talent for at least one branch of the work. Already a 1921 programme is being planned.

Although the girl guides must not accept charity, they are not at all averse to the many conveniences and encouraging advantages made possible through their connection with the Emerson Women's Institute.

We hope to send along a photograph after Christmas.

Mrs. H. G. Whitman (captain).

A Fair Exchange

Maid (from next door)—"Mr. Jones sends his compliments, and would you please shoot your dog, as it keeps him awake?"

Mr. Snapp—"Give my respects to Mr. Jones and tell him I shall greatly be his debtor if he will poison his daughter and burn her piano."



Cheapest Way to Clear Land

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My Big New Book of Stump Pullers

Tells How to Clear Stump Land for Big Crops

QUICKER-CHEAPER-EASIER!

Send the coupon below and I will mail my big, new Stump Puller Book FREE and POSTPAID. Describes the Kirstin ONE MAN Stump Pullers in detail. Tells why they weigh less—cost less—yet have greater speed, power, strength and last longer! ONE MAN alone pulls stubborn stumps—Quick, Cheap, Easy! Soon pay their cost in labor saved, BIGGER CROPS, increased land value—and go on making money for years. Get the book today!

Kirstin ONE MAN Stump Puller

Has wonderful, new leverage principle. A few pounds pull or push on handle exerts tons on stump! Pulls big, little, green, rotten, low-cut, tap-rooted stumps—trees, hedges or brush. Pulls stubborn stumps in a few minutes at low cost. No horses or extra help needed! No digging, chopping or other expense! Several speeds. Low loosens 'em—high rips 'em out quick! Patented quick cable "take up" is a time, cable and machine saver. Puller made throughout of high-grade, tough steel. Three-year guarantee against breakage—law or no law.

Try It 30 Days FREE

All I ask is the privilege of sending the Kirstin for you to TRY 30 DAYS FREE on your own stump. Give it EVERY test. See how easily one man alone handles, operates and moves it around the field. PROVES all my claims. If satisfied—after 30 days' trial—keep puller. If not pleased—return at my expense. You don't risk a penny! Four easy ways to pay. The big BOOK explains EVERYTHING.

Book describes Kirstin One Man Clutch, Kirstin One Man Drum Model and Kirstin Horse Power Model. Also Special Agents' Proposition. Shipment from nearest distributing point saves time and freight. Write for the FREE Book today. Address



READ THIS LETTER
The different kinds of stumps I pulled with my Kirstin are Birch, Poplar, Cotton, Wood, Spruce and Pine. The largest stump was 42 inches in diameter and bedded in clay loam and took ten minutes to pull. We pulled 1500 stumps and averaged about three minutes each. In two weeks I cleared five acres with the machine.
Arthur Mercer, Monetville, Ont.

No Hired Help Needed One Man Does Everything
No longer need labor shortage prevent pulling pesky stumps. The One Man Kirstin solves your problem. It is the best and cheapest remedy for stump-pulling problems you can get. Write for book!

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CORNERS—THE MAIN ESSENTIAL

By Robert Cove Lloyd

Well do I recall the days of my childhood! Wondrous thoughts race through my mind as I dwell on the memory of those happy, golden days! I was one of a large family, and we all had a delightfully care-free certainty that if anything went wrong with us, well, father or mother would fix it. And I remember how religiously we clung to this faith, doubtless much of our after life is based on the simplicity of this early belief, and it is from this fact that I wish to make my leading thought.

When I was a mere baby in years, certainly not more than seven birthdays had passed, we moved house. This was a great event in our family, for father and mother had occupied the same dwelling for a number of years, and naturally many associations made them wish to cling to the old place, but it was situated in the country, and the move was taken in view of city educational advantages. Of a necessity the rooms in the city house differed both in size and shape from those we had left, and this fact entailed much careful planning. Just here is where I definitely place my point: It was whilst helping my father as he planned and laid the floor coverings that I gained what I firmly believe was my most valuable lesson in life!

We possessed, I remember, quite a quantity of very good, solid linoleum, and it had to be cut out to fit the new rooms. Many hours did father and I, his ever faithful, but oft times sleepy helper, spend on our knees over that lino. The picture is clear as though it had been but yesterday. Father was an elderly, serious-minded man, and no slapdash methods were used on that job! Every measurement was checked and rechecked, and while I held the hammer and tacks, meantime gaping sleepily to myself, (never would I dream of admitting that I was tired), I would wonder why father took such a long time over every little corner. But at last the final tack was hammered, and it was then that father and I took up a position in the middle of the floor and surveyed our handiwork with pride.

As I look back, I know that it was truly a good job, that our pride was justified; and my father's words ring clear in my ear: "See, my son, how perfectly it lays in the centre, not a wrinkle, that is because we took pains with the corners!"

That is the lesson I learned from the dear old man; it has stayed with me all the years, and I constantly find myself applying it to everyday life, with the consequence that it has become my firm belief that: "If we take care of the corners in our business, in the office, in our homes, then the centres will of a surety take care of themselves!"

A recruiting sergeant stationed in the south of Ireland met Pat and asked him to join the army. The latter refused, whereupon the sergeant asked his reason for refusing. "Aren't the king and the kaiser cousins?" asked Pat. "Yes," said the recruiting sergeant. "Well," said Pat, "begorra, I once interfered in a family squabble, and I'm not going to do again."—Chicago News.



An Emergency Stitch

BLUE RIBBON TEA

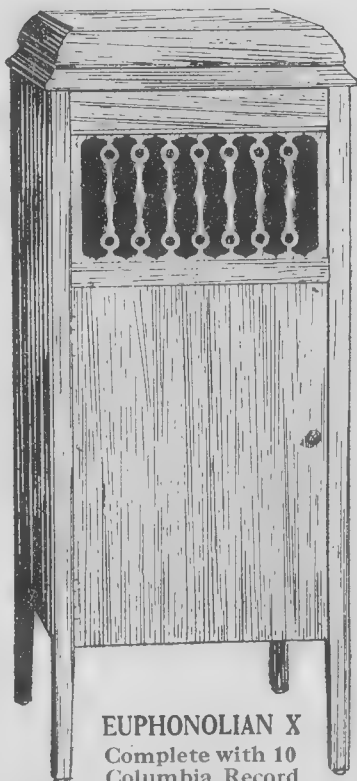
HAS A GOOD WAR RECORD

† It was the only tea in the World that did not advance its price in 1914, and, notwithstanding embargoes, submarining and scarcity of tonnage, BLUE RIBBON TEA of Standard Quality was kept constantly on sale in every store in Western Canada during the war.

† Now that conditions are normal, the quality of BLUE RIBBON TEA is better than ever. TRY IT.

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Complete with 10
Columbia Record
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EASY PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOUR
INDIVIDUAL CONVENIENCE

THIS special offer will have an extra appeal to those who have longed for a good phonograph at a price below present-day figures. This beautiful Euphonolian (model X) is the equal in appearance of most machines selling at a considerably higher price, and has all the up-to-date appointments of such phonographs. It is equipped with a universal tone arm that enables it to play all makes of records. * It has exceptionally strong motor, and the cabinets are finished in either mahogany or oak.

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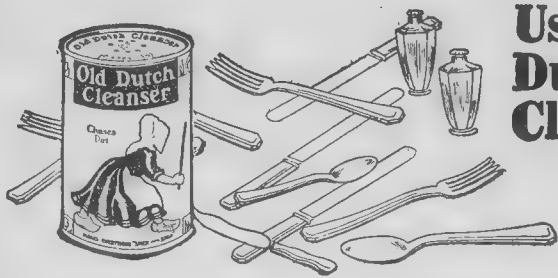
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your cutlery with Old Dutch. Removes all stains and tarnish quickly—easily. Gives them a bright clean polish. Contains no caustic or acids.

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Once again at stock-taking time comes your annual opportunity to purchase well-known standard makes of pianos at genuine saving prices. Stocks must be reduced, and they will be at these prices.

Send in Your Order To-day

The prices now available are for immediate purchasers. To obtain these savings you will have to act promptly.



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THIS SALE has a special interest for every prospective purchaser of a piano. It affords the opportunity of selecting a well-known standard make of piano or player-piano at a big saving, and on our easy payment terms and above all the guarantee of satisfaction that comes from dealing with "Western Canada's Greatest Music House."

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PHONOGRAPHS: Edison, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathephone, Phonola, McLagan, Starr and Euphonolian.

Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

STORIES OF PIONEER WOMEN

In the November issue we offered a prize of ten dollars for the best story of a pioneer woman in Canada, providing twenty stories would be received by the 15th of December. The required number were not sent, so we have decided to extend the time to the 15th of February. We believe our readers will very much appreciate these stories as they are real Canadian history. In fact, if our readers respond we might have an intensely interesting volume on the biography of Canadian women. One by one these women are passing from us, and with them stories that should be recorded for future generations as well as the present. Our ambition is to have one or more stories of these courageous women on this page every month for one year. Nearly every young woman or older woman knows a splendid pioneer woman. Let us know more of those strong loyal nation-building women who paved the way for our opportunity to-day. We are publishing the story this month of Mrs. Mary Ann Johnston, of Whittington, Ontario, written by her granddaughter, Mrs. Russell Hamilton, of Chaplin, Sask. The story is full of interest and instruction and describes a woman who thrills us with admiration and respect.

A PIONEER OF EASTERN ONTARIO

(By her granddaughter, Mrs. Russell Hamilton)

My maternal grandmother was a pioneer of Eastern Ontario, and as such had many interesting tales to tell of early life in the bush, and I am going to tell such

phrases, which she used to translate into English for us children, which to us was a most miraculous performance.

After living a few years in Little York, my great-grandfather took a notion to go farming, so he traded some houses and lots he had on College Street, near what is the intersection of College Street and Spadina Avenue to-day, for a bush farm some sixty miles north of the town of Little York, and made preparations to move to it. It was then grandmother experienced her first pioneering hardship in having to leave behind her doll's cradle, which her father had carved out for her, they had no room for unnecessary things, as all they could take to their new home was whatever they could pack in two wagons, which were drawn by oxen.

After a long, tiresome journey over corduroy roads, and in some places no roads only a blazed trail through the bush, they at last reached the bush farm, which had but a small clearing with a log shanty in the centre of it. The shanty still lacked doors and windows, but with the true pioneer spirit which does not grumble at inconveniences, they hung sturdy blankets and quilts in the door and window spaces, and made themselves as comfortable as possible till they were able to complete the dwelling, and very thankful they were when that was accomplished, as it was not uncommon for packs of timber wolves to be heard howling during the night.

While grandmother and her brothers and sisters were growing up they had no school to go to, so they spent their time helping around the farm, which was



The name of the great grandmother is Mrs. Mary Ann Johnston—her home was at Whittington, Dufferin Co., Ontario. The granddaughter is Mrs. Russell Hamilton, Chaplin P.O., Sask.

of her experiences as I can remember, which were told to me as stories, when, as a child, I played in grandmother's bright, airy kitchen, which to me was a wonderful place, with its shining windows full of ever-blooming geraniums, and its floor covered with many hued rag rugs, the work of my grandmother's hands.

Many a sunny afternoon have I sat on a chintz-covered stool at grandmother's side, watching her nimble fingers at work on some household sewing, or busy with one of her wonderful red and white pieced quilts, it might be the rising sun pattern, or the bear's paw, or the basket pattern quilt, but she never was too busy to tell me stories of "When we first came into the bush."

Grandmother came from Ireland to Canada with her parents in 1832 when but a baby, and her father many a time told her about how, on the voyage, her mother being too ill to care for her, he wrapped her in his coat and walked the deck for an hour at a time to give her mother a chance to rest.

Her first recollections are of a home in Toronto then known as Muddy Little York, where she was quite happy, except when fires would break out from people burning brush in the outskirts of the town. Their nearest neighbors, a French family, were burned out, and grandmother's parents took the family in and cared for them, thus grandmother picked up a number of French words, and

gradually being cleared of timber, and their cattle had grown to a small herd which pastured at large in the bush, one of the tasks set the children being to hunt them up and bring them home each morning. So one evening grandmother and one of her brothers went for the cows, and after a prolonged search located them and drove them out a few at a time, till all were turned homeward. By this time it was getting dusk, and, happening to look behind them, the child saw what they took to be the black calf ambling along slowly in their rear, so they went back and tried to drive it up with the rest of the herd, but do as they would, it kept breaking away from them, and at last disappeared altogether in the dense undergrowth. Sorrowfully they turned homeward, and on arriving related the story of the lost calf, when someone said, "Why, there is the black calf among the cattle," and sure enough it was, and it turned out to have been a big brown bear they had been trying to bring home.

Though grandmother did not get to school, her parents taught what they could, and though she did not study all the branches, she got along very well with arithmetic, and acquired the art of reading quite fluently, as I can remember from the chapters she many a time read aloud on a Sunday evening from her well worn bible; and she had a love for good poetry, which she often memorized. One of her favorites was a poem entitled, "The Better

Land," the first lines of which run as follows:

"I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother, where is that radiant shore,
Shall we not seek it and weep no more."

Church service was now organized and held in a neighbor's barn, and the people from far and near attended, the women and girls in their homespun dresses and sunbonnets. Grandmother had never described her appearance to me, but on different occasions grandfather told me that when he first saw her, she was a bright, rosy-cheeked girl, with beautiful, golden brown hair flowing about her shoulders.

Time passed and grandfather and grandmother were married, grandmother borrowing a dress from her elder sister for the occasion, for, with the needs of a large growing family, little could be spared from the family purse for extras, but having to borrow a dress did not cause grandmother much worry, and she and grandfather started happily to make a home for themselves.

Grandfather had bought a one hundred acre farm, and made a small clearing in which he erected a one-room log shanty, and one of grandmother's first duties on going to her new home was to help with the plastering of the cracks between the logs.

Their farm implements consisted of a hoe, an axe and a shovel, and of live stock they had but one calf.

Grandmother's days were very full for she helped with the planting, sowing and reaping, the grain being cut with hand sickles, and raked and bound by hand, at which she was an expert; but then grandfather always said there wasn't anything she couldn't do and do well. In addition to her regular housework she knit all the stockings and mittens, and braided all the hats from straw, and many times took a bundle of them to the nearest store which was many weary miles away, to return with tea and other necessary things in exchange.

Grandmother also spun her own yarn, first helping with the washing and shearing of the sheep. She undertook to teach me to spin one day when I had been admiring her work, and I got a ball of yarn spun, but it was very lumpy and uneven; needless to say I was quite proud of my achievement. She then made dyes from flowers such as golden rod, etc., with which to color the yarn, which was sent untwisted in skeins to a neighbor who had a loom, and it would come back in yards of wonderful red and black plaid, or blue and old gold striped homespun, which grandmother would cut into garments for all the family, from the oldest to the youngest, and spend her evenings sewing by the light of a tallow dip.

The candles were made at home by grandmother's skillful hands, in a mold in which she could make a dozen at a time. If for any reason the supply of candles ran out, she would put a twisted rag in a saucer of grease, light it and sew away.

A school had been built, and the children, who now numbered four, attended regularly, but, when everything seemed peaceful and prosperous, rumors of a terrible Fenian raid spread through the country, and the children went to bed at nights with terror in their hearts of what might happen during the night, for tales of horrible cruelty to children were related. Each night grandfather would bring the pitchforks from the barn, and stand them behind the door, along with the trusty old gun, to be ready to fight in case trouble arose. One night when the scare was at its worst, a gentle lifting and dropping of the latch was heard, this continued at intervals till grandfather ended the suspense by opening the door to face he knew not what, when who should the intruder prove to be; but old Tabby the cat, who was perched on a little shelf beside the door, and was doing her best to open the door with her paw. Happily the Fenian raid scare passed off in talk, and the people thankfully resumed the even tenor of their ways.

Spring in the bush was an interesting time, for then the maple sugar was made, Grandmother and the children taking an active part in the work, though many a time at nightfall they had wet feet and aching arms, through carrying pails of sap from the trees to the kettles through snow and slush and over brush and uneven places, they went cheerfully on with the "boiling down," and "sugaring off," till the season was over. Maple sugar was used almost exclusively at that

time for all household purposes, so they set aside a goodly store for home use, and the remainder was carried to the store to be exchanged for useful articles.

Of the "logging bees," "quiltings" and "picking bees," I haven't space to describe; suffice it to say that they were great centres of social intercourse, when neighbors gathered and helped each other gladly with the work in hand, and ended the day with a banquet, at which the table would have groaned beneath the weight of good things provided, had it been anything but a sturdy home-made one.

Grandmother was an excellent cook, her caraway cakes had a delicious way of melting in one's mouth, and her apple pie and Christmas pudding were unequalled. Many a traveller enjoyed a hearty meal at her well spread board, for

her hospitality was extended alike to friends and strangers, no one ever went hungry from her door, and many a basket of goodies found its way to those in need.

A church had been erected at the cross-roads, and when grandmother was planting trees and planning flower-beds to beautify the yard around the new house which they had built, she did not forget the church, but with her own hands planted cedar and evergreen trees in the churchyard, some of which still flourish, bearing mute testimony to her love for the beauties of nature.

More acres being added to the original hundred-acre farm, grandfather and grandmother found the work too heavy, and as the children were grown up and doing for themselves, they moved to a new home to enjoy a well earned rest.

It was here that I enjoyed so many quiet visits, and I can hear in imagination yet the hum of the old spinning wheel, and smell the scent of the old-fashioned flowers, of which the garden was full, peonies, phlox, larkspur, snap-dragon, hollyhocks, asters and many others, a riot of glorious color, and along the fence beyond the little picket gate, was a bed of wild flowers brought from the woods and carefully transplanted. Then the silver maples by the big road-gate, with their shimmering and ever-changing leaves made it all seem like fairy land to me.

And so grandmother lived her quiet helpful life till a few years ago, when she was called home on the eve of Easter Sunday. And so passed one of the pioneers of old Ontario. (Cont'd on page 39)



Free!

Mail the coupon below for a trial bottle of D. D. D. It is FREE. If you have eczema, psoriasis, ringworm, pimples, scales, rashes, or any skin ailment, mild or violent, do not fail to send for a trial bottle of D. D. D. It is a scientific compound of oil of wintergreen, glycerin, and other ingredients. This prescription is known to skin specialists to be uniquely successful in the treatment of skin diseases.

D. D. D. is the logical remedy. It is a penetrating liquid. It works its way right into the tiny pores where the disease germs are lodged, and cleanses them of impurities. The relief is instant. As soon as you apply D. D. D. to that burning, biting, itch, it will bring cool comfort and rest. Now you can get D. D. D. in a small trial bottle. Mail the coupon today. Hundreds of grateful people all over the World are recommending it to their friends. Prove to yourself what other's say is true, but don't wait. Get instant relief. Send the coupon today sure.

The Standard Skin Remedy D.D.D.

Read Amazing Indorsements from Grateful People:

I was a great sufferer with eczema, the weeping kind, about two years ago. Was laid up all winter. Tried all the doctors in reach and got no help. Saw an ad. of D.D.D. The first bottle helped me, but I was so bad one bottle did not last long. Both hands, arms, and legs to my knees were a sight to see. I used several bottles of course, but it was cheap after doctors. I am well of the terrible disease now but I keep D.D.D. close at hand.

PETER MERCER,
Pt. Burwell, Ontario.

Would my few lines help some sufferer from skin disease. A year ago I was a fright, you could not put a pin on my whole body. I was tormented beyond words. I could not sleep. I tried several doctors. At last they said "it is scrofula." Then Mrs. Ryder of Brookvale said, "try D.D.D." It helped me and I think it will help you. I used two sample bottles and three dollar bottles and I think I am cured as I have seen no sores or pimples for five months, thanks to your wonderful D.D.D.

JOHN M. CLARK,
Brookvale, N.B.

I had been troubled with eczema off and on for over 40 years and four years ago it broke out on me again. I was a complete wreck. One leg was raw from my toes to my body and the other was raw from my toes to my knee.

No living man could ever believe what I had to suffer for over a year. I have been doctored with 3 good doctors here in my own town. I believe they did all they could for me, but yet they are not to be compared with D.D.D. 4 years ago when the eczema broke out on me I saw your ad, and I sent for a dollar bottle and found it was doing me good so continued using until I was completely cured.

It took only 13 bottles and for three years I haven't had a sign of eczema. Some people ask me why it is that you don't advertise more and I tell them you don't need to advertise all the time for just to use a bottle is sufficient advertising.

When I was using your medicine and the people saw what it was doing for me I was advertisement enough for Chesterville, and after I was cured there was a school teacher came to see if I could tell her what would cure her of the same disease and I told her D.D.D. She used it and now she is back in her school teaching and not a sign of eczema.

If this letter is of any use to you, you may use it in any way you like. There is another in my family that suffered with the same disease and was cured by D.D.D.

RUFUS GARRETT,
Chesterville, Ontario.

With our baby the rash started on his cheeks. Later on the leg, then it appeared on his wrists. We tried doctors and salves for more than a year. He became worse and worse. His wrists were awful to look at. His forehead was covered and from ear to ear he was unsightly.

I had to make little cotton slips to pull over his hands to keep him from scratching. I spent \$50.00 in salves alone. Finally I got a bottle of D.D.D. and after reading the causes of eczema and the directions for using D.D.D. I commenced its use and soon saw a change. In about three weeks the sores were healed. He has been perfectly well now for a year. His face and hands are like velvet.

I would feel if I neglected to return thanks to the D.D.D. Company, I should be like one of the nine lepers.

Mrs. W. H. SPENCE,
McGregor, Manitoba.

D.D.D. COMPANY
27 Lyall Street
Dept. W.M. 59, Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen: Please send me trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.

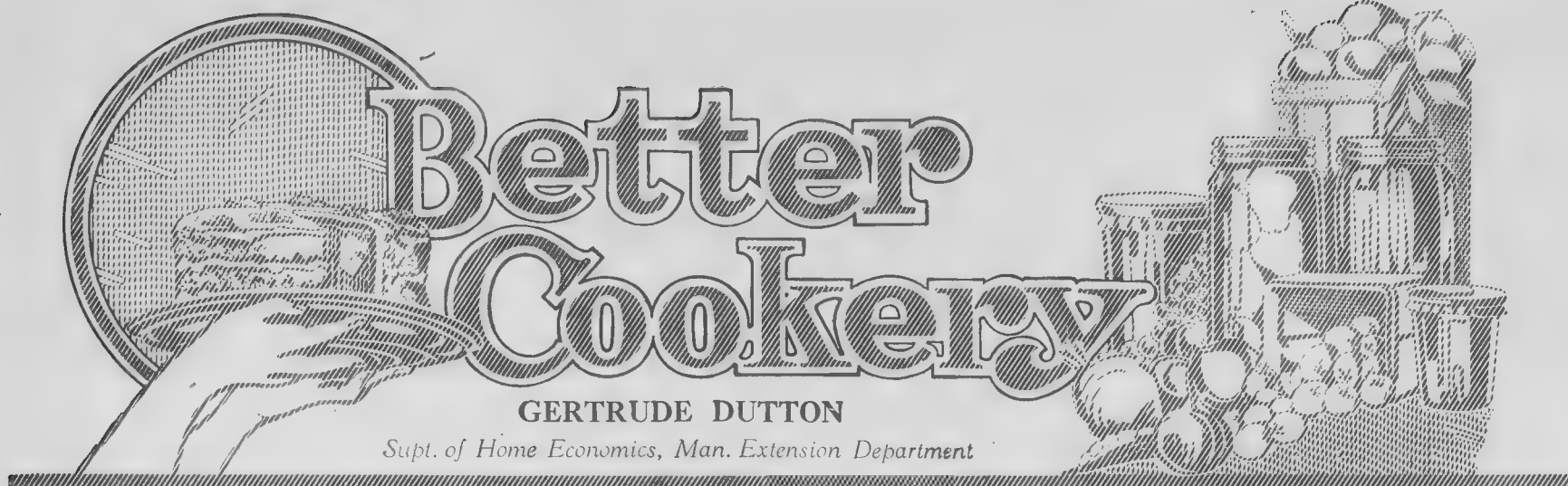
Name.....

Address.....

Mail the Coupon Today for Free Trial Bottle

Do this today. For a limited time only we will make this offer. We do it because we know that D. D. D. will do the same for you that it has done for others. Read above how this wonderful remedy has been of unspeakable benefit to others. See their signed letters and prove it to yourself before you turn this page. Send for D. D. D. and as soon as you apply it to that burning itch it will bring instant relief. Send today.

D. D. D. COMPANY, 27 LYALL STREET
TORONTO, ONT.



THE CUP THAT CHEERS

The simplest way to entertain one's friends is by serving afternoon tea. The arrangements may be elaborate or extremely simple. A table should be ready to receive the tray when it is brought in, unless the hostess is fortunate enough to have a tea cart which is wheeled in from the kitchen. The table may be covered with a dainty tea cloth, or left bare except for a centre piece. A vase of flowers, or pot of bulbs in bloom, adds much to the general attractiveness.

The daintiest dishes one possesses are used on these occasions. They do not need to "match." The tea service itself may be of china or of silver. There will be the tea-pot, a kettle of hot water, a pitcher of cream, bowl of sugar, and any other accompaniments desired, and if the tea is made at the table, a tea-caddy and a tea-ball. The cups and saucers should be arranged with the handles of the cups turned towards the person who pours the tea, the spoon lying in each saucer parallel with the handle of the cup. Luncheon napkins may be used. They are folded and laid in a pile on the tray or the table. Plates or baskets containing sandwiches, small cakes, etc., are placed on the tray if there is room, or on the table. If a tea-cart is used, the napkins, plates if used, sandwiches and cakes are placed on the lower shelf. A "curate," which is a stand with three small round shelves, is a convenience.

The tea is poured by the hostess or one of her friends, and passed, either by a member of the family, or one or more of the guests.

Making the Tea

The tea itself is of first importance. It is surprising how many women do not make particularly good tea. Some people prefer using a tea-ball, others consider tea so made rather flat and "raw." The use of a tea-ball, (which may be a perforated spoon, or a ball, plain or fancy, suspended by a chain,) requires a kettle of water boiled over a spirit lamp, on the table. Boiling water is poured over the ball of tea in the cup, which is left there till the tea is of the required strength, when it is removed. The tea in the ball is renewed after making two cups, unless very small china cups are used. But the old-fashioned brown earthenware tea-pots make, perhaps, the best tea. The pot is warmed, a good brand of tea put in it, then freshly-boiled water, actually bubbling, poured on it, and allowed to stand from two to five minutes, in a warm place, where it will not boil. Unless the

tea is to be all used at once, it should then be poured off the leaves into a second warm pot, where it may stand for some little time under a cosey without being injured. If the leaves are no longer there, tannin cannot be liberated.

Tea Accompaniments

There are several accompaniments which may be offered with the tea, besides the universal cream and sugar.

1. Lump sugar which has been rubbed over the surface of a washed and dried orange or lemon.
2. White or red rock candy, lemon drops or clove drops in place of sugar.
3. Sliced lemon daintily arranged on a plate, with a tiny fork lying across it.
4. Sliced oranges.
5. Whole cloves.
6. Candied cherries.
7. Candied ginger.
8. Cubes of candied pineapple.
9. Orange marmalade.

With the tea is passed something to eat. It may be a variety of hot breads, and fancy cakes, or just one. The present



Makes the Best Tea Better

tendency is towards simplicity. Tea with nothing but triangles of hot buttered toast is absolutely correct.

At formal affairs, the one rule to be observed is to serve nothing which will soil gloves. Forks are awkward to handle in a crowd, particularly if one is standing up.

The use of doyleys is optional, but hot breads are covered with a napkin to keep them warm. The custom of serving them in a covered silver dish is liable to cause steam to form.

Many pretty baskets are now to be had, in which to arrange sandwiches, rolls, or small cakes. Rather colorless sandwiches are improved in appearance, if they are decorated with sprigs of parsley, celery curls, strips of pimento, a few nasturtiums, or rings of olives.

We May Serve

- Wellesley toast.
- Plain buttered toast.
- Scones.
- Baking Powder biscuits, plain or with grated cheese added just before the liquid.
- Hot biscuits spread with lemon honey.
- Toasted rolls.
- Muffins, plain or containing raisins, dates or nuts.
- Sandwiches.
- Little cakes of many kinds.

Sandwich Fillings

1. Boston brown bread, spread with cream cheese.
2. Cream cheese and chopped olives.
3. Cream cheese and strawberry jam.
4. Cream cheese and grape jelly.
5. Cream cheese and currant jelly.
6. Cream cheese and chopped nuts.
7. Chopped nuts, chopped preserved ginger and cream cheese.
8. Lettuce, chopped nuts and salad dressing.

9. Thin slices of tomato with salad dressing.

10. Chopped chicken or veal on roast pork moistened with salad dressing, with a lettuce leaf.

11. Nut bread spread with butter.

Sandwiches for afternoon tea should be made of very thinly sliced bread on which softened butter is evenly spread, then cut in any fancy shapes desired, narrow strips, squares, triangles, etc. If much trimming is done, it should be before the butter and filling are used in order that they may not be wasted. The left-over bread can be used for buttered crumbs, etc.

Ribbon Sandwiches

Cut fairly thick slices of brown and white bread, having twice as many of the brown. Butter and press three together, having a white slice between two brown ones. With a sharp knife, trim off evenly, then cut this thick sandwich across in dainty little long narrow sandwiches, which will be in strips, a white one in the centre with a brown strip on either side.

Wellesley Toast

Toast the bread a golden brown, butter it, then sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixed together. It may be put in the oven for a moment before serving.

Open Chocolate Sandwiches

Melt two ounces of Sweet Chocolate, mix with it two teaspoons of butter, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts. Add a little salt if necessary. Spread on any desired kind of unsweetened crackers, place half of a walnut or pecan in the centre. These are particularly good if graham crackers are used.



Vegetable Salad Sandwiches

Corn Flake Macaroons

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs | 4 tablespoons coconut |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | Vanilla |
| 2 cups cornflakes | A pinch of salt |

Mix well, and drop from a teaspoon on pans, a little distance apart, to allow for spreading, and bake in a hot oven about ten minutes, or till nicely browned.

Nut Macaroons

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| White of 1 egg | 1 cup nut meats |
| 1 cup brown sugar | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt |

Beat the egg white till stiff, and add the sugar gradually, beating constantly. Fold in the nut meats, preferably pecans, finely chopped and sprinkled with the salt. Drop one inch apart, from the top of a spoon, on a buttered inverted pan. Bake in a moderate oven till light brown.

Scottish Fancies

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 egg well beaten | $\frac{1}{3}$ cup coconut |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt |
| $\frac{2}{3}$ tablespoon butter | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla |
| $\frac{2}{3}$ cups rolled oats | |

To the well beaten egg add the sugar gradually, then the other ingredients, melting the butter. Drop by spoonfuls on a well greased inverted pan, one inch apart. Flatten each one out with a knife dipped in cold water. Bake in a moderate oven till a delicate brown.

Brownies

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour |
| 1 egg | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts, |
| 2 squares melted chocolate | broken in pieces |

Mix the ingredients in the order given, but do not beat the egg. Have a pan not more than seven inches square, lined with waxed paper. Spread the mixture evenly in the pan, and bake in a slow oven. Turn the cake out of the pan, remove the paper, and cut in strips, as soon as it comes from the oven, or it will be impossible to cut it neatly.

Meringues

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| Whites of 2 eggs | $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon lemon juice or |
| 2 tablespoon powdered sugar | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla |

Beat the whites till stiff, add the sugar gradually, while still beating. Add the flavoring slowly and beat till quite stiff. Shape with a spoon on an inverted pan. Bake fifteen minutes in slow oven.

For Meringues Glaces, scoop out the soft part in the centre, (which may be used for other meringues) place again in the oven to dry, and fill with whipped cream or ice cream.

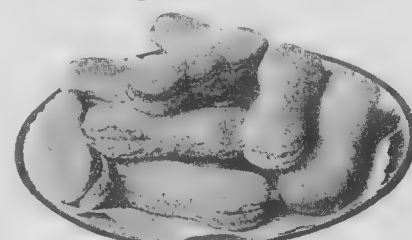
Lady Fingers

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Whites of 3 eggs | $\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour |
| $\frac{1}{3}$ cup powdered sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| Yolks of 2 eggs | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla |

Beat the egg whites till stiff and dry, add the sugar gradually, and continue beating. Add the yolks which have been beaten till thick and pale yellow, and the flavoring. Fold in the flour and salt which have been sifted together. Shape four inches long and one inch wide, on an inverted pan covered with unbuttered paper, using a pastry bag and tube, unless regular lady-finger pans are used. Bake eight minutes in a moderate oven. Remove from the paper with a knife.

Sponge Drops

Drop lady-finger mixture from the tip of a spoon on unbuttered paper, and bake eight minutes in a moderate oven. They may be sprinkled with sugar, either powdered or granulated, before baking.



Lady Fingers

BOVRIL

In Meat Pies—Dissolve a teaspoonful of Bovril in half a cup of hot water. Then pour some of this into the hole in the centre of the pie two or three times while baking.

As a Sandwich—Take two soup-spoonsful of Bovril, one of dried bread crumbs, two ounces of butter, a few drops squeezed from a lemon, and a little salt and pepper. Mix well and spread on thin slices of bread. This paste makes a delicious and nutritious sandwich. Excellent also when spread on toast.

Young Woman's Problem

By P. R. Hamilton

Cont'd from page 37

possible for every girl to find work. There are thousands of girls in offices and factories who need the experience of housework. A girl can dignify any honest work. Last year I persuaded a factory girl to do housework. At last she consented. Her friends urged her to work one day and leave. But the girl was so comfortable and happy that she decided to remain. Finally her friends visited her, and one by one each girl expressed a desire to find a place in a home. At the end of the season the first girl said she would do housework as long as she needed to support herself.

Times have changed.

The majority of women are kind and considerate. There are homes in the city and country that need help. There are little children who need the attention of mothers, weary and sick from too many home duties. Housework is healthy for girls. Regular meals, a comfortable home and change of work are far more conducive to health than cold rooms, lunch counter cream puffs and exposure to all kinds of weather.

Lack of freedom for the girl in the average Canadian home is no longer an excuse for the young woman in service. Most of them have more freedom than is good for them. Nearly all of the girls in domestic service that I know are out three or four nights a week until eleven, twelve and one o'clock. A girl cannot dissipate in late hours and be fair to her employer.

Our schools all through the West need teachers. Educated girls might consider this opportunity in real nation-building. There should be a drive for every boy and girl in Canada to have competent well trained teachers.

An important lesson for every one of us is to take the drudgery out of work. The key that will open the door to the place above one is right in the work she is doing. Let us put the stamp of excellence on everything we do. Irving T. Bush says: "Success is the child of courage and reason."

Idle hours, fine clothes, social events, touring cars and movies have had their share in creating inefficiency and there is facing us a period of adjustment which is good for every one of us. We must increase production and curb our abnormal appetites.

The style must be to achieve in hard work. In the past men and women vied with one another in setting high standards of achievements. "This was the spirit of the times," writes O. H. Benson, of the Junior Achievement Bureau, "when railroads tunneled mountains and captains of industries were developed. Parents and leaders of children made the great men and women of history."

Again let me urge that any honest work is dignified service, and I assure every reader of this page that there is work for every girl, and she has the opportunity of making that particular service a stepping stone to the achievement of her ambitions.

A BEAUTY SECRET

As the years open to us larger knowledge and understanding, we change our standards.

"There is no blemish but in the mind, And none are ugly but the unkind."

The very young girl often regards a pretty face as the standard of beauty. As she grows older she realizes that a pretty face is not likely to last, while everybody knows that character traits are permanent. It is not difficult to be beautiful permanently. Think friendly thoughts of others, and take an unselfish interest in them. Be optimistic, cheerful and considerate, and soon the eyes will shine with light that will make the most distorted features seem beautiful.

Plain girls are frequently so sensitive that they magnify the influence their appearance has upon other people.

Charm of character creates a personality that gives one consideration in society. Many girls with pretty faces have faded and failed to be popular, while others, handicapped in their physical appearance, have made themselves so charming and developed such beautiful sweet qualities that every one who knows them loves them.

The life filled with love and hope, faith and cheerfulness realizes the joy of living. This is possible to any one.

The Rotarian has this quotation: "Histories make men wise; poets-witty; mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to command."

Not by physical beauty alone but rather by some power of mind and character and spirit do women gain a permanent place in the world to-day. Joan of Arc, Edith Cavell and the scores of women who ministered in the late war had loveliness of a higher order than perfect features. They were beautiful to the men they served and comforted.

"They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts."

OUR NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

The New Year reminds us of resolutions made and broken every year. Along comes some one who says it is a mistake to make resolutions. I believe in the old-fashioned habit. There is one resolution I wish every one who reads this page would make: "I resolve to speak no unkind word about another this year." More people than we realize die a slow death through poisonous slander, most of which is false. I never feel safe in the company of one who criticizes another. There is an old saying that "a dog that carries a bone will take one." I knew a family in my girlhood that indulged continually in laughing and deriding others. The children developed into narrow self centred men and women.

Encouragement has been the making of many a life. Criticism and slander have wrecked more young people than we realize. I believe any one who slanders another is a criminal. That person administers a deadly poison.

Those who help us to build up instead of destroying our self confidence, double our power of accomplishment. We feel strong enough to attempt any task in their presence.

The consciousness that another thinks we can succeed is a wonderful tonic. There are in every school discouraged boys and girls. Discerning teachers have it in their power to make good citizens of them. Encouragement during the coming year is a constructive resolution.

"One ship sails east and one sails west,
With the very same wind that blows;
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That decides which way each goes.
Like the waves of the sea are the paths of fate,

As we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of the soul decides the goal
And not the calm, nor the strife."

Try to Avoid This Error

"We had to stop our little girl answering the front-door calls."

"Why?"

"The other day, when Ensign Jones came to call on our eldest daughter, he was dressed in his white uniform, and when the little one opened the door and saw him she immediately called upstairs: "Ma, how much bread do you want to-day?"

"WINTER IN CANADA"

is the title of a beautifully illustrated and finely printed booklet just issued by the Passenger Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The book starts off with the assertion that Canada boasts of a climate which is the finest on earth and this assertion is fully sustained in text and illustration. Canada at play in winter is surely an inspiration. The variety of sports is numerous and include many unknown in other lands. In the opening pages a Christmas landscape at Victoria, B.C. is portrayed where many blossoms are still in evidence offering a balmy welcome for those to whom the climate of the East may be a little severe. The contrast of climatic conditions is shown in the next view which illustrates skiing and snowshoeing on Mount Royal, Montreal, on the same Christmas morning. Curling, skiing, tobogganing, snowshoeing, skating, etc., are fully described and portrayed and it is shown how Canada and Canadians thrive on such vigorous sports and amusements. If one should know Canada and know her thoroughly, Canada, with her eyes alight and her feet dancing, catch her wrapped in her winter furs.

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WINNIPEG PIANO CO 333 PORTAGE AVE

Knitted Outfits will be Popular for Spring

The woman who gets busy with knitting needles now will find pleasant recreation these long winter evenings creating the attractive new models illustrated on this page, and when completed she will be well pleased with her work if instructions are closely followed

Ladies' Suit Coat

Size 36-38—Monarch Floss. 11 balls brown, 4 balls buff, 1 pair No. 9 and No. 10 knitting needles.
Back—Cast on 120 sts. Knit 13 ridges. Knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. Knit 10 ridges. Knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. Knit 10 ridges. Knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. Knit 8 ridges. Knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. Knit 5 ridges. Knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. Knit in ridges till work measures 9 inches from top of border. This brings work to underarm. Knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row 5 times. Knit till work measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches from last decreasing. Knit 39 sts. Cast off 32 sts. Knit 39 sts. On one side, now work front. Knit 5 ridges for shoulder. Then increase 1 st. at neck end every ridge till 34 sts. are increased at neck end, but when arm-hole is reached, cast on 5 sts. at underarm. Finish increasing at neck. Knit same length as back. Cast off. Repeat same for other front.

Sleeve—With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each ridge or st. around sleeve. Knit till sleeve measures 13 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every 6th row for 3 inches. With buff wool and No. 10 needles, knit 22 ridges. Cast off.

Collar—With buff wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 30 sts. Knit plain till long enough to go around entire front and neck of sweater. Cast off. Sew neatly on to sweater.

Vest—With brown wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 100 sts. Knit 4 ridges. Do not break wool, but tie on buff. Wool is carried along at one end without breaking. With Buff, knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. With Brown, knit 4 ridges, Buff knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. Repeat these stripes till you have 9 Brown stripes and 8 Buff. Cast off. Sew to sweater on one side. Attach domes to other side of sweater and vest.

Sash—Cast on 4 sts. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row. Knit 2 rows plain. Knit till 72 inches long. Cast off. Make 4 more strands same. Braid together to form sash making 54 inches long. When braided together, finish with tassels.

Sew up all seams neatly. Attach sash with buttons at side.

Ladies' Suit Skirt

Monarch Floss—12 balls Brown, 6 balls Buff. 1 pair No. 9 needles.

With Brown wool, cast on number of sts. for length of skirt required. Knit 4 ridges. Do not break wool, but tie on Buff. Wool is carried along at one end without breaking. With Buff, knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. With Brown, knit 4 ridges, Buff, knit, purl, knit, purl, 1 row each. Repeat these stripes till you have 67 stripes of Brown, 66 stripes of Buff. Cast off. Sew up seam. Attach to skirt banding. Allow a little more fullness in the back than in front. Sew domes on side fastening.

Allow about 13 sts. for 2 inches.

Knitted belt can be made to cover banding if wanted.

Tuxedo Coat

Size 36-38—Monarch Down. 8 balls Oriental, 3 balls Orange, 1 ball Black, 1 pair No. 7 and No. 9 needles, X fine bone crochet hook.

Back—Cast on 90 sts. Knit 7 ridges. Knit, purl, knit, purl, one row each. Knit 7 ridges. Knit, purl, knit, purl, one row each. Knit 5 ridges. Knit, purl, knit, purl, one row each. Knit 3 ridges. Knit, purl, knit, purl, one row each. Knit 50 ridges. This brings you to underarm. To start sleeve, cast on 12 sts. each end of needle, every row 6 times each end (72 sts. extra each end). Knit 22 ridges. On following row, cast off 24 sts. in centre for neck. On one side, now work front. Knit 3 ridges for shoulder, then increase 1 st. at neck end every ridge 22 times. Cast off sleeve same way as cast on. (12 sts. at a time 6 times). Knit till front is same length as back. Cast off loosely. Repeat same for other front.

Cuff—With Orange wool and No. 9 needles and wrong side of work towards you pick up and knit 1 st. in each ridge across end of sleeve. Knit 3 ridges, then knit 2, purl 2, for 2 rows. Purl 2, knit 2, for 2 rows. Repeat these 4 rows once more. Knit 3 ridges. Cast off.

Collar—With Orange wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 34 sts. Knit 4 ridges, then knit 2, purl 2, for 2 rows. Purl 2, knit 2, for 2 rows. Knit 2, purl 2, for 2 rows. Knit 4 ridges. Knit 2, purl 2, for 2 rows. Purl 2, knit 2, for 2 rows. Knit 2, purl 2, for 2 rows. Knit 2 ridges. From now on, knit collar in basket pattern. Knit 2, purl 2, for 2 rows. Purl 2, knit 2, for 2 rows, but at one end, knit 2 sts. together every 2nd row till 18 sts. remain on needle. Knit straight with no shaping till collar is long enough to go round entire front

Work for Busy Fingers



Ladies' Suit

Could anything emphasize comfort and appearance more delightfully than this stylish suit?



Tuxedo Coat

A graceful coat not difficult to complete.



Slipover

A popular wool garment.



Coat Sweater

A practical garment, yet stylishly effective in every line.

and neck of sweater, but increase at lower end same way as decreased till 34 sts. are on needle, then finish pattern as other end. Cast off loosely. With Orange wool, work one s.c. around shaped edge of collar to give a nice even edge. With Black wool work one s.c. in each st. of previous row, with 1 ch. between. Sew straight side of collar to sweater.

Buttons—With Orange wool, ch. 2, 4 s.c. in 1st ch., then 2 s.c. in each st. Increase enough to keep work flat to cover top of button mould, then put it mould and decrease by skipping every other st. until fitted to mould. With Black wool, sew 8 strands through centre to form star and attach three buttons to either side of collar, sewing right through sweater to form pockets.

Belt—With fine needles, cast on 4 sts. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row, knit 2 rows plain. Repeat these 4 rows till 40 inches long. Cast off. Make 6 more strands same as above, braid together to form belt, making belt 30 inches long when braided. Attach to sweater.

Ladies' Slipover

Size 36-38—Monarch Floss. 9 balls Jade, 1 ball White, 1 pair No. 9 and No. 10 bone needles.

Back—Cast on 108 stitches. Knit 11 ridges plain. 1st row of pattern—Purl 12, knit 12. Repeat across row. 2nd row—Knit plain. Repeat these 2 rows alternately till work measures 10 inches. With No. 10 needles, knit 3, purl 3, ribbed knitting 6 rows, 4 rows White, 6 rows Jade, 4 rows White, 6 rows Jade, 4 rows White, 6 rows Jade. On No. 9 needles now knit plain in ridges for $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row 4 times. Knit 6 more inches. Knit 35 sts. Cast off 30, knit 35 sts. On one side, now work front. Knit 3 ridges for shoulder. Increase 1 st. at neck and every 3rd row until 26 sts. have been added, but when underarm is reached, cast on 5 sts. at underarm. Continue to finish increasing at front. Break off wool. Repeat same for other front. Now knit all sts. on one needle. Knit same length as back. Cast off.

Sleeve—With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. or ridge around arm-hole. Knit till work measures 14 inches. With No. 10 needles, knit 4 ridges. Then knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting 4 inches, then White 4 rows, Jade 6 rows, White 4 rows, Jade 6 rows, White 4 rows, Jade 10 rows. Cast off. Sew up all seams. Turn back cuff. Run cord through neck. Finish with tassels.

Coat Sweater

Size 36-38—Monarch Dove. 17 balls Mignonette, 1 ball White, 1 pair No. 9 and No. 10 knitting needles.

Back—Cast on 140 sts. 1st row—Knit. 2nd row—Knit 10, purl 5. Repeat across row. End row with knit 5. 3rd row—Knit. 4th row—Knit 5, *purl 5, knit 10. Repeat from * to end of row. These 4 rows form pattern of skirt and will not be referred to again. Work in pattern till work measures 14 inches, but decrease 1 st. at each end every 6th row till 120 sts. remain on needle. Now knit plain in ridges for 7 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row 5 times. (110 sts. on needle). Knit till work measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches from last decreasing. Knit 40 sts. Cast off 30 sts., knit 40 sts. On one side, now work front. Knit 4 ridges for shoulder. Then increase 1 st. at neck end every ridge 30 times.

When work measures 7 inches from shoulder, cast on 4 sts. at underarm. Finish increasing front. From now on, knit 10 sts. at front end with double wool and knit these sts. plain on all rows to form border. Continue knitting till skirt is reached. Then knit in pattern same as before for length required increasing 1 st. at sleeve end every 6th row for 10 times. Cast off. Repeat same for other front.

Sleeve—With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. or ridge around armhole. Knit till sleeve measures 14 inches long. Then knit 2 sts. together end of needle every 4th row for 2 more inches. With No. 10 needles, knit 4 ridges. Then knit 1, purl 1, ribbed knitting for 5 inches. With White wool, knit 1, purl 1 for 4 rows. Cast off.

Pocket—Cast on 40 sts. Knit in pattern 5 inches. Knit 10 ridges. With White, knit 2 ridges. Cast off. Sew neatly on to coat.

Sew up seams.

Collar—Cast on 180 sts. Work in pattern same as skirt of coat, always knitting 10 sts. at each end of every row plain to form border at each end. Knit till collar measures $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. Break off color, and with White wool, knit 2 ridges. Cast off.

Sash—Cast on 4 sts. Knit 1 row, purl 1 row. Knit 2 rows plain. Knit till 72 inches long. Cast off. Make 4 more strands as above. Braid together to form sash. Finish with tassels.

Crochet 4 loops of chain on edge of coat to form button-holes. Cover moulds with crochet buttons. Attach to coat.

Monthly Fashion Letter

Depicting many of the
Latest Styles in Vogue

Specially written for "The Western Home Monthly"

THE high collar has a strong representation in the fashions for the coming months.

On blouses, coats and gowns it is high and straight—sometimes trimmed with a narrow "turnover" or a frill, and often buttoned along the entire closing. It may reach to the ears, and conceal the chin. It is adapted to the "cool" days which we may expect, and very becoming to some types of face.

Cloth sashes of the material of dress or skirt are shown. They are loosely arranged and have fringed ends; may come from the side seams and tie at the centre front, or twisted around the waist and tied at the left side.

Cloth frills, side plaited or box plaited are used to trim skirts and edge sleeves.

Black plaited ribbon on a dress of black satin, each frill topped with a jet band will make a handsome trimming.

In tailored costumes there is little change indicated. The lines are mannish to a great degree, as to finish of sleeves, revers and collars.

The length of the coats may be at hip, knee or redingote length; tailored skirts are very scant, and in length about four inches above the ankle.

Very charming dinner dresses are shown, with long perfectly plain waists, loose fitting, and joined to very full gathered skirts.

Draperies arranged in deep plaits in front and back with the folds low over the sides are new and pleasing.

Black is well thought of for evening wear, there is the ever elegant black velvet, besides black satin crepe and black lace.

A new candidate for favor is mauve, which may be more acceptable to some women than black.

Many separate coats are shown of the softest velours, some trimmed with cut out motifs of the cloth or of leather.

Scarlet in linings or a touch of it in the trimmings is used on many of the new gowns.

Capes have been found so useful they are now almost a staple. The newest models are shaped on circular lines.

Those who prefer distinction will be pleased that the evening dresses are more becoming, with more to the back, and some arm covering which ranges from small caps at the shoulders to mosquetaire effects and long transparent gathered puffs.

Most cloth frocks show one piece effects; either in cut or simulated. Many have narrow belted fronts, and flat straight back portions with no belt or band to break the straight line from neck to hem. Any fullness is carefully disposed of over the sides.

The favorite sleeve is bell shaped trimmed in various ways—it may be braided or embroidered to the elbow or trimmed with fur.

Frocks of contrasting material are among the new models.

When one thinks of winter garments one also thinks of furs. The point of interest this year more than ever is the fur collar, which in its latest mode is a very large affair, it may lay flat over the shoulders in shawl effects and open in front, or roll high almost enveloping the head. This style is becoming to most faces, but withal extravagant and expensive, and it is therefore pleasing to note that other effects are provided for the woman who prefers a small collar of good fur on her coat rather than a large one of inferior quality. A new bolster collar closed high at the neck, gives a smart youthful finish to any coat or wrap.

Cuffs are added where a fur collar is worn, and are wide and round so that when the hands are drawn under the sleeves the cuffs resemble a muff.

Bands of fur are not used so extensively as in former seasons.

A coat of silk and wool duvetyn is trimmed with Hudson seal.

A dress for a school girl is attractive in bottle green serge, with pipings of gray satin and a gray vestee to match.

Taupe crepe and satin together with bands of embroidery in contrasting shades make a very pleasing separate blouse.

Green duvetyn was employed for a tie on blouse which is decorated with white stitching.

Blue serge for the skirt, and white drill for the short sleeved middy blouse made a very comfortable school dress for a girl of eight years.

Navy blue serge and leather colored crepe were combined for a dress made in one piece style with kimono sleeves, for a girl of ten.

Two shades of blue satin will make a very attractive dress for a girl of sixteen. Blue and silver embroidery or gray satin pipings form a suitable decoration.

Rust colored crepe de chine embroidered in a lighter shade is attractive for a dress for a miss of fourteen years.

On a dress of green linen, bands of tan form a very effective trimming.

Blue serge embroidered in red is smart and pretty for a little girl's dress.

A blue linen dress is trimmed with bands of darker linen, and embroidered with motifs in bright worsted.



The foundation of good dress, like the foundation of good art, is an understanding of proportion and grace of line. In the figure of every woman lie the possibilities of beauty, yet so elusive that an ill-chosen corset may distort it to unattractiveness.

THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD DRESS

It has been written that violent contrasts destroy the very basis of art and maim the truth.

It is easy for the thoughtless woman to distort her figure with unbecoming corset styles that destroy her natural beauty. The possibilities of becoming dress vanish in the violence of contrast between too-large bust, too-small waist and too-large hips—always the disfiguring marks of the over-corseted figure. To be obviously corseted is to flout beauty.

Good taste in dress must find its first expression in the proper corset. There are many Gossard Front Lacing Corsets designed to accent the natural charm of every type of figure. Whatever your corset needs, there are many models created in accordance with the unchanging principles of beauty that will assure you graceful lines and faultless proportions, gained by a healthful support so comfortable, so pliable as to permit the full expression of that grace of motion that is the birth-right of every woman.

At this time of generally unsatisfactory buying conditions, it is reassuring to know that Gossards are still moderately priced. The cost of Gossard Corsets represents that fair price where the utmost in quality has been reached, and every Gossard will give you a wearing service that alone will justify its cost.

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(See following page for illustrations and details regarding patterns)

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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

A Youthful Stylish Costume — Developed
from waist pattern 3380 and skirt pattern
3377. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28,
30, 32, 34, and 36 inches waist measure. The
waist in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and
46 inches bust measure. Figured and plain
foulard are here combined. One could have
serge, braided or embroidered, or velvet and
brocaded satin. The skirt measures about 1½
yard at the foot. This dress for a medium
size, will require 7 yards of 27 inch material.
This illustration calls for two separate pat-
terns which will be mailed to any address on
receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver
or stamps.



A Simple Frock for the Growing Girl—
Pattern 3457 is here illustrated. The pattern
is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A
10-year size will require 3 yards of 40-inch
material. Velveteen, corduroy, gabardine,
serge, plaid and check suiting, wash fabrics,
chambray and taffeta are suitable for this
style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to
any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver
or stamps.

A Practical Model—3037. Here is a very
comfortable work dress; suitable for ging-
ham, percale, lawn, linen, drill, chambray,
repp or poplin. The sleeve may be in wrist
or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7
sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches
bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 7-8 yards
of 36-inch material. Width of dress at
lower edge is about 2¼ yards. A pattern of
this illustration mailed to any address on
receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1c. and 2c.
stamps.

Boy's Blouse and Knickerbocker Trousers
—Pattern 3436 furnishes these two practical
styles. It is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and
14 years. A 10-year size will require 1 7-8
yard of 36-inch material for the blouse and
1 3-8 yard for the knickerbockers. Serge,
cheviot, corduroy and khaki are good for
the knickerbockers and cambric, madras,
linen, chambray and flannel for the blouse.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any
address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or
stamps.

Here is a New and Practical Apron—3023.
This design is good for gingham, chambray,
lawn, percale, drill, indian head, jean and
alpaca. The back has belt extensions which
hold the fulness at the waistline and are
fastened at the centre front. The pattern is
cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38;
large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches
bust measure. Size medium requires 4¾
yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this
illustration mailed to any address on receipt
of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dress for Mother's Girl—Pattern
3391 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes:
4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6-year size will
require 3¼ yards of 27-inch material. The
collar is an attractive feature of this design.
The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.
Gingham, galatee, seersucker, challie, percale,
pongee, ratin, crash, plaid suiting, serge and
silk are good for this style. A pattern of this
illustration mailed to any address on receipt
of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Neat Yoke Dress—Pattern 3460 is de-
picted in this pleasing model. It is cut in
4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size
will require 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.
Checked gingham with white poplin for col-
lar and cuffs would be nice for this. It
could also be of serge, or suiting, repp,
chambray, ponce, linen, batiste or voile. A
pattern of this illustration mailed to any
address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or
stamps.

A Simple Dress for a Small Child—Pattern
3393 developed this attractive model. It is
cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3 and 4
years. Chambray, lawn, calico, challie, linen,
crash, voile, silk, serge and mixture, also
gingham and poplin are nice for a dress of
this kind. As illustrated, blue chambray was
used, with trimming of white Indian head,
finished with blanket stitching. It will re-
quire 2½ yards of 27-inch material for a
2-year size. A pattern of this illustration
mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents
in silver or stamps.

An Attractive Blouse Suit—Skirt pattern
3449 and blouse pattern 3453 are here por-
trayed. The blouse is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36,
38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The
skirt in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and
36 inches waist measure. With plaits extended,
the skirt width at the foot is 2 3-8 yards.
To make the suit for a medium size will re-
quire 5½ yards of 40-inch material. Broad-
cloth, serge or duvetyn with braid or braiding
would be very appropriate for this design.
This illustration calls for two separate pat-
terns which will be mailed to any address
on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in
silver or stamps.



A Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl—
Pattern 3375 is shown in this model. It is
cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-
year size will require 4 5-8 yards of 27-inch
material. Checked or plaid gingham, striped
seersucker, percale, serge, velveteen, sateen,
challie and taffeta are all attractive for this
model. Green and blue plaid with blue fac-
ings would be attractive. A pattern of this
illustration mailed to any address on receipt
of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Modish Suit—Jacket pattern 3384 and
skirt 3164 are here combined. The coat is
cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44
inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes:
24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist
measure. Velveteen, serge, taffeta, heather
mixtures, poiret twill and broadcloth are
attractive for this design. It will require
6 3-8 yards of 44-inch material for a medium
size. The skirt measures 1¾ yard at the
foot. This illustration calls for two separate
patterns which will be mailed to any address
on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in
silver or stamps.

A Unique and Stylish Design—Pattern
3369 supplies this model. It is cut in 7
sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches
bust measure. A 38-inch size will require
6 5-8 yards of 36-inch material. The width
of the skirt at lower edge is about 1½ yard.
Braid and embroidery stitches is here used
for a decoration on serge. The design may
be carried out on velvet or silk. Duvetyn,
brocade, tricot, tricolette, faille and
crepe de meteor are fine for this model. A
pattern of this illustration, mailed to any
address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or
stamps.

A Popular Apron Model—Pattern 3398 was
used to make this attractive design. It is
cut in 4 sizes: small, medium, large and
extra large. A medium size will require
3 7-8 yards of 36-inch material. This model
will be pleasing in black and white dotted
percale with blue or red bias binding, or in
gingham, seersucker, sateen or alpaca with
stitching or piping in a contrasting color. A
pattern of this illustration mailed to any
address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or
stamps.





An Attractive Dress for Slender Figures—Pattern 3463 was employed for this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 6 yards of 30-inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is about 2 5/8 yards. Serge, satin, charmeuse, gabardine, tricotine, velveteen, plaid and check suiting would be good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable House or Work Dress—3016. This style is especially suited to mature figures. The pockets and band trimming may be omitted, and the sleeve may be finished at the seams to close with buttons or snap fasteners. Gingham, percale, lawn, khaki, seersucker, flannellette, repp and poplin are good for this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 2 1/4 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.



Girl's Dress with Surplice Waist—3042. Serge, gabardine, poplin, voile, checked and plaid woollen and all wash fabrics are good for this style. The collar and cuffs may be of contrasting material. The dress has a body lining. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 4 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.



An Attractive Garment—Pattern 3450 was used for this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 3 yards of 36-inch material. One could have

this in drill, gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, flannellette, pongee, poplin or repp. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Play Garment—Pattern 3386 is here illustrated. It is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A two-year size will require 3 1/4 yards of 27-inch material. Seersucker, galatea, drill, cambric, gingham and chambray are attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Seth Stearns, of Wisconsin, is of a rather sentimental disposition to be classed as a modern hunter. One day while out hunting he spied a hippopotamus, raised his rifle to shoot, and then put it down again, saying: "By jove, I can't do it! I can't do it! She looks so much like an aunt of mine!"

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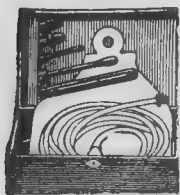
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Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Kindness to Animals

Speak gently to the herring, and kindly to the calf,
Be blithsome with the bunny; at barnacles don't laugh!
Give nuts unto the monkey and buns unto the bear,
Ne'er hint at currant jelly, if you chance to see a hare.

Oh, little girls, pray hide your combs when tortoises draw nigh,
And never in the hearing of a pigeon whisper pie!
But give the stranded jelly fish a shove into the sea,
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be.

Oh, make not game of sparrows, nor faces at the ram,
And ne'er allude to mint sauce when calling on a lamb;
Don't beard the thoughtful oyster, don't dare the cod to crimp,
Don't cheat the pike or ever try to pot the playful shrimp.

J. Ashby, Sterry.

A Norse Lullaby.

The syk is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north tonight,
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings;
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep."
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings,
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

Eugene Field.

dodged the enemy's machine gun fire, bearing on his collar an urgent message, but as he crossed No-Man's Land a bullet crippled his leg or wounded his side. Was he left to suffer, perhaps to die? No! a million times, no. The Blue Cross man came to his assistance and soon the brave little soldier-dog was able to trot out again on his messages. If you love animals and are interested in saving suffering among them, write to Mr. Philip Orr, Secretary, Blue Cross Society, Board of Trade Building, Winnipeg, and ask him for information about this most interesting society, and how you may start a branch in your own neighborhood.

Perhaps you are interested in birds even more than animals. How would you like to begin an Audobon Society in your district—a society in which you will study birds, their likes and dislikes, their families and habits. If this interests you, write to Professor A. A. Allen, Ph. D., Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., and to the Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, for information with regard to forming an Audobon Society. You will also receive pamphlets on the building of birds' houses, the winter feeding of birds, and other interesting things. Try to do your part to help our dumb friends, and our merry little songsters.

SOMETHING TO READ

Little Stories of Monkeys

A French duchess once saw an organ-grinder ill-treating his monkey. She was moved with pity and bought it. It became her chief pet, and used to follow her about everywhere. Once she invited



Snowdrift snapshot by John Ede, Pleasant Valley, Sask.

SOMETHING SENT IN

A W.H.M. C.C. button is awarded to John Ede, Pleasant Valley, Sask., for the snowdrift snapshot above.

Buttons are also awarded to James F. McKenzie, Sedgewick, Alta., Arnold Anderson, Fusilier, Sask., Kenneth J. Green, R.R. 1, Souris, and to William V. Moll, Unity, Sask., for excellent snowdrift snapshots.

SOMETHING TO BELONG TO

The Blue Cross and the Audobon Society.

It is not necessary to explain to anyone living in the world today what the words "Red Cross" stand for, because they have written themselves in letters of light wherever in this tired world there has been suffering, and especially where the great armies clashed on the battlefields of Europe. The sign of the Red Cross has been for countless years the sign of mercy and it remained for a nation that had always been counted among the civilized people of the world, to ignore the protection to the wounded and suffering that this cross stood for.

There is, however, another colored cross which is not so well known, which means in the treatment of suffering animals, what the Red Cross means in the treatment of humans—and that is the Blue Cross. During the war, hundreds of horses and dogs, mules and donkeys, suffered and died as their masters were doing, and hundreds would have suffered much more had it not been for the assistance given them by the members of the Blue Cross Society. Perhaps a brave little dog had

A Letter from Cooper Creek, B.C.

Dear Editor:—Perhaps you would not mind a lonely girl writing to your page. I live among the mountains, and one neighbor lives right near, but for the next one we would have to go from two to four miles. You give quite a few prizes out, but I am sorry I cannot enter for them as we do not get our papers regular. I will send a verse, perhaps someone would like to read it. I also hope some boy or girl near my age will write to me.

Sour Grapes

There once was a pussy called Puffy,
With a tail like a fox's, all fluffy.
When asked, "Where's your ruff," she replied in a huff,
"I think a fur collar's quite stuffy."
Anna Kedziora, age 11.

Letters received from Ernest MacListon, Swift Current, Sask.; Lillian Short, High River; Jessie Stevenson, Chamberlain, Sask.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO WRITE

Send us three verses of the best poem on March that you ever heard. Send with this the name of the author, and the sender of the best verses will be awarded a button. Verses must be in before January 31st.

Who can design a nice calendar for the year 1921? We want one for the month of January. The best one will be published and will be awarded a button for the W.H.M. C.C. Calendars should also be in before January 31st.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH OVER

Oliver was studying through the story in his reading lesson.

"It was not a sloop," said the captain: "it was a larger vessel. By the rig I took her to be a—a—a—" Here he stopped, for the word was unfamiliar in this connection.

"Bark," prompted the teacher. Still Oliver hesitated.

"Bark!" repeated the teacher, quite sharply.

Oliver's expression was puzzled. However, being an obedient lad, he shouted "Bow-wow!"

Food for thought.—It was washing-day, and John had been kept from school to look after the baby. Mother had sent them into the garden to play, but it was not long before cries disturbed her.

"John, what is the matter with baby now," she inquired from her wash-tub.

"I don't know what to do with him, mother," replied John. "He's dug a hole and wants to bring it into the house."—London Tit-Bits.

Wishful Waiting.—Small Edward was spending the afternoon with his aunt in the suburbs. After he had been at play for a time he said:

"Aunt Beatrice, mama said I wasn't to ask for a piece of cake, but she didn't tell me not to take it if you offered it to me."—Detroit News.

Can any reader discover the meaning of the following:

"ALL O."
No, it doesn't mean "Hallo," but "Nothing after all!"

"Do you know, I'm so short sighted that I once took a man for a giraffe!"

"That's nothing. I once took my brother for a sail."

"Did you hear the cat squalling in the garden last night?"

"Rather! Ever since it ate the canary it's been trying to sing!"

Fingers and Forks

An amusing conversation that occurred between a little girl and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is repeated in "Strand."

At an afternoon reception, Doctor Holmes observed a little girl looking hungrily at the cakes and sandwiches on the tea-table.

"Are you hungry, little girl?" asked Doctor Holmes.

"Yes, sir," the child replied.

"Then why not take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smiling.

"Not my fingers," replied the little girl, seriously.

Look Well before You Leap into the Bonds of Matrimony

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg M.A., B.A., M.D.
(Johns Hopkins University)

The lure of connubial bliss is so strong to the minds of betrothed couples in their vague sphere of exclusive love, that nine hundred and ninety-nine times in the thousand the very idea of an investigation into each other's mental and physical hereditary descent is rebuked and thrown carelessly to the four winds.

Because questions have not been asked and answered about marriage, wedlock has many times been a lottery. A man is attracted by pink cheeks, dancing eyes or a pretty ankle. In the evening shade of rosy hued parlor lights, he meets the woman who attracts him at times when she is "on show" and "all dolled up." He draws hasty conclusions, rushes into matrimony, and then what?

The woman, on the other hand, has had just as little opportunity to know the man of her choice. Or, if she has the opportunity, it is deliberately turned away because "she loves him so." Her faith, trust and confidence in him relieve her of anxiety or concern. He is her Prince Charming, and all that is perfect to her eyes. She agrees to his conclusions, rushes with him for the marriage license and ceremony, and then what? What have they to offer in marriage?

Just as a business house takes an inventory of its stock, so the participants in the wedding knot should delve into the scientific aspects of their solemn step.

While schools and colleges dwell on the subjects of Greek and Latin, or the crude histories of warriors and princes, the question of marriage is left untouched. To the minds of many, it is simply a license, a ceremony and man and wife.

Who may and who may not marry is a topic upon which too much cannot be said, irrespective of the bare truth. Health and mentality are of vital importance concerning this subject, and diseases of the mind and body should be heralded broadcast for those who run to read.

While astigmatism, myopia or near-sightedness, hysteria, anemia and the like have their disadvantages in marriage, they are not nearly so important as such diseases as hemophilia, or bleeder's disease, epilepsy, neurosis, neurasthenia, psychasthenia, neuropathy, psychopathy, drug addiction or narcotism and other conditions to be avoided.

Hemophilia is a peculiar disease. Frequent and uncontrollable hemorrhages mark its presence. Even the least cut or the pulling of a tooth may cause a severe or dangerous hemorrhage. The slightest blow, squeeze or hurt will cause discolorations of the skin. The strange part about this disease is, that it attacks almost exclusively the males, but it is transmitted exclusively through the female members. In other, boys that are bleeders may marry, because they will most likely not transmit the disease; but girls who come from a hemophilic family, whether they themselves are hemophilics or not, must not marry, because most likely they will transmit the malady.

Marriage with an epileptic is distinctly advised against. While epilepsy—commonly known as fits or falling sickness—is not as hereditary as hemophilia, its hereditary character is ascertainable in only about five per cent. of such instances. It is a decidedly dysgenic agent. Where both parents are epileptics, the offspring are almost sure to be epileptic, and such marriages should be prohibited by law.

Alcoholism, as a habit, is one of the worst dysgenic factors to reckon with. There are reasons without number why this condition must be shunned by those contemplating marriage. First, the offspring is liable to be affected, which is sufficient in itself to condemn marriage with an alcoholic. Second, the earning power of the drinking man is generally reduced, and is likely to diminish further. Third, such a person is irritable, quarrelsome, and is liable to do bodily injury to his wife. Fourth, he often develops sexual weakness or complete impotency. Fifth, alcoholics are likely to develop extreme jealousy, which may become pathological, even to the extent of a psychosis. These are the primary reasons why a drinking person should not marry. For drunkard parents to bring a child into the world is nothing short of a crime.

Of course, feeble-mindedness in all its phases—including idiocy, imbecility, moronism and the like—is probably the most important thing to consider in marriage. It is strongly hereditary, and should be recorded by law and prohibited. Few feeble-minded men have the chance to marry; but pretty and young feeble-minded girls invariably marry. Sometimes they are wooed and won by men of good families, who themselves are not strong mentally, but still far from being considered feeble-minded.

Insanity has been defined briefly as a disease of the mind. In a word, it has two divisions. The first, functional insanity, may be in "fits and jerks". That is to say, temporary or periodical. This state is due to some external cause, is curable and not hereditary. Shocks, troubles, anxiety, serious accidents and the like are many times to be blamed. Their effect, however, is not transmissible. Puerperal insanity is another example. During childbirth, some women become insane, due probably to some toxic infection. While this form may be extreme and maniacal in character, it often passes away in a few days without leaving any trace or signs of a return except probably in another childbirth. This kind is also not transmissible.

The second division, organic insanity, is due to a degeneration of the brain and nerve tissue, and is hereditary. This is the most horrible of all diseases—disease of the mind. Environments are well taken into consideration, because the moral and cultural characteristics, which in the modern civilized man are much more important than the physical, are almost exclusively the results of environment. While insanity is considered a dysgenic factor, a proper mental and physical discipline undoubtedly does a great deal in counteracting any hereditary taint. Statistics have proved this.

Of late years, you often hear people referred to as neurotics, neurasthenics, psychasthenics, neuropaths or psychopaths. These are, without a doubt, abnormal conditions, and, taken as a general thing, they are dysgenic factors. Neurosis is a functional disease of the nervous system. Neurasthenia is a condition of nervous exhaustion, brought about by various causes, such as overwork, worry, fright, sexual excesses and the like. The basis of neurasthenia, however, is often or even usually a hereditary taint, a nervous weakness inherited from the parents. Psychasthenia is a neurosis or psychoneurosis similar to neurasthenia, characterized by an exhaustion of the nervous system, also by weakness of the will, overscrupulousness, fear and a feeling of unreality of things. Neuropathy is a disease or disorder of the nervous system. Psychopathy is a disease or disorder of the mind. These are all dysgenic factors. People who suffer from these conditions are often geniuses. Insanity is allied to genius, and if all the mentally or nervously abnormal people were exterminated, among them would be some of the world's greatest men and women, who seem to be "abnormal," "queer" or "nutty."

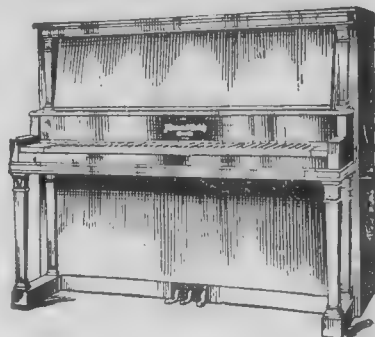
Addiction to drugs, whether it be opium, morphine, heroin, cocaine or alcohol, is a strongly dysgenic factor. While it is true that the "taste" for any of these is not transmissible, the weakened constitution, or degeneracy, which is generally responsible for the development of the drug addiction, is inheritable.

As a matter of fact, however, it is not the drug addiction that causes the degeneracy, it is the degeneracy, or the neuropathic or psychopathic constitution, that causes the drug addiction. One of the worst steps a woman can take is to marry a man who is a fiend for "dope" with the idea of reforming him. She should let him reform first, stay reformed for a few years, and then the risk is not so great.

The question of marriage between blood-relatives generally concerns first cousins, second cousins, uncle and niece, and nephew and aunt. The popular fallacy handed from mouth to ear, from Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Brown, is a hard matter to check. However, it is a known fact that many traits, good and bad, are transmitted by (Continued on page 47)

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PROVINCE



Maternity

THE period preceding the birth of her child finds the prospective mother half joyful, half afraid. She anticipates the happiness to come, yet doubts her courage and strength as the time draws near. These doubts and fears are Nature's warning that the great gift she is to bestow must be prepared for.

At this period of a woman's life, constipation, a handicap to the health and happiness of every woman, becomes doubly dangerous.

The expectant mother must nourish two. She must be able to get rid of a double waste. Failure to do so poisons herself and the child she is to bring into the world.

The organs of elimination must therefore be kept as efficient as possible under the disturbances natural to this period.

Nothing is so safe and efficient at such a time as Nujol. Nujol relieves constipation without any of the unpleasant and weakening effects of castor oil, pills, salts, mineral waters, etc. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

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Correspondence

Always Welcome

Dear Editor and Correspondents—Here I come again, after an absence of some months. Is there any danger of wearing out my welcome, at that rate. I didn't know that the letter I wrote before was printed until to-day when I was reading over some back numbers of The Western Home Monthly. The friend who so kindly saves them for me, gave them to me the other day and some were dated as far back as March and April. Seeing my letter in print gave me courage to write again.

I cannot keep from referring to "All Alive's" letter in the April issue. I think he will find housekeeping easier if he doesn't blacken the stove so often. In the May copy there was a letter from "A Lonely Bach." Poor boy I do feel sorry for him. If he hasn't found another recipe yet I will send him one if he will write for it.

Isn't it great that Manitoba is to be a dry province. I am glad, because there will be so many happy homes which were unhappy before. With best wishes to The Western Home Monthly. Aloha Oe

Listen Girls and Go Slow

Dear Editor and Readers—I have just happened upon the October number of your magazine and of course, my gaze wandered first of all to the correspondence page.

About two years ago I was a very interested reader and correspondent to your page, when I changed my place of abode to where I was unable to procure it. Perhaps some of you remember me. I gained many splendid friends through your page, many of whom I still correspond with.

A letter written by "Just Guess" in the number referred to above on "The Modern Young Man," interested me somewhat. I agree with her that there are few ideal young men and to that list I would add about the same number of young ladies. It is a crime the way some of the girls of our cities and towns get themselves up and what for? As far as I can see it is to appear attractive or conspicuous. They succeed in the latter to a very large extent. I would not have you think I am narrow-minded, but I cannot see many who are their opposite.

I will say no more in this letter except that I would appreciate letters from any of you and if some of you know Gregg Shorthand a few lines in that hand would also be appreciated. With best wishes to you all. Cheerio.

Makes His Debut

Dear Editor and Readers—The following is my first attempt to join the pleasant and entertaining host from whose pen flow the information, the instruction, the gaiety and the philosophy of your correspondence page.

First I am going to give you my chum's sentiments concerning The Western Home Monthly. (You see Legband and I were cowpunchers together and he is one yet). "You know Holce," he said, "I once hears uh feller remark that cowpunchers wasn't able to appreciate any thing good in tuh line uv readin'. That man shore needs instruction because I shore appreciate tuh Western Home Monthly an' it shore is about tuh best readin' I ever seen." This expresses the sentiment of most of us who called ourselves "cowpunchers."

I am a school teacher now in a foreign district. I agree with "Sammy" and "Frenchy" with regard to foreigners although I am pure Canuck myself. I have taught in more than one district and I want to say that my foreign neighbors could show some of my former neighbors some pointers on hospitality as "Sammy" puts it. However, I have been very fortunate in securing good school districts thus far.

You have my sympathy "Lonely Bach," for I am one of those wretched creatures myself. I believe you are a better housekeeper than I, as the dog refused to eat my flapjacks. I think "Naturebuster" would almost be a fitting name for a man who does his own house-keeping for it is not according to nature. What do you think "Bubbles?"

Although I am a school teacher and have been for the past five years, I cannot forget that time when Legband Joe and I rode herd on one of the big ranches in Alberta so I sign myself by my old cowboy name. Holster Pete.

A Glorious Feeling

Dear Editor and Readers—Hello everybody. Well this sure has been a very busy summer but the grain is out and now for a little visit with my old friends, The Western Home Monthly and its correspondents. I am a bachelor but not the lonesome kind you often read about. For my part, I don't find time to be lonesome, there is always a better way to pass the time.

I am a lover of books and read a great deal in winter, but do not spend all my spare time reading as I am fond of a good time also. I skate and ride quite a lot and there is scarcely a week goes by but there is a dance or two in the neighborhood. Was at one Friday night when a heavy snowstorm came on and we had to get out twice on the way home and push "Lizzie" through a snow drift. You can talk about your "days of real sport," but it was sure "a grand and glorious feeling" when home, sweet home showed up through the flying snow.

Well, "Dardanella" perhaps a girl should not be tied to her mother's apron strings, but I sometimes wish when I get behind with the dish washing that my apron strings were tied to someone else. Now with best wishes from an old subscriber, I must bid you all adieu. Patches.

Another Admirer of Country Life

Dear Editor and Readers—I enjoyed reading all the interesting and amusing letters in the last month's magazine, and was pleased to see my own small letter with them.

I thank you "Barbara" for your nice compliment to all the Scottish lassies and laddies in Canada. I am sure we all enjoyed reading your interesting letter. I am a Scotch Canadian lassie, eighteen years old. I also am fond of poetry and The Western Home Monthly contains many pieces which appeal to me. I enjoy reading the stories too, but think the correspondence page is about the best part of the magazine, because it gives everyone a good chance to write. "Just Guess" I guess that you are unmarried, am I right? You seem to be a whirlwind on bringing up children.

I agree with "Lady Nowah" on outdoor life even although I do not live on a farm all the year round. Who does not enjoy living on God's own beautiful and natural country?

"Steve" I enjoyed reading your interesting letter especially about the stenographers needing a lot of exercise. I am one and know what it is to be stuck in an office all day. I am always glad to get out in the open again, and go to the Swimming Club, and sometimes dance, but not often, because I always have lots more fun in a country dance than I do in the city.

The weather just now looks as though we were to have summer instead of winter. I am wishing it would freeze hard because skating is my favorite sport even although it is forty below zero.

Well, dear Editor, I hope I shall have luck with this letter. Wishing the editor and readers of The Western Home Monthly every success, I am. Mountain Fille.

A Word from Famine Stricken China

Dear Editors and Readers—As a far-away reader in Northern China, I thought you might care to know about conditions here.

The Chinese soldiers in this part of the country have been unable to get their pay, and about a fortnight ago, they looted this city. It began about 10 p.m. and went on for several hours, shooting all round, and bullets whistling over our heads. Of course we could not go to bed, for at any moment they might burst into the compound and carry off whatsoever they pleased. But they began with the shops, and literally cleared them out. Fortunately there were no casualties. When the moon came up, the soldier looters left the city, and since have been looting elsewhere, becoming a robber band. Several of the civilian looters were caught and imprisoned, having no rifles with which to defend themselves like the soldiers.

The city is still full of soldiers, and there have been other attempts to loot which fortunately have been quelled. Now the city promises to raise a large sum of money to pay off the soldiers, who then promise to go to Honan, and leave us in

Correspondence

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peace. We sincerely hope they will do so. The officers seem powerless to keep their men in check.

The whole of Northern China is famine stricken, so that the men are enlisting everywhere for the sake of food, and they loot for clothes. It is awful for the people; the misery is appalling. Relief societies are working hard everywhere, giving food and clothing. Large supplies come in, but the supply can never meet the needs of the millions of sufferers. Relief is being carried out chiefly through the missionaries, as we are in close touch with the people, and do not take "squeeze" out of the money and goods that pass through our hands like the Chinese themselves do. So the missionaries are awfully overworked, nearly worn out with all this extra work, although of course there are many excellent Chinese working with us. However, we are hoping for better times soon.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, and all its readers a Happy New Year,
Yours sincerely,
A Missionary.

Home Doctor

By Dr. Leonard
Keene Hirschberg

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heredity. Now, if both families are strong mentally and physically as well as morally, here is no objection to marriage between cousins, and the children of such marriages are quite likely to inherit in a strong degree the health, mental ability, morals, talents or the genius of their ancestors. In short, if a family is a bad one, one below par, then marriage between cousins or between uncle and niece should be forbidden. If the family is a good one, above par, then marriage between relatives of that family should be encouraged.

The idea that the children from consanguineous marriages are likely to be deaf and dumb has no foundation in fact. Among the Egyptians, Persians and Incas of Peru consanguineous marriages were very common. The Egyptian kings generally married their sisters. This was a common custom, and if the children born of such unions had been defectives or monstrosities, the fact would have become quickly apparent, and the practice would have been abolished. Even one of the world's greatest scientists, Charles Darwin was the child of parents who were first, cousins.

Homosexuality—a perversion, in which a person is attracted, not to persons of the opposite sex, but to persons of the same sex—should entirely be avoided. A homosexual man or woman has no right to marry, as that condition is hereditary.

Sadism is a sexual perversion in which the person derives sexual pleasure only by inflicting pain on the person of the opposite sex, as, for instance, by beating, biting or other even more cruel acts. If, however, this unfortunate condition has not been found out until after marriage, a divorce should be gotten.

Masochism, on the other hand, is a sexual perversion in which the person likes to suffer pain at the hands of the beloved object. This condition is just the contradictory of sadism, and, like sadism, should be shunned.

Sexual impotence should constitute a bar to marriage, although it is not hereditary.

Frigidity is a term applied to lack of a sexual desire or sexual enjoyment in women and may be considered as a factor in marriage from two points of view: the offspring and the husband. The child is not affected by the mother's frigidity. A very frigid woman, if the frigidity is not due to serious organic causes, may have very healthy children, and she may make an excellent mother. So far as the husband is concerned, a good deal will depend on the degree of the wife's frigidity.

Taking all these things into consideration, it is well to reason for yourself your appearance of health and the inheritance of health as the prime factors in marriage.

Your fund of good humor, your stability of character, your willingness which is brought to the performance of tasks, education and intelligence, generosity in relation of others, courage in meeting difficulties, and finally capacity for usefulness in a home: knowledge of cooking, realization of the value of a dollar, ability to keep accounts, to nurse in case of sickness and to keep those about you cheerful and interested must not be overlooked as qualities of value in the bonds of matrimony.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

Origin of Our Modern Manners of Saluting

In the olden days, when a knight arrived at a neighboring castle, he took off his helmet to show his host and friends that he did not suspect them of ulterior motives, and did not anticipate a bang on the head with a sword or a mace! To enter helmeted amounted to saying that he preferred to run no risks. From this has come the custom of a man baring his head as greeting.

That a man should take off his right glove before shaking hands with a woman comes from the same period, when travellers wore iron gauntlets, which were removed to avoid injuring an uncovered hand.

The custom of firing artillery salutes comes to us from the time when guns

were first used. It was then considered polite and courteous to any great personage who happened to arrive at your castle to load all your guns with shotted rounds—not blank—and to fire them off as he arrived at your threshold. The reason for doing this was to show how you trusted your guest by emptying all the guns just before he came into their range.

This practice was not kept up very long. Blank rounds were soon fired instead of real ones. They were not so dangerous!

The origin of saluting the quarter-deck when one boards a man-of-war is that in days gone by, when a crucifix was always placed at the stern of the vessel, it was, of course, saluted by all who came on board. Though the crucifix has disappeared, the custom remains, and men will salute the place where it used to be.

The custom of offering the right hand is the same practically as that of baring the head or of firing salutes. When one man met another in long-ago times he held out his unarmed sword-hand to show that his intentions were not evil.

The habit of mounting a horse on the near side came about because as a man wore his sword on the left he could not very well mount his horse on that side. This must be a comparatively recent custom, for swords were worn quite short and on the right side, even in the first years of the Christian era.

The wearing of trousers is also a recent custom. Even to this day the greater part of the human race—when it is not unclothed—wears skirts or draperies of some sort. The cassock, or soutane, as worn by Roman Catholic priests, was the dress usually worn by gentlemen up to more or less recent times.—Tit-Bits.



"My, You Are Looking So Much Better!"

"YES, I am feeling fine, too."

"And how is baby?"

"He is just dandy and as good as can be."

"And what have you been doing to look so well?"

"Oh, I got run-down nursing baby and began to get discouraged I was feeling so miserable. I suppose it was my nervous condition that got baby restless, and then, of course, it worried me trying to look after him."

"I thought you looked so worn-out when I was in last time."

"Well, I was feeling so discouraged that I sent for mother to come and she was not here a day before she had me using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

"I should have told you about it, for we always use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when any of us get nervous or run-down."

"For the first few days I could not see that it was doing much good, but soon I found myself sleeping better and feeling less worried and irritable during the day.

My appetite improved and as I gained strength baby seemed to sleep better and be less trouble. He is just fine now and as good-natured as any baby ever was."

"How do you take the Nerve Food?"

"One pill after each meal and at bedtime. I will soon be able to discontinue using it, but want to be sure that my system is thoroughly built up before quitting."

"That is great. It gives me more confidence than ever in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and that is saying a good deal, for you know what it did for me when I had that nervous breakdown. Has your mother gone home?"

"Yes, and I tell you it was a lucky day for me when she came to the rescue with her help and good advice. Her experience with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proved to be a blessing for me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

The Spirit of the West

By Alfred D. Runyon
Cont'd. from page 8

day for the unveiling. The Pioneers had been so busy with their own end of the program that they had paid little attention to the monument. The old-timers gathered from far and near; men of high position in the world suddenly came forward in the role of Old-Timer, to shake hands with Bill and John and Ike and Sam, who were still eking out a precarious existence on quarter sections somewhere. What talks of the good, brave, old days, when that star was doing its historic wend! What reminiscences were suddenly brought to light by this or that character of the early period!

The parade was a wonder. Captain Sampson, sweating like a Chinese mandarin suddenly called before the Dowager Queen, said so himself. The captain's leather clothing had either shrunk with the lapse of time, or he had grown somewhat, because he looked as though he had been squirted into it with a syringe, but he bore the discomfort of a sweltering day without murmuring.

The streets of the city were lined with thousands of people as this strange cavalcade of another day tramped over the asphalt to the wailing of band music. The canons of steel and stone which line the old trails, where bloodthirsty savages lay in waiting for the very men who once more traversed them in the trappings of that other day, reverberated to the yells of patriotic enthusiasm, and the hearts of the Pioneers swelled within their bosoms as they recalled the yells of another occasion and another meaning.

Oh, it was a great day! The barbecue was held at high noon, and it was also splendid. The Pioneers built themselves little fires, just as they had done when crossing the plains. Their wives mingled with them and busied themselves cooking the "flap-jacks" and exchanging remarks with one another that carried a meaning back to the days when they did this thing of necessity.

Captain Sampson and the others were so filled with glory and flapjacks that they almost forgot the monument unveiling, until Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine bustled upon the scene and warned them of the lapse of time. So the fires were abandoned and the whole party trooped back to the city and gathered about the monument site, where a band was busily playing and workmen were engaged in knocking off cleats and boxing. The figure atop the monument was sheeted with flags in an imposing manner, and gave no suspicion of the danger which lurked therein.

With careful detail Mr. Josephine had the Pioneers and their families grouped close to the monument on an improvised grand stand. The mayor and other dignitaries, including Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine, members of the Municipal Art League, Captain Sampson, and a number of other Pioneers, gathered solemnly upon a platform at the base of the monument, while another little stand supported the goodly proportions of Mrs. Henry Jasper Josephine, arrayed after the manner of a goddess of something-or-other, to whom had been assigned the honor of jerking the string which would drop the sheeting from the statue.

The band played, the people seated themselves in expectancy and perspiration, and Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine arose and commenced to talk. You may be sure that there was a good deal in his discourse about the star of empire; a good deal about the trail blazers; and something about the heroic Pioneer, with a few deserved compliments for the ladies.

"The unveiling of this statue marks an epoch in our program of progress," he said. "In the commercial highway of this nation, Chico stands literally and figuratively as a bright and shining light. Every recurring decade is distinctly marked with phenomenal progress, and every period has emphasized the fact that this climate is no place for people with mental malaria or mental insomnia."

"That's certainly swell business, but how about us Pioneers and that monument?" murmured Captain Sampson.

"It is fitting," the speaker argued, "that we turn from our pursuit of the essentials of every-day life for a moment, to pay a tribute to the men who made this country possible. Here in the shadow of yon great range of snow-capped hills, baking in the golden glow of the western sun, we have reared up a monument to the men who blazed the Western trails, and as the embodiment of the spirit of the boundless

West, we have chosen a figure of its most noted inhabitant—"

"Hooray!" roared old man Meeks. "Kit Carson, or Jim Bridger, as sure as you're a foot high."

"Bill Hickok," remarked Pat Moran, cynically.

"We feel that we have chosen well," continued Mr. Josephine. "Our sculptor had only a photograph to guide his hand but we believe he has faithfully reproduced the features of an individual who was known the length and breadth of this Western land, and who was certainly typical. Here and now we dedicate this statue to 'The Spirit of the West!'"

The band played, and Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine turned to his wife.

With great care Mrs. Josephine yanked at the string. The sheeting of flags slowly slid downward. The full glory of the sun gleamed upon a mighty figure of a naked Indian, mounted on a careening mustang; the Indian, in the full panoply of war, was shielding his eyes with one hand, as though gazing into the distance. The other hand clutched a bow and a number of arrows.

There should have been a roar of applause, as the papers say. Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine looked expectantly for it, prepared to bow. On the outskirts of the crowd came a ripple of hand clapping from some people who did not understand. From the Pioneers banked along the frail stand came a gasp of indignation and horror, then a momentary silence, broken by a wail from old Mrs. Peters:

"It's Screaming Wolf!" she shrieked. "He looks just like he was getting ready to scalp somebody!"

Her dimmed sight paid a compliment to the handiwork of the great sculptor, McIntosh, that he might have appreciated.

"That's what it is! Goodlemighty, it's Screaming Wolf!" yelled old man Meeks.

Then the roar, different from what Mr. Josephine was expecting, came from the Pioneers. The bow of the president of the Municipal Art League was arrested halfway, so that he was doubled up like a jack-knife. He happened to catch the eye of old Captain Sampson crowding past the mayor toward him. He caught the wild treble yell that came from the male portion of the Pioneers, and which spoke more distinctly of the old plains days than anything that had yet occurred on this momentous occasion.

Something in the eye of Captain Sampson; something in the outstretched hand of the former member of Cornman's command, feeling blindly for Mr. Josephine's collar; and something in the shrill yell of the Pioneers told Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine that trouble was imminent and he departed from the platform precipitately and amid much confusion.

Somehow Mr. Josephine felt himself lifted through the crowd, and somehow he realized that the street lay open before him. Somehow he also felt that behind him came a raging tornado in human form, conveyed by several aged cyclones, as Captain Sampson, of Cornman's command, hampered by his leather attire, snorted and panted in his wake, like a battle ship trying to make headway in shallow water, closely followed by Messrs. Meeks, Moran, and half a dozen others.

Trailing them in single file, in sets of twos and fours, and in squads and platoons, came the rest of the Pioneers, who were not quite so agile as the captain and the others. Old ladies, with their skirts raised gingerly to their shoetops, hurried along with the rest, but more to escape the dread presence of the image of the Wolf than anything else.

Far out ahead, Mr. Josephine heard the tumult behind him and redoubled his speed, while his wife sat at the feet of Screaming Wolf and wept dismally. The populace, recovering from its amazement, followed the strange procession, and the more sporting members made Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine a slight favorite in the betting.

But a devotee of Art is not, as a general proposition, much of a runner. Neither is a '58 Pioneer for that matter, but Captain Sampson and his friends had the advantage of a righteous cause, vast anger, and bulldog determination. As he moved along heavily the captain burred amazing language, but he occasionally lapsed into efforts at persuasion.

"My friend," he roared at the fleeting Mr. Josephine, "wait a minute while I tell you about 'The Spirit of the West.' Pause, and let me express to you my sentiment about that kindly thought of yours.

Stand still, and let me take you by the hand and say what I think."

"Hey, you!" bawled the hurrying Mr. Moran, whose years seemed to fall from his shoulders like a mantle, and who was hitting up a most amazing clip. "Hey, you, wait a second, and lemme make you a present! On behalf of the Pioneers' Association I would admire to express myself in your hearing."

"Stranger, don't be frightened," called the piping voice of old man Meeks. "Here comes 'The Spirit of the West,' a-wishing for to breathe upon you."

Mr. Josephine covered the first hundred yards of his course in something like nothing, flat, but thereafter his speed decreased materially, and finally he had to give up. As Captain Sampson came thundering down upon him, Mr. Josephine dropped to his knees in a prayerful attitude, and there he remained while the captain stood by, about a span removed from a stroke of apoplexy. The rest came up in vast excitement.

"What's to be did?" demanded old man Meeks.

"Hang him!" suggested Moran, briefly.

"No, it's agin the law now," said Captain Sampson. "It ought to be did, but the police don't allow it no more. Bring him back to that statoo."

With Meeks and Moran on either side, and a rapidly increasing crowd in the rear, Mr. Josephine was escorted back to where his wife still sat weeping in the shade of the bronze warrior, the president of the Municipal Art League constantly entreating:

"Don't hang me, gentlemen."

A rope went over the gleaming shoulders of the Indian, and with willing hands pulling, he came from his lofty perch, horse and all, with a thunderous crash. And then towed along by hundreds, and with Mr. Henry Jasper Josephine bringing up the rear in charge of Captain Sampson, of Cornman's command, the statue was taken to the banks of the classic Chico River.

There the services were simple. Screaming Wolf dropped into the bed of the stream with a splash which displayed most of the water, and then the Pioneers turned to Mr. Josephine.

"What's to be did?" demanded Captain Sampson.

"Lynch him," insisted Moran.

"Lynch him nothing!" put in old lady Peters, who had somehow managed to keep right up with the procession wherever it moved. "What's the matter with that river?"

"Nothing," replied Captain Sampson, and as Mrs. Henry Jasper Josephine screamed a wild appeal to the world in general, her spouse shot through the air and landed ker-splash in the bosom of the Chico.

Then, as the crowd slowly dispersed, and Mrs. Josephine stood on the bank, her hands raised imploringly, the pallid face of Mr. Josephine appeared above the water, and he stood there, apparently on solid footing. He had crawled to safety on "The Spirit of the West."

Sunday School Convention

By Francis Dickie

Cont'd from page 30

The Japanese women are taught by Miss Tweedie and her assistants at this school, and then go out and work in the neighboring district. In photograph three is seen a street Sunday School, which are very popular with the Japanese. Miss Tweedie, a leading evangelist worker in Japan is shown.

The results of the convention cannot be doubted. When it was given out that \$96,400 a year would be needed yearly for the next four years, no less than \$40,000 of this was instantly subscribed by delegates and others in attendance in Japan. The inspiration gained from the meetings will be carried back by the delegates to thirty countries, and the missions in the far East will no doubt be aided by the evangelistic side of the programme. The great convention may also go far to make up for the breach in the Japanese-American relations.

The resolutions adopted by the world's eighth Sunday School convention are given below:

"We, the delegates of the World's Eighth Sunday School Convention in conference assembled at Tokio, representing thirty countries and more than thirty million officers, teachers, and scholars, affirm the following propositions, embodying the principles of world brother-

hood, with special reference to international relationships.

"1. We affirm our unshaken belief in the solidarity of the human race, and further affirm our conviction that any conception of racial or national integrity, that ignores this basic fact, imperils the security of the world.

"2. We record our appreciation of every movement that makes for a deepening sense of mutual indebtedness and obligation among the nations, and likewise deplore every action that makes for misunderstanding, discord, and dissension.

"3. We attest our confidence in the practicability of a world brotherhood, and hold that fealty to the principle of the common good is more cohesive than mere similarity in customs, habits, and manners.

"4. We maintain that any national or international policy that seems to discriminate in the treatment of nations and races engenders bitterness and is subversive to the best interests of mankind and inimical to the peace of the world.

"5. We believe that all international problems are solvable and all international difficulties adjustable if dealt with in a spirit of dignified tolerance, noble conciliation, and Christian forbearance and that Christian altruism must take the place of enlightened self interest in the settlement of all international contentions.

"6. We record our conviction that brotherhood must be vitalised so as to have a direct relation to the Kingdom of God. A passion for righteousness is the moral minimum with which international relations can be safeguarded. World brotherhood requires an international consciousness. This can only be acquired through the unlimited expansion of our own personality. The spacious world mind can come only through fellowship with Him who is at once Son of God and Son of Man.

"7. We call the nations to heed the warning given by the present world chaos and to deliberately refrain from taking any provocative national action that would wound national honor, discount national prestige, or be of such a character as to create suspicions, resentment, or revenge.

"8. Finally, we assert our unalterable conviction that nothing in this world is settled until it is settled right. We hold that spiritual sanctions must have a place in life and that moral mandates must increasingly exercise their power in controlling the conduct of mankind. With unfaltering trust and high resolve, we pledge our allegiance to these principles and dedicate our lives to their speedy realization throughout all the earth."

TOBOGGANING

By M. L. Campbell

Tobogganing, tobogganing
What joy you bring, what joy you bring
As adown the steep hillside
On our lightning steed we ride,
Rosy cheeks and beaming faces,
Light of heart and light of mind,
Mirth and laughter at our side,
Making music with the wind
On our wild dishevelled tresses.
Earth and air and woodlands ring,
Echoes swift their answers bring,
God is great and good and kind,
In all his works we pleasure find
Tobogganing, tobogganing.

Tobogganing, tobogganing
The Winter King, the Winter King,
Though he be so stern and rude
Cannot rob thee of thy good.
But he rather it enhances
As his tyranny increases,
And he frowns in sullen mood,
For our laughter never ceases.
But with glowing cheeks and glances
We with joy increasing sing
Praises to our Winter King.
Let him do whate'er he pleases
All is good and goodness sees us,
Tobogganing, tobogganing.

Tobogganing, tobogganing
The stars within their courses sing,
As we glide beneath their light,
Each one in his place so bright,
Sings to us of love unbounded,
We within this earthly sphere,
Would be stars within the night,
Wiping up the falling tear,
Sings to us of depths unsounded,
And of knowledge lingering
In the Palace of the King.
Oh, night of nights, so calm, so clear,
We feel 'tis good that we are here,
Tobogganing, tobogganing.



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